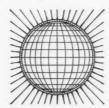
Cosmopolitan

Vol.IV November, 1913 No. 6



The Idea is progressing. It's bringing big results, as a big Idea should. In this issue appears the first instalment of Robert W. Chambers' latest novel, and it is one of bis very best. Jack London's great serial is drawing to a close. It will be followed immediately by another topnotcher. Soon we shall announce the author's name. Meanwhile, we guarantee that it will be in line with our steadfast purpose—"the best and only the best at any price"—the fixed Idea that makes Cosmopolitan

America's Greatest Magazine

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VERYMAN is my brother, and should be my equal in opportunity. No two people are equal in muscle, health, brain-power, or morals; in such things there can be no equality, but only that infinite variety that marks all manifestations of life. But justice shall never come upon earth until Everyman has a fair chance. Everyman is my master. William C. Redfield tells of seeing over the desk of a prosperous business man in Rotterdam, this motto, "Every man I meet is my master in some point, and in this I learn of him." To despise any human being is a mistake. Everyman can teach me something.

Everyman is my kin. I may belong to a lodge, a club, a church, a party, or a family, and call my fellow members "brothers"; but there is something to which I belonged before I joined any of these, and which has first claim to my loyalty and helpfulness—and that is the human race. Everyman, no matter how poor or how rich, is entitled to my assistance, as far as in me lies, to procure for him justice and protection in his rights. Every baby in China or Afghanistan has a claim to my support. Every criminal rightly demands my sympathy. Every human being struggling in this untoward world has a right to my helping hand. There are no foreigners. There are no enemies.

Everyman is in part my maker. What I am is mainly the reflection and influence of Everyman. I may build up my conscious mind; it is Everyman that forms my subconscious mind, and the latter is nine-tenths of me.

I cannot escape from Everyman. He embraces me as the ocean. He surrounds me as the atmosphere.

I can have no good thing that I do not share with Everyman. Whatever virtue, ideal, vision, comfort, or power I have that Everyman does not to a degree participate in, is unwholesome. I can have no real liberty until Everyman has his liberty, the right to live his own life.

Everyman's goodness uplifts me. Everyman's vice infects me. Everyman's disease, perversion, greed, hatred, and bruitishness exercise a certain pull on me.

To love my friends is instinct; to love my clique is intelligent selfishness; to love Everyman is religion. In me is a certain nerve attuned to Everyman, a certain sympathy for Everyman, a certain consciousness of Everyman. To develop this nerve, this sympathy, and this consciousness, is the purpose of destiny. For this the world was built.

Give Your Children a Chance

Ву Stoddard Goodhue M.D.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Are you doing the right thing by your children? You mean to do the right thing, of course. Your life is wrapped up in that of your offspring; but is your attitude toward them determined by wisdom as well as by right motives? This article is of the most vital importance to every parent, actual cr prospective. Authoritatively written, it gives the latest results of scientific research and polition in the matter of surrounding the child with such influences as make for the best physical, mental,

and moral conditions in the future. The recent work of the most eminent specialists in child rearing, both in this country and in Europe, is here correlated and described in untechnical language for your benefit. RE you aware that the entire future Such are the thoughts with which you

of yours? Do you know that the physical stature of your child may be stunted by the ill-selected food you give it, and that its mental state and moral nature may be even more hopelessly dwarfed and perverted by the wrong influences to which you quite unwittingly subject it during the first three or four years of its life?

These are matters that challenge your attention and lie closer than almost any others to your interests. Unless your cooperation can be secured, all the efforts of the professional educators will be unavailing. Indeed, to a large extent the task of the educators is to undo what has been unwittingly done in the way of warping the mind of your child.

ness

tiny.

who are subject to such bad influences at home that the task of rightly educating it in the school is made doubly difficult, not to say impossible?

should contemplate the reports of the remarkable gathering of educators from all over the world that has just of your child may be vitiated by nary acc some ill-advised disciplinary act been in session (August 25th-30th) at Buffalo, New York -a gathering held under the patronage of the President of the United States, pre-sided over by President - Emeritus Eliot of Harvard, and officially known as the Fourth International Congress of School Hygiene. The proceedings of Specialists are agreed that there is only one really correct diet for the infant-and that Is your child among those is mother's milk

A little foster-mother, doing her best to care for her charge

that congress have vital and poignant interest for every parent.

The development of an international organization having such sponsors and devoted to the health of the school-child is a notable sign of the times. It has been exceedingly

difficult in many quarters to provide proper schoolroom accommodations. But educators are now alive to the evils of the situation, and the International Congress of Hygiene will prove without doubt a reformative influence of tremendous importance.

But while this movement for the better-

ment of hygienic conditions in the schools must be admitted on all sides to be of

from gastro-intestinal disease among invast importance, the activities of the educafants takes place in the artificially fed; tors must be supplemented by intelligent or ten bottle-fed babies die to home supervision, or their best one which is breast-fed. efforts will be largely neutralized. The school influence does not In institutions it has been found that the death-rate is frebegin until the most important period for the building of the individual constitution a n d count of the absence of cow's milk. Infant mortality under one year fell from 33 to 7 per cent. During the cotton famine of 1860 women Artificial feeding of babies by bottle with cow's milk. were not at work in the Ten bottle-fed babies die character mills.

to one which is breast-fed"

parents should clearly understand that the future of their children will largely be determined for good or ill by the treatment

has passed.

It is essential that to which they are subjected during the first three or four years of life. Right treatment during this period may give a child a start that can with difficulty be checked even by adverse conditions afterward; wrong treatment gives it a handicap that can never be altogether overcome even under the most favorable influences of later life.

At the very threshold of life, a large proportion of infants are handicapped by improper feeding. Specialists are agreed that there is only one really correct diet for the infant-and that is mother's milk. In a recent address, Dr. Thomas F. Harrington said:

"From 80 to 90 per cent. of all deaths

quently from 90 to 100 per cent. when babies are separated from their mothers. During t h e siege of Paris (1870-71) the women were compelled to nurse their own babies on ac-They nursed their

infant mortality disappeared." These are facts that every mother should take to heart. It seems impossible to escape the conclusion that the healthy mother who wilfully refuses to nurse her

babies and one-half of the

child, directly threatens not merely the health but

the life of her offspring.

After the child has passed the gauntlet of infancy, the question of its proper feeding remains a highly important one. Dr. Lewellys F. Barker, of Johns Hopkins University, declares that many parents make a very vital mistake in allowing the caprice of the child to influence its diet. "We now know the foods that are suitable for children," he "The child that learns to eat and digest all wholesome foods and who is not permitted to cultivate little food antipathies makes a good start and avoids one of the worst pitfalls of life with which medical men are very familiar, namely, a finical anxiety concern-

to develop into a hypochrondriacal state."
While thus urging the value of a varied dietary of wholesome foods, it is well also to emphasize certain restrictions. In particular it should be known to every parent that tea,

ing the effects of various foods, all too likely

coffee, and alcohol in any form are deleterious to the growing child and should be absolutely

interdicted.

Only in the most recent time has anything like a clear and full comprehension been attained, by educators in general, as to the share which home influence and education outside the schoolroom must always play in the development of mind and character, and as to the paramount importance of the child in determining the future welfare of the state.

President G. Stanley Hall, of Clark University, emphasizes this in a recent ad-

dress before the American Sociological Society, in which he said:

"What does this recent awakening to the nature and needs of children that is now pervading all civilized countries and has resulted in the institution of many academic chairs, laboratories, clinics, journals, and a vast and rapidly growing body

of literature, really mean? It certainly marks an extension of our social consciousness, an enlargement of our interests, and a new awakening to our duties to the young."

Every experienced alienist has

Dr. Alfred Binet, the French psychologist, whose experiments in determining mental development have been compared to the work of Darwin and Mendel, applying his tests for mental age with the aid of a time-recording instrument

subject has doubted that every experience of childhood puts its mark indelibly upon the brain and mind of the individual.

seen cases of pro-

found perversion

of mind, which

could be traced

airectly to inci-

dents of child-

hood. And no

wise student of the

Perhaps it seems incomprehensible to you that a fright experienced by your child at the age of two or three years can be instrumental in determining the complexion of mind of that child after it

Give Your Children a Chance



Working on the Sequin Test This method, devised by Doctor Sequin, gives a clue to degree of mentality by the ability and readiness of a person to fit different-shaped blocks into corresponding molds



Nineteen years of age Mentally eight years old

Fourteen years of age Mentally seven years old

Thirty-eight years of age Mentally eight years old

Twenty-one years of age Mentally eight years old

that the child should attend the public schools, being there brought into contact

with varied personalities.

But in attempting to follow out this idea, educators have in recent years come to understand more and more clearly that there is danger of laying too much stress on the age of the child as determined by count of birthdays. It is now possible to determine the mental age of any given child quickly, and with a good degree of accuracy, by application of what are called the Binet-Simon tests. To supply a foundation for such a determination, the French psychologist, Alfred Binet, in association with M. Simon, made elaborate analyses of the mentality of large numbers of These experiments have furchildren. nished a basis for comparison which is accepted as having a wide range of applicability. According to the scale, it is determined that the average, or normal, mind at a given age can make certain observations and deduce certain conclusions which may be regarded as typical of a particular period of life. Thus, at a certain age a child becomes for the first time able to trace the outline of a simple figure with a pencil; at a certain age it has learned to recognize the primary colors by name; at a certain age it can repeat a given number of words or figures consecutively on hearing them once, and so on.

DETERMINING MENTAL AGE

By a series of such practical tests, becoming more elaborate, of course, with the advancing age of the child, a system is provided through which it becomes possible to gage the mental age of any individual child irrespective of the child's actual age in years. And when such tests are applied it soon becomes evident that the school classes as ordinarily graded contain a great many misfits. There are physically well-developed boys and girls of sixteen whose mental age is only ten or eleven; just as contrariwise there are children of ten or eleven whose minds have advanced to the sixteen-year grade of perceiving and thinking capacity. Of course, every teacher has been vaguely aware of such discrepancies, but hitherto there has been no definite way of testing them with

Dr. H. H. Goddard has made elaborate application of the Einet-Simon tests to

the children under his care at the Vineland Training School for Defectives. He also tested last year a large number of the school-children of New York city, and his studies here revealed an astonishing number of defectives whose inherent mental disabilities had not previously been fully recognized. Doctor Goddard thinks that the Binet-Simon tests deserve a place beside Darwin's exposition of evolution and Mendel's laws of heredity.

APPLICATION OF THE BINET TESTS

The time is probably not distant when every wise parent will apply similar tests to his own children, and will be governed in considerable measure in directing the education and in the selection of vocations for his offspring by what the tests reveal. If your child fails to get on well at school, or manifests any peculiar traits that cause you solicitude, it will be well for you to have the Binet-Simon tests applied by a

competent examiner.

We now know that the weakly child should be kept on the playground rather than in the schoolroom, even at the expense of retardation of its book-education. A sickly child that has been kept out of school altogether up to the age of seven or eight will generally be farther advanced in its studies at the age of twelve than it could possibily have been had its physical health in earlier childhood been sacrificed to the parental solicitude for its book-training. For the child with susceptible lungs—and, indeed, or children in general—that wonderful modern invention, the open-air school, is a positive boon.

As supplementing the outdoor life for the weakly child, it is desirable to practise a systematic hardening of the constitution with the aid of cool baths. By beginning early and tempering the bath to the needs of the individual, gradually using cooler water as the child becomes accustomed to it, it is possible to develop a hardiness of constitution and powers of resistance to changes of temperature which will stand the individual in good stead. To be susceptible to all changes of temperature and thus rendered perennially unhappy about the weather over which we have no control, is to carry a tangible handicap in the business of everyday life. The judicious following of a schedule of open-air life and of cool baths for the growing child may very

largely give it immunity against this influence. A child thus hardened will be but little susceptible to "taking cold," and it will have corresponding power of

As further stabilizing the developing mind and giving it a just estimate of its own relations to the environment, it is desirable, particularly in the case of the nervous child, to guard against meeting its complaints with an exhibition of undue sympathy. Undue egoism is the perennial fault of the unstable mind, and this may begin to show itself at a very early period.

The desire to attract attention at all hazards is a symptom



Classes in raffia weaving and other simple arts have been established with great success at Vineland

resistance against the germs of the more virulent maladies.

advocate of special training in school-work

The daily experience of the child that mingles much with other children and participates in the rough-and-ready games of childhood, will result not only in the development of physical robustness, but also in a considerable measure of what Doctor Barker very aptly describes as "psychic hardening."

In the wonderful commonwealth of the playground, the emotional outbursts of the individual are made to seem ridiculous; egoistic desires are subordinated to the wishes of the many, and lessons in self-control are inculcated that will be of utmost importance in after-life. The parent who adopts the coddling process of keeping his child away from the "rough" associations of the playground does that child an irretrievable injury.

should be regarded by the parent with out and out solicitude.

The wise parent will treat such craving after sympathy and attention as evidence of mental and moral instability. To cater to it is to stimulate development in the wrong direction.

In recent years we have heard on all

The ergometer is an aid to the determination of the exact state of physical strength and development

sides reference to "sex hygiene" as a topic meriting the careful attention of the educator. The puritanical spirit of our forefathers made this subject taboo in all general discussions. But the undiscussed subjects were in nowise subordinated, and the spread of what is euphemistically described as "white slavery," and of venereal diseases, with their patent evils, served finally to convince a large number of educators that we were not on the right track. At Mannheim, in Germany, in May, 1907, there was held a conference on sex hygiene at which a discussion of the teaching of sex in schools and colleges was participated in by the most distinguished educators and physicians in Germany. There was a general consensus of opinion, according to the report of Dr. Prince A. Morrow, that sex should be taught in the secondary-school classes and the colleges and universities, and by some it was urged that it should be taught in the elementary schools.

THE TEACHING OF SEX HYGIENE

The growth of the movement in this country is further evidenced by the fact that the National Federation for Sex Hygiene has for honorary president that most distinguished of American educators, President-Emeritus Charles W. Eliot of Harvard. Under the auspices of this federation a committee comprising Dean Thomas M. Balliet, of the New York School of Pedagogy, Prof. Maurice A. Bigelow, of the Teachers' College, Columbia University, and the late Dr. Prince A. Morrow, formulated a plan for sex education and secured the opinions of a large number of prominent educators and medical men.

Thirteen propositions, covering the essential aspects of sex education, were submitted to educators and medical men whose opinions were sought, and the almost unanimous response left no possible doubt as to the present tenor of opinion as to the "need of special instruction of young people in the scientific principles of sex." As to that fundamental proposition, indeed, there were ninety-one responses in the affirmative, as against no negatives and only five

expressive of doubt.

Prof. Peter Frandsen, of the University of Nevada, described the need of such instruction as fourfold: "(a) Hygienic and eugenic—better sex health and better progeny; (b) The control of venereal diseases; (c) To save young people from needless mental disturbance over normal sexual phenomena and to save them from the impositions of quackery; (d) To change the attitude from the present one of total avoidance, or a subject fit only for lewd conversation, to one of serious aspect."

Dean Balliet's report expressly recognizes the fact that the "less children and youth think of sex, and the later they mature sexually, the better for them both physiologically and ethically; and that premature development of the sex consciousness and the sex feelings is harmful." But it also recognizes that the subject cannot be banished from the world of the child, and that there is peculiar danger that the child will receive sex information from impure sources. It emphasizes the need of very early instruction.

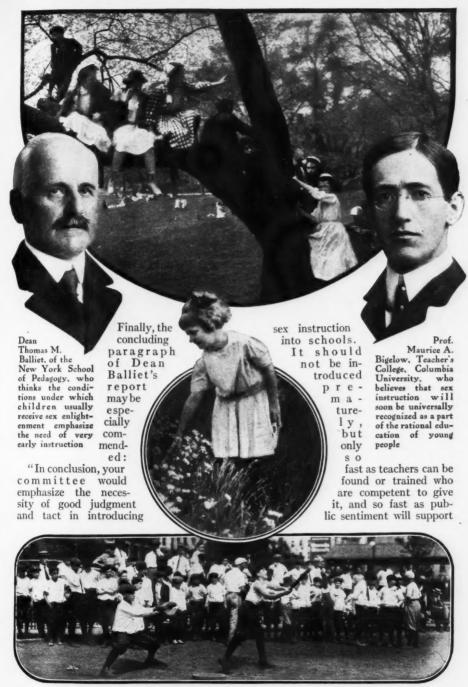
But it is further urged that the child needs attention not merely during adolescent and preadolescent years, but even during infancy. In point of fact it is true that in very many cases the improper sex education which is to shape the entire moral life of the individual is inadvertently

gained in infancy.

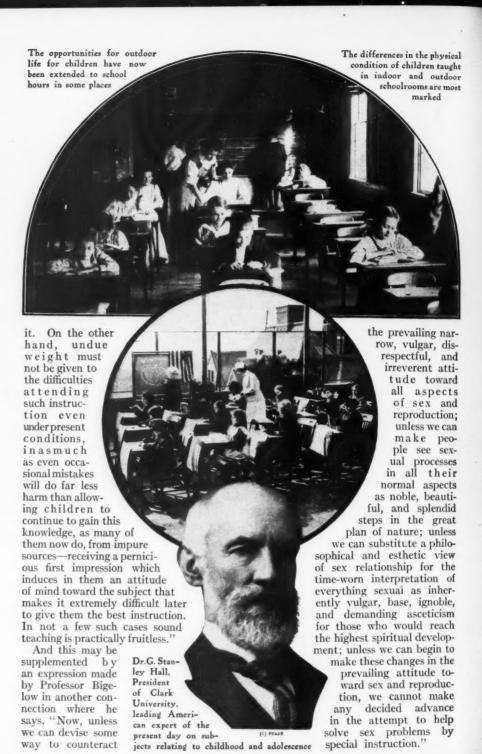
THE MOTHER'S TASK

"The period from one to six," says the report, "is the period preceding admission to school, and is, therefore, the only period during which the care of the child falls chiefly upon the mother—the kindergarten at present reaching only a small proportion of children. It is therefore important that in lectures on sex education given to mothers, special emphasis be laid upon this period, and that proper instruction be given as to the care of the child's body. The danger to the child of placing it in the care of an immature or injudicious nurse should be pointed out. Instruction should be given as to how the child's questions relating to the origin of human life may best be answered. This is the only sex instruction a child needs during this first period. In addition to this, watchfulness over the child's habits and protection from untoward influences constitute the mother's chief duty."

Stress is laid on the advisability of the child's familiarity with the great masterpieces of literature dealing with romantic love in its purest forms; and also on physical exercise to control the sex instinct.



Recreation and exercise furnish the best means of subduing the sex instinct in children



The Hidden Children

THE STORY OF THE LIFE AND LOVE OF A NAMELESS WOMAN

By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Common Law," "The Streets of Ascalon," "The Business of Life," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

In the middle of the Bedford road we three drew bridle. Boyd lounged in his reeking saddle, gazing at the tavern and at what remained of the tavern sign, which seemed to have been a new one, yet now dangled mournfully by one hinge, shot to splinters.

or

The freshly painted house itself, marred with buckshot, bore dignified witness to the violence done it. A few glazed windows still remained unbroken; the remainder had been filled with blue paper such as comes wrapped about a sugar cone, so that the misused house seemed to be watching us out of patched and battered eyes.

It was evident, too, that a fire had been wantonly set at the northeast angle of the house, where sill and siding were deeply charred from baseboard to eaves.

Nor had this same fire happened very long since, for under the eaves white-faced hornets were still hard at work repairing their partly scorched nest. And I silently pointed them out to Lieutenant Boyd.

"Also," he nodded, "I can still smell the smoky wood. The damage is fresh enough. Look at your map."

He pushed his horse straight up to the closed door, continuing to examine the dismantled sign which hung motionless, there being no wind stirring.

"This should be Hays' Tavern," he said, "unless they lied to us at Ossining. Can you make anything of the sign, Mr. Loskiel?"

"Nothing, sir. But we are on the highway to Poundridge, for behind us lies the North Castle Church road. All is drawn on my map as we see it here before us; and this should be the fine dwelling of that great villain Holmes, now used as a tavern by Benjamin Hays."

"Rap on the door," said Boyd, and our rifleman escort rode forward and drove his rifle-butt at the door.

"There's a man hiding within and peering at us behind the third window," I whispered.

"I see him," said Boyd coolly.

Through the heated silence around us we could hear the hornets buzzing aloft under the smoke-stained eaves. There was no other sound in the July sunshine.

The solemn tavern stared at us out of its injured eyes, and we three men of the Northland gazed back as solemnly, sobered once more to encounter the trail of the Red Beast so freshly printed here among the pleasant Westchester hills.

Boyd broke silence with an effort, and his voice was once more cool and careless, if a little forced.

"So it's this way hereabouts, too," he said, with a shrug and a sign to me to dismount. Which I did stiffly; and our rifleman escort scrambled from his sweaty saddle and gathered all three bridles in his mighty, sunburnt fist.

"Either there is a man or a ghost within," I said again. "Whatever it is has moved."
"A man," said Boyd, "or what the inhumanity of man has left of him."

And it was true, for now there came to the door and opened it a thin fellow wearing horn spectacles, who stood silent and cringing before us. Slowly rubbing his workworn hands, he made us a landlord's bow as listless and as perfunctory as ever I have seen in any ordinary. But his welcome was spoken in a whisper.

"God have mercy on this house," said

Boyd loudly. "Now, what's amiss, friend? Is there death within these honest walls,

that you move about on tiptoe?"

"There is death a-plenty in Westchester, sir," said the man, in a voice as colorless as his drab smalls and faded hair. Yet what he said showed us that he had noted our dress, too, and knew us for strangers.

"Cowboys, and skinners, eh?" inquired

Boyd, unbuckling his belt. "And leather-caps too, sir."

My lieutenant laughed, showing his white teeth, laid belt, hatchet, and heavy knife on a wine-stained table, and placed his rifle

on a wine-stained table, and placed his rifle against it; then, slipping cartridge-sack, bullet-pouch, and powder-horn from his shoulders, stood eased, yawning and stretching his fine, powerful frame.

"I take it that you see few of our corps here below," he observed indulgently.

The landlord's lack-luster eyes rested on me for an instant, then on Boyd.

"Few. sir."

"Do you know the uniform, landlord?"

"Rifles," he said indifferently.

"Yes, but whose, man? Whose?" insisted Boyd impatiently.

The other shook his head.

"Morgan's!" exclaimed Boyd loudly. "Damnation, sir! You should know Morgan's. Sixth Company, sir; Major Parr. And a likelier regiment and a better company never wore green thrums on frock or 'coon-tail on cap."

"Yes, sir," said the man vacantly.

Boyd laughed a little.

"And look that you hint as much to the idle young bucks hereabouts-say it to some of your Westchester squirrel hunters-" He laid his hand on the landlord's shoulder. "There's a good fellow," he added, with that youthful and winning smile which so often carried home with it his reckless will-where women were concerned; "we're down from Albany, and we wish the Bedford folk to know it. And if the gallant fellows hereabouts desire a taste of true glory-the genuine articlewhy, send them to me, landlord-Thomas Boyd, of Derry, Pennsylvania, lieutenant, Sixth Company of Morgan's, or to my comrade here, Mr. Loskiel, ensign in the same corps."

He clapped the man heartily on the shoulder and stood looking around at the stripped and disheveled room, his handsome head a little on one side, as though in frankest admiration. And the worn and pallid landlord gazed back at him with his faded, lackluster eyes—eyes that we both understood, alas—eyes made dull with years of fear, made old and hopeless with unshed tears, stupid from sleepless nights, haunted with memories of all they had looked upon since his excellency marched out of the city to the south of us, where the red rag now fluttered on fort and shipping from King's Bridge to the Hook.

Nothing more was said. Our landlord went away very quietly. We were still drowsing, stretched out in our hickory chairs, and only kept awake by the flies, when our landlord returned and set before us what food he had. The fare was scanty enough, but we ate hungrily, and drank deeply of the fresh small beer which he

fetched in a Liverpool jug.

When we two were alone again, Boyd

whispered:

"Âs well let them think we're here with no other object than recruiting. And so we are, after a fashion. Where is your map?" I drew the soiled linen roll from the breast

of my rifle-shirt and spread it out.

"Here lies Poundridge," nodded Boyd, placing his finger on the spot so marked. "Roads a-plenty, too. Well, it's odd, Loskiel, but in this cursed debatable land I feel more ill at ease than I have ever felt in the Iroquois country."

"You are still thinking of our landlord's deathly face," I said. "Lord! What a very shadow of true manhood crawls about

this house!"

"Ave-and I am mindful of every other face and countenance I have so far seen in this strange debatable land. All have in them something of the same expression. And therein lies the horror of it all, Mr. Loskiel. God knows we expect to see deathly faces in the North, where little children lie scalped in the ashes of our frontier-where they even scalp the family hound that guards the cradle. But here in this sleepy, open countryside, with its gentle hills and fertile valleys, broad fields, and neat stone walls, its winding roads and orchards, and every pretty farmhouse standing as though no war were in the land, all seems so peaceful, so secure, that the faces of the people sicken me. And ever I am asking myself, where lies this other hell on earth, which only faces such as these could have looked upon?"

"It is sad," I said, under my breath.
"Even when a lass smiles on us, it seems to

start the tears in my throat."

"Sad! Yes, sir, it is. I supposed we had seen sufficient of human degradation in the North not to come here to find the same cringing expression stamped on every countenance. I'm sick of it, I tell you. Why, the British are slowly but surely marking our people, body and face and mind, with the cursed imprint of slavery. They're stamping a nation's very features with the hopeless lineaments of serfdom."

"It is not so everywhere," I said, "not

yet, anyway."

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"It is so in the North. And we have found it so since we entered the neutral ground. Like our own people on the frontier, these Westchester folk fear everybody. You yourself know how we have found them. This is the greatest crime that Britain has wrought upon us." He struck the table lightly with doubled fist. "Mr. Loskiel," he said, "I ask you—can we find recruits for our regiment in such a place as this? Damme, sir, but I think the entire land has lost its manhood."

We sat staring out into the sunshine through a bullet-shattered window.

"And all this country here seems so fair and peaceful," he murmured, half to himself, "so sweet and still and kindly to me after the twilight of endless forests where men are done to death in the dusk. But hell in broad sunshine is the more horrible."

"Look closer at this country," I said.
"The highways are deserted and silent, the very wagon-ruts overgrown with grass. Not a scythe has swung in those hay-fields; the gardens that lie in the sun are but tangles of weeds; no sheep stir on the hills; no cattle stand in these deep meadows; no wagons pass, no wayfarers."

He had relapsed again into his moody, brooding attitude, elbows on the table, his handsome head supported by both hands. And it was not like him to be downcast.

After a while he smiled.

"Egad," he said, "it is too melancholy for me here in the open; and I begin to long for the dusk of trees and for the honest scalp-yell to cheer me up. One knows what to expect in county Tryon—but not here, Loskiel, not here."

"Our business here is like to be ended tomorrow," I remarked.

"Thank God for that!" he said heartily,

rising and buckling on his war-belt. He added: "As for any recruits we have been ordered to pick up *en passant*, I see small chance of that accomplishment hereabouts. Will you summon the landlord, Mr. Loskiel?"

I discovered the man standing at the open door, his worn hands clasped behind him, and staring stupidly at the cloudless sky. He followed me back to the tap-room, and we reckoned with him.

"Are you not Benjamin Hays?" inquired Boyd, carelessly retying his purse.

The fellow seemed startled to hear his own name pronounced so loudly, but answered very quietly that he was.

"This house belongs to a great villain, one James Holmes, does it not?" demanded Boyd.

"Yes, sir," he whispered.

"How do you come to keep an ordinary here?"

"The town authorities required an ordinary. I took it in charge, as they desired."
"Oh! Where is this rascal, Holmes?"

"Gone below, sir, sometime since."
"I have heard so. Was he not formerly colonel of the Fourth Regiment?"

"Yes, sir."

"And deserted his men, eh? And they made him lieutenant-colonel below, did they not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Colonel—of what?" snarled Boyd in disgust.

"Of the Westchester Refuge Irregulars."
"Oh! Well, look out for him and his refugees. He'll be back here one of these days, I'm thinking."

"He has been back."
"What did he do?"

The man said listlessly: "It was like other visits. They robbed, tortured, and killed. Some they burnt with hot ashes; some they hung, cut down, and hung again when they revived. Most of the sheep, cattle, and horses were driven off. Last year thousands of bushels of fruit decayed in the orchards; the ripened grain lay rotting where wind and rain had laid it: no hay was cut; no grain milled."

"But they burn no houses?"

"Not yet, sir. They have promised to do so next time."

"Are there no troops here?"

"Yes, sir."

"What troops?"

"Colonel Thomas's regiment and Sheldon's Horse and the minute-men."

"Well, what the devil are they about to permit these banditti to terrify and ravage a peaceful land?" demanded Boyd.

"The country is of great extent," said the man mildly. "It would require many troops to cover it. And his excellency has

very, very few."

"Yes," said Boyd, "that is true. We know how it is in the North. I am twenty-two years of age, and Mr. Loskiel here is no older, and we fully expect that when we both are past forty we will still be fighting in this same old war. Meanwhile," he added laughing, "every patriot should find some lass to wed and breed the soldiers we shall require some sixteen years hence."

The man's smile was painful. He smiled because he thought we expected it, and I turned away disheartened, ashamed, burning with a fierce resentment against the fate that, in three years, had turned us into what we were—we Americans who had never known the lash—we who had never learned

to fear a master.

Boyd said: "There is a gentleman, one Major Ebenezer Lockwood, hereabouts. Do you know him?"

"No, sir."

"What? Why, that seems strange!"
The man's face paled, and he remained

silent for a few moments.

Boyd had begun to pace the room, doubling and undoubling his nervous fingers.

"Why do you hesitate to tell us where we may find Major Lockwood?" I asked

gently.

For the first time the man looked me full in the face. And after a moment I saw his expression alter as though some spark—something already half dead within him was faintly reviving.

"They have set a price on Major Lockwood's head," he said, and Boyd halted to listen—and the man looked him in the eyes

for a moment.

My lieutenant carried his commission with him, though contrary to advice and practise among men engaged on such a mission as were we. It was folded in his beaded shot-pouch, and now he drew it out and displayed it.

After a silence, Hays said:

"The old Lockwood manor house stands on the south side of the village of Poundridge. It is the headquarters and rendezvous of Sheldon's Horse. The major is there."

"Poundridge lies to the east of Bedford?"

"Yes, sir, about five miles."
"Where is the map, Loskiel?"

Again I drew it from my hunting-shirt; we examined it, and Hays pointed out the two routes.

Boyd looked up at Hays absently, and said, "Do you know Luther Kinnicut?"

This time all the color fled the man's face, and it was some moments before the sudden, unreasoning rush of terror in that bruised mind had subsided sufficiently for him to compose his thoughts. Little by little, however, he came to himself again, dimly conscious that he trusted us.

"Yes, sir, I know him," he said, in a low

voice.

"Where is he?"

"Below-on our service."

But it was Luther Kinnicut, the spy, whom we had come to interview, as well as to see Major Lockwood, and Boyd frowned. I said, "The Indians hereabout are

Mohican, are they not, Mr. Hays?"
"They were," he replied, and his very apathy gave the answer a sadder significance.

"Have they all gone off?" asked Boyd, misunderstanding.

"There were very few Mohicans to go. But they have gone."

"Below?"

"Oh, no, sir. They and the Stockbridge Indians and the Siwanois are friendly to

our party."

"There was a sagamore," I said, "of the Siwanois, named Mayaro. We believe that Luther Kinnicut knows where this sagamore is to be found. But how are we to first find Kinnicut?"

"Sir," he said, "you must ask Major Lockwood that. I know not one Indian

from the next."

Clearly there was nothing more to learn from this man. So we thanked him and strapped on our accounterments, while he went away to the barn to bring up our horses. And presently our giant rifleman appeared leading the horses, and still munching a bough apple, scarce ripe, which he dropped into the bosom of his hunting-shirt when he discovered us watching him.

Boyd laughed. "Munch away, Jack, and welcome," he said; "only mind thy manners when we sight regular troops. I'll



PRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
"Lord!" said I. "Would you linger here making sheep's eyes at yonder ragged baggage? Come, sir, if you please"

have nobody reproaching Morgan's corps that the men lack proper respect."

On mounting, he turned in his saddle and asked Hays what we had to fear on our road.

"There is some talk of the legion cavalry, sir—Major Tarleton's command."

"Anything definite?"

"No, sir—only the talk. And Major Lockwood has a price on his head."

"Oh! Is that all?"
"That is all, sir."

Boyd nodded laughingly, wheeled his horse, and we rode slowly out into the Bedford road, the mounted rifleman dog-

ging our heels.

From every house in Bedford we knew that we were watched as we rode; and what they thought of us in our flaunting rifle-dress, or what they took us to beenemy or friend-I cannot imagine, the uniform of our corps being strange in these parts. However, they must have known us for foresters and riflemen of one party or t'other, and, as we advanced, and there being only three of us, and on a highway, too, very near to the rendezvous of an American dragoon regiment, the good folk not only peeped out at us from between partly closed shutters, but even ventured to open their doors and stand gazing after we had ridden by.

Every pretty maid he saw seemed to comfort Boyd prodigiously, which was always the case; and as here and there a woman smiled faintly at him, the last vestige of sober humor left him and he was more like the reckless, handsome young man I had come to care for a great deal,

if not wholly to esteem.

The difference in rank between us permitted him to relax if he chose; and though his excellency and our good baron were ever dinning discipline and careful respect for rank into the army's republican ears, there was among us nothing like the aristocratic and rigid sentiment which ruled the corps of officers in the British service.

As for me, I liked Boyd greatly; yet, somehow, never could bring myself to a careless comradeship, even in the woods or on lonely scouts where formality and circumstance seemed out of place, even absurd. He was so much of a boy, too—handsome, active, perfectly fearless, and almost always gay that if at times he seemed a little selfish or ruthless in his pleasures, not sufficiently mindful of others or of consequences, I found it easy to forgive and overlook. Yet, fond as I was of him, I never had become familiar with him—why, I do not know. Perhaps because he ranked me, and perhaps there was no particular reason for that instinct of aloofness which I think was part of me at that age, and, except in a single instance, still remains as the slightest and almost impalpable barrier to a perfect familiarity with any person in the world.

"Loskiel," he said, in my ear, "did you see that little maid in the orchard; how

shyly she smiled on us?"

"On you," I nodded, laughing.

"Oh, you always say that," he retorted. And I always did say that, and it always

pleased him.

"On this accursed journey south," he complained, "the necessity for speed has spoiled our chances for any roadside sweethearts. Lord! But it's been a long, dull trail," he added frankly. "Why, look you, Loskiel, even in the wilderness, somehow I always have contrived to discover a sweetheart of some sort or other—yes, even in the Iroquois country, cleared or bush, somehow or other, sooner or later, I stumble on some pretty maid who flutters up in the very wilderness like a partridge from under my feet."

"That is your reputation," I remarked.
"Oh, damme, no!" he protested. "Don't

say it is my reputation.'

But he had that reputation, whether he realized it or not; though, as far as I had seen, there was no real harm in the man—only a willingness to make love to any petticoat, if its wearer were pretty. But my own notions had ever inclined me toward quality. Which is not strange, I myself being of unknown parentage and birth, high or low, nobody knew; nor had anybody ever told me how I came by my strange name, Euan Loskiel, save that they found the same stitched in silk upon my shift.

For it is best, perhaps, that I say now how it was with me from the beginning, which, until this memoir is read, only one man knew—and one other. For I was discovered sleeping beside a stranded St. Regis canoe, where the Mohawk River washes Guy Park gardens. And my dead mother lay beside me.

He who cared for me, reared me, and educated me, was no other than Guy Johnson of Guy Park. Why he did so I learned only after many days; and at the proper time and place I will tell you who I am and why he was kind to me. For his was not a warm and kindly character, or a gentle nature, or was he an educated man himself, or perhaps even a gentleman, though of that landed gentry which Tryon County knew so well, and also a nephew of the great Sir William, and became his son-in-law.

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I say he was not liked in Tryon County, though many feared him more than they feared young Walter Butler later; yet he was always and invariably kind to me. And when with the Butlers and Sir John and Colonel Claus and the other Tories he fled to Canada, there to hatch most hellish reprisals upon the people of Tryon who had driven him forth, he wrote to me where I was at Harvard College, in Cambridge, to bid me farewell.

He said to me in that letter that he did not ask me to declare for the king in the struggle already beginning; he merely requested, if I could not conscientiously so declare, at least that I remain passive and attend quietly to my studies at Cambridge until the war blew over, as it quickly must, and these insolent people were taught their lesson.

The lesson, after three years and more, was still in progress; Guy Park had fallen into the hands of the Committee of Sequestration and was already sold; Guy Johnson roamed a refugee in Canada, and I, since the first crack of a British musket, had learned how matters stood between my heart and conscience, and had carried a rifle, and at times my regiment's standard, ever since.

I wrote to Guy Johnson, acquainting him of my intention before I enlisted, and the letter went to him with other correspondence under a flag.

In time I had a reply from him, and he wrote as though something stronger than hatred for the cause I had embraced was forcing him to speak me gently.

God knows it was a strange, sad letter, full of bitterness under which smoldered something more terrible, which, as he wrote, he strangled. And so he ended, saying that, through him, no harm should ever menace me; and that in the fulness of time, when this vile rebellion had been ended, he would youch for the mercy of his most Christian majesty as far as I was concerned, even though all others hung in chains.

Thus I had left it all—not then knowing who I was or why Guy Johnson had been kind to me, or ever expecting to hear from him again.

Thinking of these things as I rode beside Lieutenant Boyd through the calm West-chester sunshine, all that part of my life—which, indeed, was all of my life except these last three battle-years—seemed already so far away, so dim and unreal, that I could scarce realize I had not been always in the army—had not always lived from day to day, from hour to hour, not knowing one night where I should pillow my head the next.

For at nineteen I shouldered my rifle; and now, at Boyd's age, two and twenty, my shoulder had become so accustomed to its not unpleasant weight that, at moments, thinking, I realized that I would not know what to do in the world had I not my officers, my company, and my rifle to companion me through life.

And herein lies the real danger of all armies and of all soldiering. Only the strong character and exceptional man is ever fitted for any other life after the army becomes a closed career to him.

. I now remarked as much to Boyd, who frowned, seeming to consider the matter for the first time.

"Aye," he nodded, "it's true enough, Loskiel. And I, for one, don't know what use I could make of the blessings of peace for which we are so madly fighting, and which we all protest that we desire."

"The blessings of peace might permit you more leisure with the ladies," I suggested smilingly. And he threw back his handsome head and laughed.

"Lord!" he exclaimed. "What chance have I, a poor rifleman, who may not even wear his hair clubbed and powdered."

Only field and staff now powdered in our corps. I said, "Heaven hasten your advancement, sir."

"Not that I'd care a fig," he protested, "if I had your yellow, curly head, you rogue. But with my dark hair unpowdered and uncurled, and no side locks, I tell you, Loskiel, I earn every kiss that is given me—or forgiven. Heigho! Peace would truly be a blessing if she brought powder and pretty clothing to a crop-head, buckskinned devil like me."

We were now riding through a country

which had become uneven and somewhat higher. A vast wooded hill lay on our left; the Bedford highway skirted it. There were orchards; the soil seemed to be fertile and the farms thrifty, and it was a pleasant land save for the ominous stillness over all and the grass-grown highway. Roads and lanes, paths and pastures remained utterly

deserted of man and beast.

This, if our map misled us not, should be the edges of the town of Poundridge; and within a mile or so more we began to see a house here and there. These farms became more frequent as we advanced. After a few moments' riding we saw the first cattle that we had seen in many days. And now we began to find this part of the Westchester country very different, as we drew nearer to the village, for here and there we saw sheep feeding in the distance, and men mowing who leaned on their scythes to see us pass, and even saluted us from afar.

Nobody appeared to be afraid of us, and we concluded that the near vicinity of Colonel Sheldon's Horse accounted for what

we saw.

It was pleasant to see women spinning beside windows in which flowers bloomed, and children gazing shyly at us from behind stone walls and palings. Also, in barnyards we saw fowls, which was more than we had seen west of us—and now and again a family cat dozing on some doorstep freshly swept.

"I had forgotten there was such calm and peace in the world," said Boyd. "And the women look not unkindly on us—do you

think, Loskiel?"

But I was intent on watching a parcel of white ducks leaving a little pond, all walking arow and quacking, and wriggling their fat tails. How absurd a thing to close suddenly my throat so that I could not find my voice to answer Boyd; for ever before me grew the almost forgotten vision of Guy Park, and of our white water-fowl on the river.

We passed by the northwest road, crossed the Stamford highway, and, consulting our map, turned back and entered it, riding

south through the village.

Here a few village folk were abroad; half a dozen of Sheldon's dragoons lounged outside the tavern, to the rail of which their horses were tied, and we saw other men with guns, doubtless militia, though few wore any fragment of uniform, save as their hats were cocked or sprigged with green.

Nobody hailed us, not even the soldiers;

there was no levity, no jest directed toward our giant rifleman, only a courteous but sober salute as we rode through Poundridge town and out along the New Canaan highway, where houses soon became fewer and soldiers, both afoot and ahorse, more frequent.

We crossed a stream and two roads, then came into a street with many houses which ran south, then, at four corners, turned sharp to the east. And there, across a little brook, we saw a handsome manor-house around which some three score cavalry-

horses were picketed.

Yard, lawn, stables, and barns were swarming with people—dragoons of Sheldon's regiment, men of Colonel Thomas' foot regiment, militia, officers, village gentlemen whose carriages stood waiting; and some of these same carriages must have come from a distance, perhaps even from Ridgefield, to judge by the mud and dust that clotted them.

Beyond the house, on a road which I afterward learned ran toward Lewisboro, between the Three Lakes, Cross Pond, and Bouton's, a military convoy was passing, raising a prodigious cloud of dust. I could see, and faintly hear, sheep and cattle; there was a far crack of whips, a shouting of drovers and teamsters, and, through the dust, we caught the sparkle of a bayonet here and there.

Somewhere, doubtless, some half-starved brigade of ours was gnawing its nails and awaiting this same convoy, and I silently prayed God to lead it safely to its desti-

nation.

"Pretty women everywhere," whispered Boyd in my ear. "Our friend, the major, seems to have a houseful. The devil take me if I leave this town to-morrow!"

As we rode into the yard and dismounted, and our rifleman took the bridles, across the crowded roadway we could see a noble house with its front doors wide open and a group of ladies and children there, and many gentlemen saluting them as they entered

or left the house.

"A respectable company," I heard Boyd mutter to himself, as he stood slapping the dust from hunting-shirt and leggings and smoothing the fringe. And, "Damme, Loskiel," he said, "we're like to cut a most contemptible figure among such grand folk what with our leather breeches, and saddle-reek for the only musk we wear. Lord!



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It was plain that she had not yet discovered me, though she heard me moving in the thicket. She stood in a halfcrouching, listening attitude, then slowly began to retreat, with a certain defiance in her lithe movement

But yonder stands a handsome girl—and my condition mortifies me so that I could slink off to the mews for shame and lie on straw with the hostlers."

There was, I knew, something genuine in his pretense of hurt vanity, even under the merry mask he wore; but I

only laughed.

A great many people moved about, many, I could see, having arrived from the distant country; and there was a great noise of hammering, too, from a meadow below, where, a soldier told us, they were ere ting barracks for Sheldon's and for other troops shortly expected.

"There is even talk of a fort for the ridge yonder," he said. "One may see the Sound

from there."

We glanced up at the ridge, then gazed curiously around, and finally walked down along the stone wall to a pasture. Here, where they were building the barracks, there had been a camp; and the place was still smelling stale enough. Tents were now being loaded on ox wagons, and a company of Colonel Thomas' regiment was filing out along the road after the convoy which we had seen moving through the dust

toward Lewisboro.

Boyd's roving gaze had been arrested by a little scene enacting just around the corner of the partly erected barracks, where half a dozen soldiers had gathered around some camp-woman, whose sullen attitude discouraged their gallantries. She was dressed in shabby finery. On her hair, which was powdered, she wore a jaunty chip hat tied under her chin with soiled blue ribbons, and a kerchief of ragged lace hid her bosom, pinned with a withered rose. The scene was sordid enough, and, indifferent, I gazed elsewhere.

"A shilling to a penny they kiss her yet," he said to me presently, and for the second time I noticed the comedy—if you choose to call it so—for the wench was now struggling

fiercely amid the laughing men.

"A pound to a penny," repeated Boyd. "Do you take me, Loskiel?"

The next moment I had pushed in among them, forcing the hilarious circle to open, and I heard her quick, uneven breathing as I elbowed my way to her, and turned on the men good-humoredly.

"Come, boys, be off!" I said. "Leave

"Come, boys, be off!" I said. "Leave rough sport to the lower party. She's sobbing." I glanced at her. "Why, she's

but a child, after all! Can't you see, boys? Now, off with you all in a hurry."

There had evidently been some discipline drilled into Colonel Thomas' regiment; the men seemed instantly to know me for an officer, whether by my dress or voice I know not, yet Morgan's rifle-frock could be scarcely familiar to them.

A mischievous sergeant saluted me, grinning, saying it was but idle sport and no harm meant; and so, some laughing, others seeming to be ashamed, they made haste

to clear out.

"Gallantly done!" exclaimed Boyd derisively, as I came slowly back to where he stood. "But had I been fortunate enough to think of intervening, egad, I believe I would have claimed what she refused the rest, Loskiel!"

"From a ruddled camp-drab?" I asked

scornfully.

"Her cheeks and lips are not painted; I've discovered that," he insisted, staring back at her.

"Lord!" said I. "Would you linger here making sheep's eyes at yonder ragged baggage? Come, sir, if you please."

"I tell you, I would give a half-year's pay to see her washed and clothed becomingly."

"You never will," said I impatiently, and jogged his elbow to make him move. For he was ever a prey to strange and wayward fancies, which hitherto I had only smiled at. But now, somehow—perhaps because there might have been some excuse for this one; perhaps because what a man rescues he will not willingly leave to another—even such a poor young thing as this plaything of the camp—for either of these reasons, or for none at all, this ogling of her did not please me.

Most unwillingly he yielded to the steady pressure of my elbow, and we moved on, he turning his handsome head continually.

After a while he laughed.

"Nevertheless," said he, "there stands the rarest essence of real beauty I have ever seen, in lady born or beggar, and I am an ass to go my way and leave it for the next who passes."

I said nothing.

He grumbled for a while below his breath,

"Yes, sir. Sheer beauty—by the roadside yonder—in ragged ribbons and a withered rose. Only—such Puritans as you perceive it not." After a silence and as we entered the gateway to the manor-house,

"I swear she wore no paint, Loskiel—whatever she is like enough to be."

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"Good heavens!" said I. "Are you brooding on her still?"

Yet, I myself was thinking of her, too, and because of it a strange, slow anger was possessing me.

"Thank God!" I thought to myself, "no woman of the common class could win a second glance from me. In which," I added with satisfaction, "I am unlike most other men."

A Philistine thought the same, one day—if I remember right.

II

WE now approached the door of the manor-house, where we named ourselves to the sentry, who presently fetched an officer of minute-men, who looked us over somewhat coldly.

"You wish to see Major Lockwood?" he asked.

"Yes," said Boyd, "and you may say to him that we are come from headquarters express to speak with him on private business."

"From whom in Albany do you come, sir?"

"Well, sir, if you must have it, from General Clinton," returned Boyd. "But we would not wish it gossiped aloud."

The man seemed to be perplexed, but he went away again, leaving us standing in the crowded hall.

Very soon a door opened on our left, and we caught a glimpse of a handsome room full of officers and civilians, where maps were scattered in confusion over tables, chairs, and even on the floor. An officer in buff and blue came out of the room, glanced keenly at us, made a slight though courteous inclination, but instead of coming forward to greet us turned into another room on the right, which was a parlor.

Then the minute-officer returned, directed us where to place our rifles, insisted firmly that we also leave under his care our waraxes and the pistol which Boyd carried, and then ushered us into the parlor. And it occurred to me that the gentleman on whose head the British had set a price was very considerably inclined toward prudence.

Now this same gentleman, Major Lock-

wood, who had been seated behind a table when we entered the parlor, rose and received us most blandly, although I noted that he kept the table between himself and us, and also that the table drawer was open, where I could have sworn that the papers so carelessly heaped about covered a brace of pistols.

But after he had carefully read the letter which Boyd bore from our general of brigade, he asked us to be seated, and shut the table drawer and came over to the silk-covered sofa where we sat.

"Do you know the contents of this letter?" he asked Boyd bluntly.

"Yes, Major Lockwood."

"And does Mr. Loskiel know, also?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.
The major sat musing, turning over a

The major sat musing, turning over and over the letter.

He was a man, I should say, of forty or a trifle more, with brown eyes which sometimes twinkled as though secretly amused, even when his face was gravest and most composed—a gentleman of middle height, of good figure and straight, and of manners so simple that the charm of them struck one afterward as a pleasant memory.

"Gentlemen," he said, looking up at us from his momentary abstraction, "for the first part of General Clinton's letter I must be brief with you and very frank. There are no recruits to be had in this vicinity for Colonel Morgan's Rifles. Riflemen are of the *élite*, and our best characters and best shots are all enlisted—or dead or in prison." He made a significant gesture toward the south.

"There is," he added, "but one way, and that is to pick riflemen from our regiments here, and I am not sure that the law permits it in the infantry. It would be our loss, if we lose our best shots to your distinguished corps; but of course that is not to be considered if the interests of the land demand it. However, if I am not mistaken a recruiting party is to follow you."

"Yes, Major."

"Then, sir, you may report accordingly. And now for the other matters. General Clinton, in this letter, recommends that we speak very freely together. So I will be quite frank, gentlemen. The man you seek, Luther Kinnicut, is a spy whom our Committee of Safety maintains within the lines of the lower party. If it be necessary I can communicate with him, but it may take a

week. Might I ask why you desire to question him so particularly?" Boyd said: "There is a Siwanois In-

dian, one Mayaro, a sagamore, with whom we have need to speak. General Clinton believes that this man Kinnicut knows his whereabouts."

"I believe so, too," said the major, smiling. "But I ask your pardon, gentlemen; the sagamore, Mayaro, although a Siwanois, was adopted by the Mohicans, and should

be rated one."

"Do you know him, sir?"

"Very well indeed. May I inquire what

it is you desire of Mayaro?

"This," said Boyd slowly, "and this is the real secret with which I am charged-a secret not to be entrusted to paper-a secret which you, sir, and even my comrade, Mr. Loskiel, now learn for the first time. May I speak with safety in this room, Major?"

The major rose, opened the door into the hall, dismissed the sentry, closed and locked

the door, and returned to us.

"I am," he said, smiling, "almost ashamed to make so much circumstance over a small matter of which you have doubtless heard. I mean that the lower party has seen fit to distinguish me by placing a price upon my very humble head, and as I am not only major in Colonel Thomas' regiment but also a magistrate, and also, with my friend Lewis Morris, a member of the Provincial Assembly, and of the Committee of Safety, I could not humor the lower party by permitting them to capture so many important persons in one net," he added, laughing. "Now, sir, pray proceed. I am honored by General Clinton's confidence."

"Then, sir," said Boyd very gravely, "this is the present matter as it stands. His excellency has decided on a daring stroke to be delivered immediately; General Sullivan has been selected to deal it; General Clinton is to assist. A powerful army is gathering at Albany, and another at Easton and Tioga. The enemy know well enough that we are concentrating, and they have guessed where the blow is to be struck.

But, sir, they have guessed wrong!"

"Not Canada, then?" inquired the major

quietly.

"No, sir. We demonstrate northward; that is all. Then we wheel west by south and plunge straight into the wilderness, swift as an arrow flies, directly at the heart of the Long House!"

"Sir!" he exclaimed, astonished.

"Straight at the heart of the Iroquois Confederacy, Major! That is what is to be done-clean out, scour out, crush, annihilate those hell-born nations which have so long been terrorizing the Northland. Major Lockwood, you have read in the New England and Pennsylvania papers how we have been threatened, how we have been struck, how we have fought and suffered. But you, sir, have only heard; you have not seen. So I must tell you now that it is far worse with us than we have admitted. The frontier of New York state is already in ashes; the scalp-yell rings in our forests day and night, and the red destructives under Brant, and the painted Tories under Walter Butler, spare neither age nor sexfor I myself have seen scalps taken from the tender heads of cradled infants-nay, I have seen them scalp the very hound on guard at the cabin door! And that is how it goes with us, sir. God save you, here, from the blue-eyed Indians!"

He stopped, hesitated, then, softly smiting

one fist within the other:

"But now I think their doom is sounding -Seneca, lying Cayuga, traitorous Onondaga, Mohawk, painted renegade—all are to go down into utter annihilation. Nor is that all. We mean to sweep their empire from end to end, burn every town, every castle, every orchard, every grain-field-lay waste, blacken, ravage, leave nothing save wind-blown ashes of that great confederacy, and of the vast granary which has fed the British northern armies so long. Nothing must remain of the Long House; the Senecas shall die at the western door; the keepers of the eastern door shall die. Only the Oneida may be spared—as many as have remained neutral or loval to us-they and such of the Tuscaroras and Lenni-Lenape as have not struck us; and the Stockbridge and White Plains tribes, and the remnants of the Mohicans.

"And that is why we have come here for riflemen, and that is why we are here to find the sagamore Mayaro. For our Oneidas have told us that he knows where the castles of the Long House lie, and that he can guide our army unerringly to that dark, obscure, and fearsome Catharinestown, where the hag, Montour, reigns in her shaggy

wilderness."

There was a long silence; and I, for one, amazed at what I had heard-for I had



For a full minute she stood there watching me; then, "I ask pardon," she said very gravely

made certain that we were to have struck at Canada—was striving to reconcile this astounding news with all my preconceived

I had for months now made sure that our two armies in the North were to be flung pell-mell on Quebec and on Niagara. Only regarding the latter place had I nearly hit the mark: for it seemed reasonable that our army, having once swept the Long House, could scarcely halt ere we had cleaned out that rat's nest of Indians and painted Tories which is known as Fort Niagara, and from which every dreadful raid of the destructives into Tryon County had been planned and executed.

Thinking of these things, my deep abstraction was broken by the pleasant voice

of Major Lockwood.

"Mr. Boyd," he said, "I realize now how great is your need of riflemen to fill the state's quota. If there is anything I or my associates can do, under the law, it shall be done; and when we are able to concentrate, and when your recruiting party arrives, I will do what I can, if permitted, to select from the dragoons of Sheldon and Moylan, and from my own regiment such men as may, by marksmanship and character, qualify for the corps d'élite."

He rose and began to pace the handsome parlor, evidently worried and perplexed, and presently he halted before us, who had,

of course, risen in respect.

"Gentlemen," he said, "considering that in New York city, just below us, there are ten thousand British regulars, not counting the partisan corps, the irregulars, the Tory militia, the numberless companies of marauders, I ask you how you can expect to draw recruits from the handful of men who have been holding—or striving to hold—this line for the last three years?

Boyd shook his head in silence. As for me, it was not my place to speak, nor had I

anything to suggest.

After a moment the major said, more

cheerfully:

"Well, well, gentlemen, who knows, after all? We may find ways and means. And now, one other matter remains to be settled, and I think I may aid you."

He went to the door and opened it. The sentry who stood across the hall came to him instantly and took his orders, and in a few moments there entered the room four

gentlemen to whom we were made known by Major Lockwood. One of these was our captain of minute-men. They were, in order, Colonel Sheldon, a fretful gentleman, with a face which seemed to me weak. almost stupid; Colonel Thomas, an irongray, silent officer, stern but civil: Captain William Fancher, a justice of the peace. judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and holding his commission as captain of minutemen, and a Mr. Alsop Hunt, a Quaker, son-in-law of Major Lockwood, and a most quiet and courteous gentleman.

With one accord we drew chairs around the handsome center-table, where silver candlesticks glimmered and a few books

lay in their fine, gilded bindings.

It was very evident to us that in the hands of these five gentlemen lay the present safety of Westchester County, military and civil. And to them Major Lockwood made known our needs-not, however, disturbing them in their preconceived notion, so common everywhere, that the blow to be struck from the North was to be aimed at the Canadas.

Colonel Sheldon's weak features turned red, and he said almost peevishly that no recruits could be picked up in Westchester, and that we had had our journey for our

pains.

"I've a dozen young fellows who might qualify," said Colonel Thomas bluntly, "but if the law permits Mr. Boyd to take them, my regiment's volleys wouldn't stop a charge of chipmunks."

We all laughed a little, and Captain Fan-

cher said:

"Minute-men are minute-men, Mr. Boyd. You are welcome to any you can enlist from

my company."

Alsop Hunt, being a Quaker, and personally opposed to physical violence, offered no suggestion until the second object of our visit was made known. Then he said, very quietly,

"Mayaro, the Mohican sagamore, is in this vicinity."

"How do you know that, Alsop?" asked Major Lockwood quickly.

"I saw him yesterday. "Here in Poundridge?"

Mr. Hunt glanced at Colonel Thomas, then with a slight color mounting to his temples:

"The sagamore was talking to one of the camp-women last evening-toward sun-



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On her lips hovered a slight and provoking smile, and her eyes were very brilliant under her powdered hair

down on the Rock Hills. We were walking abroad for the air, my wife and I." He turned to Major Lockwood. "Betsy whispered to me, 'There is a handsome wench talking to an Indian.' And I saw the sagamore standing in the sunset light, conversing with one of the camp-women who hang about Colonel Thomas' regiment."

"Would you know the slattern again?"

asked Colonel Thomas, scowling.

"I think so, Colonel. And to tell the truth she was scarce a slattern, whatever else she may be—a young thing—and it seemed sad to us—to my wife and me."

"Why," said Boyd to me, laughingly, "she may be the wench you so gallantly rescued an hour since." And he told the story gaily enough, and with no harm meant, but it embarrassed and annoyed me.

"If the wench knows where the sagamore may be found," said Major Lockwood, "it might be well for Mr. Loskiel to look about and try to find her."

"Would you know her again?" inquired

Colonel Thomas.

"No, sir, I—" And I stopped short, because what I was about to say was not true. For, when I had sent the soldiers about their business and had rejoined Boyd—and when Boyd had bidden me turn again because the girl was handsome, there had been no need to turn. I had seen her, and I knew that when he said she was beautiful he said what was true.

I now corrected myself, saying coolly

enough,

"Yes, Colonel Thomas, on second thought I think I might know her if I see her."

"Perhaps," suggested Captain Fancher, "the wench has gone a-gipsying after the

convoy."

"These drabs change lovers overnight," observed Colonel Thomas grimly. "Doubtless Sheldon's troopers are already consoling her."

Colonel Sheldon, who had been fiddling uneasily with his sword-knot, exclaimed

peevishly:

"Good God, sir! Am I also to play chap-

lain to my command?"

There was a curious look in Colonel Thomas' eyes which seemed to say, "You might play it as well as you play the colonel," but Sheldon was too stupid and too vain, I think, to perceive any affront.

And, "Where do you lodge, gentlemen?" inquired our major, addressing us both, and

when he learned that we were roofless he insisted that we remain under his roof, nor would he hear of any excuses touching the present unsuitability of our condition and attire.

We had all risen and were moving toward the door. A black servant came when the major pulled the bell-cord, and showed Boyd and myself to two pretty chambers, small, but very neat, where the linen on the beds smelled fresh and sweet, and the westering sun struck golden through chintz curtains drawn aside.

"Gad!" said Boyd, eying the bed. "It's long since my person has been intimately acquainted with sheet and pillow. What a pretty nest, Loskiel. Lord! And here's

a vase of posies, too!"

Presently came our riflemen, Jack Mount, bearing our saddle-bags, and we stripped and washed us clean, and put on fresh linen and our best uniforms of soft doeskin, which differed from the others only in that they were clean and new, and that the thrums were gayer and the Iroquois beadwork more flamboyant.

"If I but had my hair in a snug club and well powdered," sighed Boyd, lacing his

shirt.

I began to laugh, and he laughed, too, vowing he envied me my hair, which was yellow and which curled of itself so that it

needed no powder.

While the sun still hung high in the west, and ere any hint of evening was heard either in the robin's nest or from the high-soaring martens, we had dressed. Boyd went away first, saying carelessly that he meant to look to the horses before paying his respects to the ladies. A little later I descended, a black servant conducting me to the family sitting-room.

Here our gallant major made me known to his lady and to his numerous family—six young children, and still a seventh, the pretty maid whom we had seen on approaching the house and who proved to be a married daughter. Betsy, they called her—and she was only seventeen, but had been

two years the wife of Alsop Hunt.

As for the major's lady, who seemed scarce thirty and was six years older, she so charmed me with her grace, and with the bright courage she so sweetly maintained in a home which every hour of the day and night menaced, that even Mrs. Hunt, with her gay spirits, imperious beauty, and more

youthful attractions, no more than shared my admiration for her mother.

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In half an hour Lieutenant Boyd came in, was presented, and paid his homage gaily, as he always did. Yet, I thought a slight cloud rested on his brow, but this soon passed, and I forgot it.

So we talked of this and that as lightly as though no danger threatened this house; and Boyd was quickly at his best with the ladies. As for me, I courted the children. And I remember there were two little maids of fourteen and eleven, Rubannah and Hannah, sweet and fresh as wild June roses, who showed me the tow cloth for our army which they were spinning, and blushed at my praise of their industry. And there was Mary, ten, and Clarissa, eight, and two little boys, one a baby—all save the last two children carding or spinning flax and tow.

I had taken the tiny maid, Clarissa, upon my knees and was telling her of the beauty of our Northland, and of that great, dusky green ocean of giant pines, vast as the sea and as silent and uncharted, when Major Lockwood bent over me, saying in a quiet voice that it might be well for me to look about in the town for the wench who knew the whereabouts of Mayaro.

"While there is still daylight," he added, as I set Clarissa on the floor and stood up, "and if she be yet here you should find her before supper-time. We sup at six, Mr. Loskiel."

I bowed, took leave of the ladies, exchanged an irritated glance for Boyd's significant grin, and went out to the porch, putting on my light, round cap of moleskin. I liked neither my present errand nor Boyd's smile either.

Now, I had not thought to take with me my side-arms, but a slave waited at the door with my belt. And as I buckled it and hung war-ax and heavy hunting-blade, I began to comprehend something of the imminent danger which so apparently lurked about this country. For all military men hereabouts went armed; and even in the house I had noticed that Major Lockwood wore his sword, as did the other officers—some even carrying their pistols.

About the village itself there was nothing to be seen of the girl, nor did I know how to make inquiries—perhaps dreading to do so lest my quest be misunderstood or made a jest of by some impertinent fellow.

In the west a wide bank of cloud had pushed up over the horizon and was already halving the low-hanging sun, which presently it entirely swallowed; and the country-side grew luminously gray and that intense green tinged the grass, which is with us the forerunner of an approaching storm.

But I thought it far off, not then knowing the Hudson's midsummer habits, or the rapid violence of the July storms it hatches and drives roaring among the eastern hills and across the silvery Sound.

So, with a careless glance aloft, I pursued my errand, strolling hither and thither through the pleasant streets and lanes of old Poundridge, always approaching any groups of soldiers that I saw, because I thought it likely that the wench might haunt her kind.

I did not find her, and presently I began to believe it likely that she had indeed gone off a-gipsying after the escort companies toward Lewisboro.

There is a road which, skirting the Stone Hills, runs east by north between Cross Pond and the Three Lakes, and, pursuing it, I came on a vedette of Sheldon's regiment, most carelessly set where he could see nothing and yet be seen a mile away.

Supposing he would halt me, I walked up to him, and he continued to munch the green bough-apple he was eating, making me a most slovenly salute.

Under his leather helmet I saw that my dragoon was but a child of fifteen—scarce strong enough to swing the heavy saber at his pommel or manage the sawed-off musket which he bore, the butt resting wearily on his thigh.

"It will rain before sundown," he said, munching on his apple; "best seek shelter, sir. When it comes it will come hard."

"Where runs this road?" I asked.

"To Boutonville."

"And what is Boutonville?"

"It's where the Boutons live—a mile or two north, sir."

I had already turned to retrace my steps when it occurred to me that perhaps an inquiry of this lad might not be misunderstood.

So I walked up to his horse and stood caressing the sorry animal while I described to him the wench I was seeking.

"Yes, sir," he said seriously, "that's the one the boys are ever plaguing to make her rage. She came from the North, they



They spoke together in low and rapid tones. Mrs. Lockwood murmured in my ear: "It's one of will instantly acquaint Colonels Thomas and Sheldon with the news. Tell



Luther's men. There is bad news for us from below, I warrant you." We heard the major say: "You Captain Fancher, too, in passing." The messenger turned away into the storm 747

ne of Tell say. All I know is that in April she was first seen here, loitering about the camp where the White Plains Indians were embodied. But she did not go off with the Continentals."

"She was loitering this afternoon by the camp of Colonel Thomas' men," I said.

"Very like, sir. They are all after her. But I never saw her kind to any man -whatever she may be."

Why, I did not know, but what he said

gave me satisfaction.

"You do not know which way she went?" I asked.

"No, sir. I have been here but the half hour. She knows the Bouton boys yonder. I have seen her coming and going on this road, sometimes with an Indian-

"With a sagamore?"

"I know nothing of savages or sagamores. The Indian may have been a sagamore."

"Do you know where he is to be found?"

"No, sir, I do not."

"Perhaps this young girl knows?"

"Doubtless she does.

"Do you know her name, soldier?" "They call her Lois, I believe."

And that was all the news I could get of her. I thanked the boy and slowly started

toward the village. Already in the air there was something of

that stillness which heralds storms; no leaves on bush and tree were now stirring; land and sky had grown somber all around

Where the road skirted the Stone Hills were no houses, nothing, in fact, of human habitation to be seen, save, low on the flank of the rocky rampart, a ruined sugar-house on the edge of a maple ridge.

I do not know what made me raise my head to give it a second glance, but I did; and saw among the rocks near it a woman

moving.

Nor do I know, even now, how at that distance and in the dusk of a coming storm I could perceive that it was she whom I was seeking. But so certain was I of this that, without even taking thought to consider, I left the highway, turned to the right, and began to mount the hillside where traces of a path or sheep-walk were faintly visible under foot among the brambles.

It was not long before I perceived the ramshackle sap-house ahead of me among

the maples. Then I caught sight of her whom I was seeking.

It was plain that she had not yet discovered me, though she heard me moving in the thicket. She stood in a half-crouching, listening attitude, then slowly began to retreat, not cowering, but sullenly, and with a certain defiance in her lithe movement, like some disturbed and graceful animal which is capable of defending itself but prefers to get away peaceably, if permitted.

I stepped out into the clearing and called to her through the increasing gloom, and for a moment thought she had gone. Then I saw her, dimly, watching me from the obscurity of the dark doorway.

"You need have no fear of me," I called to her pleasantly. "You know me now, do

you not?"

She made no answer, and I approached the doorway and stood peering into her face through the falling twilight. And for a moment I thought I had been mistaken, but it was she, after all.

Yet now she wore neither the shabby chip hat with its soiled blue ribbon tied beneath her chin, nor any trace of hair-powder, nor dotted kerchief cross-fastened at her breast and pinned with the withered rose.

"Child," I said, smiling at ver, I know not why, "I have been searching for you ever since I first saw you-"

And "What do you want of me?" said she, scarce moving her lips.

"A favor."

"Best mount your cobbler's mare and go a-jogging back, my pretty lad."

The calm venom in her voice took me

aback more than her saucy words.

"Doubtless," I said, "you have not recognized in me the officer who was at some slight pains to be of service-" 'What is it you desire?" said she, so

rudely that I felt my face burn hot.
"See here, my lass," said I sharply, "you

seem to misunderstand my errand here." "And am I like to," said she, "unless you make your errand short and plainer-though I have learned that the errands which bring such men as you to me are not too easily misunderstood."

"Such men as I-"

"You and your friend with the bold, black Ask him how much change he had of me when he came back."

"I did not know he had seen you again,"

said I, still redder. And saw that she believed me not.

"Birds sing; men lie," said she. "So

"Be silent! Do you hear?" I cut her short with such contempt that I saw the painful color whip her cheeks.

Small doubt that what she had learned of men had not sweetened her or taught her confidence. But whatever she had been, and whatever she was, after all, concerned not me that I should take pains to silence her so brutally.

"I am sorry I spoke as I did," said I.

She said nothing.

"Also," I added, with a sudden resurgence of bitterness that surprised myself, "my conduct earlier in your behalf might have led you to a wiser judgment."

"I reason as I have been taught," she

said defiantly.

"Doubtless you are self-instructed."

"No; men have taught me. You witnessed, I believe, one lesson. And your comrade gave me still another."

"I care to witness nothing," I said, furious; "far less desire to attempt your education. Is all plain now?"

"Your words are," she said, with quiet

contempt.

"My words are one with my intention," said I, angrily, for in spite of my own indifference and contempt, hers was somehow arousing me with its separate sting hidden in every word she uttered. "And now," I continued, "all being plain and open between us, let me acquaint you with the sole object of my visit here to you."

She shrugged her shabby shoulders and waited, her eyes, her expression, her very attitude indifferent, yet dully watchful.

"You know the sagamore Mayaro?"

"You say so."

"Where is he to be found?" I continued

"Why do you desire to know?"

"Come, come, my lass," said I, with all the patience I could still command, "there is a storm approaching, and I do not wish to get wet. Answer my civil question, and I'll thank you and be off about my business. Where is this sagamore to be found?"

"Why do you wish to know?"

"Because I desire to consult him concerning certain matters."

"What matters?"

"Matters which do not concern you," I snapped out.

"Why do you desire to see this sagamore?" she repeated, so obstinately that I fairly clenched my teeth.

fairly clenched my teeth.

"Answer me," I said. "Or had you rather I fetched a file of men up here?"

"Fetch a regiment, and I shall tell you nothing unless I choose."

"Good God, what folly!" I exclaimed.
"For whom and for what do you take me, then, that you refuse to answer the polite and harmless question of an American officer?"

"You had not so named yourself."
"Very well, then; I am Euan Loskiel,
ensign in Morgan's Rifle regiment!"

"You say so."

"Do you doubt it?"

"Birds sing," she said. Suddenly she stepped from the dark doorway, came to where I stood, bent forward, and looked mevery earnestly in the eyes—so closely that something—her nearness—I know not what —seemed to stop my heart and breath for a second.

"Do you wish me to find this sagamore for you?" she asked very quietly.

"Will you do so?"

A drop of rain fell; another, which struck her just where the cheek curved under the long black lashes, fringing them with brilliancy like tears.

"Where do you lodge?" she asked, after

a silent scrutiny of me.

"This night I am a guest at Major Lockwood's. To-morrow I travel north again with my comrade, Lieutenant Boyd."

She was looking steadily at me all the

time; finally she said:

"Somehow, I believe you to be a friend to liberty. I know it—somehow."

"It is very likely, in this rifle-dress I wear," said I, smiling.

"Yet a man may dress as he pleases."

"You mistrust me for a spy?"

"If you are, why, you are but one more among many hereabouts. I think you have not been in Westchester very long. It does not matter. No boy with the face you wear was born to betray anything more important than a woman."

I turned hot and scarlet with chagrin at her cool presumption—and would not for worlds have had her see how the impudence

stung and shamed me.

For a full minute she stood there watching me; then,

"I ask pardon," she said very gravely. And somehow, when she said it, I seemed to experience a sense of inferiority—which was absurd and monstrous, considering

what she doubtless was.

It had now begun to rain in very earnest, and was like to rain harder ere the storm passed. My clothes being my best, I instinctively stepped into the doorway, and, of a sudden, she was there too, barring my entry, flushed and dangerous, demanding the reason of my intrusion.

"Why," said I, astonished, "may I not seek shelter from a storm in a ruined sugar-house without asking by your leave?"

"This sap-house is my own dwelling," she said hotly. "It is where I live."

"Oh, Lord," said I, bewildered, "if you are like to take offense at everything I say, or look, or do; I'll find a hospitable tree somewhere."

She stood looking at me in the doorway, then slowly dropped her eyes, and in the same low voice I had heard once before,

"I ask your pardon once again," she said. "Please to come inside—and close the door.

An open door draws lightning."

For ten minutes or more the noise of the storm made it difficult to hear or speak. I could scarce see her now in the gloom. And so we waited there in silence until the roar of the rain began to die away, and it slowly grew lighter outside and the thunder grew more distant.

I went to the door, looked out into the dripping woods, and turned to her.

"When will you bring the sagamore to me?" I demanded.

"I have not promised."

"But you will?"

She waited a while, then, "Yes, I will bring him."

"When?"

"To-night."
"You promise?"

"Yes."

"And if it rains again?"

"It will rain all night, but I shall send you the sagamore. Best go, sir. The real tempest is yet to break. It hangs yonder above the Hudson. But you have time to gain the Lockwood house."

I said to her, with a slight but reassuring

smile, most kindly intended,

"Now that I am no longer misunderstood by you, I may inform you that in what you do for me you serve our common country." It did not seem a pompous speech to me.

"If I doubted that," she said, "I had rather pass the knife you wear around my throat than trouble myself to oblige you."

Her words, and the quiet, almost childish voice, seemed so oddly at variance that I almost laughed, but changed my mind.

"I should never ask a service of you for myself alone," I said, so curtly that the next moment I was afraid I had angered her, and fearing she might not keep her word to me, smiled and frankly offered her my hand.

Very slowly she put forth her own—a hand stained and roughened, but slim and small. And so I went away through the dripping bush and down the rocky hill. A slight sense of fatigue invaded me, and I did not then understand that it came from my steady and sustained efforts to ignore what my eyes could not choose but see—this young girl's beauty—yes, despite her sorry mien and her rags—a beauty that was fashioned to trouble men, and which was steadily invading my senses whether I would or no.

Walking along the road and springing over the puddles, I thought to myself that it was small wonder such a wench was pestered in a common soldiers' camp. For she had about her everything to allure the grosser class—a something—indescribable perhaps—but which even such a man as I had become unwillingly aware of. And I must have been very conscious of it, for it made me restless and vaguely ashamed that I should condescend so far as even to notice it. More than that, it annoyed me not a little that I should bestow any thought upon this creature at all, but what irritated me most was that Boyd had so demeaned himself as to seek her out behind my back.

When I came to the manor-house, it had already begun to rain again, and even as I entered the house a tempest of rain and wind burst once more over the hills.

Encountering Major Lockwood and Lieutenant Boyd in the hall, I scowled at the latter askance, but remembered my manners and smoothed my face and told them of my success.

"Rain or no," said I, "she has promised to send this sagamore here to-night. And I am confident she will keep her word."

"Which means," said Boyd, with an unfeigned sigh, "that we travel north to-mor-

row. Lord! How sick am I of saddle and

nag and the open road!"

And at supper, that evening, Boyd frankly bemoaned his lot, and Mrs. Lockwood condoled with him; but Betsy Hunt turned up her pretty nose, declaring that young men were best off in the woods, which kept them out o' mischief. She did not know the woods.

And after supper, as she and my deceitful but handsome lieutenant lingered by the stairs, I heard her repeat it again, utterly refusing to say she was sorry or that she commiserated his desperate lot. But on her lips hovered a slight and provoking smile, and her eyes were very brilliant under

her powdered hair.

All women liked Boyd; none was insensible to his charm. Handsome, gay, amusing, and tender, alas!—too often—few remained indifferent to this young man, and many there were who found him difficult to forget after he had gone his careless way. But I was damning him most heartily for the prank he played me.

I sat in the parlor talking to Mrs. Lockwood. The babies were long since in bed; the elder children now came to make their reverences to their mother and father, and

so very dutifully to every guest.

Major Lockwood sat writing letters on a card-table, a cluster of tall candles at his elbow; Mr. Hunt was reading; his wife and Boyd still lingered on the stairs.

Mrs. Lockwood, I remember, had been sewing while she and I conversed together. The French Alliance was our topic; and she was still speaking of the pleasure it had given all when Lewis Morris brought to her house young La Fayette. Then, of a sudden, she turned her head sharply, as though listening.

Through the roar of the storm I thought I heard the gallop of a horse. Major Lockwood lifted his eyes from his letters, fixing them on the rain-washed window.

Certainly a horseman had now pulled up at our very porch; Mr. Hunt laid aside his book very deliberately and walked to the parlor door, and a moment later the noise of the metal knocker outside rang loudly through the house.

We were now all rising and moving out into the hall, as though a common instinct of coming trouble impelled us. The black servant opened; a drenched messenger stood there, blinking in the candle-light.

Major Lockwood went to him instantly, and drew him in the door; and they spoke together in low and rapid tones.

Mrs. Lockwood murmured in my ear:
"It's one of Luther's men. There is bad
news for us from below, I warrant you."

We heard the major say:

"You will instantly acquaint Colonels Thomas and Sheldon with this news. Tell Captain Fancher, too, in passing."

The messenger turned away into the storm, and Major Lockwood called after him, "Is there no news of Moylan's regiment?"

"None, sir," came the panting answer; there ensued a second's silence, a clatter of slippery hoofs, then only the loud, dull roar of the rain filled the silence.

The major, who still stood at the door, turned around and glanced at his wife.

"What is it, dear—if we may know?"

asked she, quite calmly.

"Yes," he said, "you should know, Hannah. And it may not be true, but—somehow, I think it is. Tarleton is out."

"Is he headed this way, Ebenezer?"

asked Mr. Hunt, after a shocked silence.
"Why—yes, so they say. Luther Kinnicut sends the warning. It seems to be

true."

"Tarleton has heard, no doubt, that Sheldon's Horse is concentrating here," said Mr. Hunt. "But I think it better for thee to

leave, Ebenezer."

Mrs. Lockwood went over to her husband and laid her hand on his sleeve lightly. The act and her expression were heartbreaking and not to be mistaken. She knew; and we also now surmised that if the legion cavalry was out, it was for the purpose of taking the man who stood there before our eyes. Doubtless he was quite aware of it, too, but made no mention of it.

"Alsop," he said, turning to his son-inlaw, "best take the more damaging of the papers and conceal them as usual. I shall presently be busied with Thomas and Sheldon, and may have no time for such details."

"Will they make a stand, do you think?" I whispered to Boyd, "or shall we be sent a-packing?"

"If there be not too many of them, I make a guess that Shetdon's Horse will stand." "And what is to be our attitude?"

"Stand with them," said he, laughing, though he knew well that we had been cautioned to do our errand and keep clear of all brawls.

The next instalment of The Hidden Children will appear in the December issue.

The Wartime Story of General Pickett

By Mrs. General George &.Pickeft

EDITOR'S NOTE-The unusual success of the wartime series like the autobiography of General Miles and the memoirs of General Logan already published in Cosmopolitan suggested the telling of the Civil War story from the point of view not of the North but of the Confederacy. We are fortunate in getting for the purpose the remark-able life-story of General Pickett, the Confederate leader who made the im-mortal charge upon the Army of the Potomac on the last day of Gettysburg. This account deals not only with events but with motives, personal observations, personal experiences. It is well to remember that every narrative that comes from anyone bound by loyalty to the Southern Confederacy has an additional value and importance, because, while most of the reports of Northern commanders and statesmen have been carefully preserved, the greater part of the Southern records was destroyed in the burning of Rich-This is the first mond. article in a series which will run through several issues.

PVERYONE has a point of beginning—a period back of which existence, to present consciousness, was not. For me this point stands out vividly; it was the moment when he who later was to be my soldier-husband



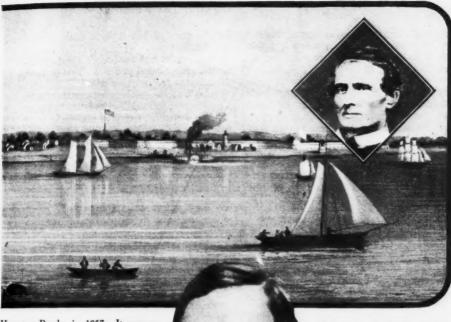
Mrs. George E. Pickett, from a presentday photograph

View of Old Point Comfort, Virginia, from the beach at this place that the little girl, La Salle her future husband. Above, Franklin Pierce. (left), and (right) Jefferson Davis, secre later President of the Confederate States

came into my life.

I was staying in my grandmother's home and had been there but a short time when one of my playmates fell ill with whooping-cough, and, to save me from contagion, I was taken to the home of a family friend, Mrs. Boykin, the sister of Judge John Y. Mason, at Old Point Comfort.

For a time I was quite happy, amusing the children, teaching them the songs and dances I had learned from the little negroes on the plantation, and the fancy steps my dancingmaster had taught me. All things were bright for me until the dreaded cough



George E. Pickett

While he was second lieutenant in

the American Army during the Mexican War, 1845-47

Hampton Roads, in 1857. It was on Corbell, first saw Brevet-Captain Pickett, President of the United States, 1853-57, tary of War in the Pierce Cabinet, and of America. They were frequent visitors Comfort

marked me for its own and I was thrust beyond the pale.

My lonely position rendered me peculiarly sensitive to the misfortunes of other solitary souls, and my sympathies went out with especial tenderness to a soldier whom I had seen alone on the sands. Sometimes he was reading, sometimes watching the ships in the distance, always companionless and with lonesome eyes.

One morning, walking upon the beach, my grandmother stopped to speak to a friend, and I, taking advantage of her preoccupation to gratify my curiosity, skipped

along to my Soldier reading, an umbrella shading him from the too ardent rays of the sun. Absorbed in his book, he was not aware of the presence of a sympathetic fellow creature until I crept under the umbrella, looked into his face, and asked him

if he, too, had the whooping-cough. He smilingly answered, "No," but as I persisted in the impression that no other calamity could bar anyone from the pleasures of life, he told me that he did not wish for companionship since he had lost some one whom he loved and would not make his sorrow a shadow on the lives of others.

went out to him on the spot and in my desire to comfort him I promised to take the place of all he had lost and to spend my life in soothing his sorrow. Laughingly my Soldier accepted my protestations, and I crept out from under the umbrella pledged to

Brevet-Captain George E. Pickett, of the United States Army. I still have the little locket with the name "Sally" upon it, and the little ring he gave me.

The umbrella under which I plighted my troth often sheltered me in the days that

followed. In its shade I learned, guided by my Soldier's hand, to make my first letters and spell my first words, "Sally" and "Soldier." It was there, too, that he first sang his beautiful songs for me and played on his guitar. Together we built forts and garrisons of stones and sand and shells, carved pine-bark yachts, steamers, and sailboats, and sailed them on the little lakes we made on the shore by damming up the waves that dashed over the sands. So versatile was he that, in his companionship, I did not miss the little playmates who had been snatched from me, and when my grandmother announced that the time had come to return home, I left my Soldier

with many tearful good-bys. To our home in those days came many interesting men who played a part in the stirring scenes that followed. Soon after our return from Old Point Comfort my great-grandfather came to visit my grandmother, bringing with him Judge John Y. Mason. To my childish view my greatgrandfather was a very conspicuous figure, by reason of two highly distinguishing characteristics: his great age, which I took to be somewhere between one and two centuries, and the fact that he had but one eye, having lost its fellow in battle in the War of 1812, he being the only person I knew who bore such a distinguishing mark. Instead of his normal eye he had one of glass, which he would give me sometimes to play with on condition that I would not play checkers with it. I used to envy him the possession of such a novelty and wish that I had one of my own. Moreover, he was a great-grandfather and, as I confidently believed, the only one in the world, and he

CHILDHOOD IMPRESSIONS

always had his pockets full of gold dollars for

his little great-grandchildren.

"This is my young friend, Mr. Mason," he said, as we greeted the visitors.

The suggestion of youth in connection with Judge Mason impressed me as novel, for my inexperience would have taken the two men to be near the same age. But I suppose, to the mind of his older friend, the judge did seem young.

"And whose great-grandfarver are you?" I asked, when he bowed to me in the same courtly manner in which he greeted my grandmother. Looking into his face and seeing a merry twinkle lurk-

ing in each of two bright, dark eyes, I said hastily:

"Oh, you're not anybody's great-grandfarver. How could you be? You haven't got a glass eye."

"Can't a man with two natural eyes be a great-grandfather?" asked the judge.
"'Course not." I replied decisively. "I

"'Course not," I replied decisively. "I never saw or heard of one like that. And mine is the only one in the world."

"That settles it," said Judge Mason, in a tone of finality. "You have the better of me in the way of relationships," he remarked to his friend.

A GREAT MAN OF THE TIME

Judge Mason was one of the great men of his era, though the opening of more exciting times, in which the services of leaders of thought and action were of a more spectacular character, to some extent obscured his title to a prominent place in history. His public life began with his ten-years' service as delegate to the Virginia General Assembly. He represented his district in Congress from 1831 to 1837, and was then appointed judge of the United States Court for Virginia. Under President Tyler he served as secretary of the Navy, and in the administration of President Polk he was attorney-general and afterward again secretary of the Navy. By President Pierce he was appointed minister to France, and died in Paris in 1859.

The judge was a kind and genial man and loved to entertain children as well as to give them information. Filling his corncob, fig-stemmed pipe that evening, for he was an inveterate smoker who never yielded to the weakness of cigars, he said to me:

"My dear, this brown, ugly-looking tobacco is of more value than your childish mind can imagine. There was a time when it was the only money we had. So many pounds of it were equal in value to this pretty bright gold dollar," taking from my hand a gold coin which my great-grandfather had given me as a reward for reciting "Little Grains of Sand." It was one of the first coined by the United States mint, in 1849, and Judge Mason made it the basis for an erudite lecture on money and its uses, to which I listened politely if without direct profit.

I did not stand in awe of the judge, for all his grandeur, because he was so simple and sweet in manner and so ready to tell stories to a child. I felt, then, in my childish way, that simplicity was a part of greatness, an impression which I have found verified in later experience.

We spent a part of each summer at Old Point Comfort, and there I saw for the first time a President of the United States, and first met the future President of the Confederacv. Mr. Jefferson Davis was then secretary of War, and had come to Hampton Roads with President Pierce. In the evening there was a brilliant display of fireworks which closed with the names of "Franklin Pierce" and "Jefferson Davis," spread, as if across the sky, in letters of flame. I looked at them in awe, as miraculous manifestations placed in the sky by a supernatural power.

It was the only time that I ever saw

President Pierce, and I have

Storming of Chapultepec castle, Sept.

13. 4847, by the American forces
under General Pillow. Notification of promotion to rank of
captain by brevet received by
First Lieut. George E. Pickett
for gallant conduct on that
occasion. It is signed by
President Fillmore

but my
childish
memory
of him as
rather a
small man,
not near so
tall as Mr.
Davis, and with
a handsome face
set in a frame of
dark curling hair.
His eyes were dark
and beautiful, and I

caught a misty impression of regular, pleasing features which remained with me more like a dream than a real presence.

Meeting Mr. Davis at the close of the evening, I looked at him eagerly, having heard him spoken of as a great man of our Southern country and having been deeply impressed by his name with that of the President in brilliant letters upon the sky. He explained to me how the effect was produced and that the names were not really on the sky. His face was pale, and I thought it sad, but there was a sweet gentleness in it that went straight to the heart of a child. My first view of our

future President remained with me as a

mere outline until, in later years, I met him in far different circumstances, and my slight sketch of him was filled out with photographic distinctness.

He was tall and extremely thin, but there was a dignity and grace about him which I could not express. He was a type of the old South, cultivated, refined, a brilliant con-

versationalist. His eves were clear and of a blue-gray color, his forehead high. nose straight, lips thin and compressed, chin pointed, and cheek-bones high. Deep intersecting lines furrowed his mouth. His face was thin, features long and sharp, and an angular outline emphasized the intensity of his expression. This was the picture which later years gave to me.

At Old Point Comfort, three years after our first meeting, I again saw my Soldier, the thought of whom neither the vision of great men

nor the passage of the years had driven from my mind. He had just been commissioned as captain and was recruiting his company at Fortress Monroe preparatory to sailing to the Pacific coast, where an Indian outbreak had made reenforcements necessary. I had a chance to see but little of him when he was again ordered away. My first real sorrow was in watching the St. Louis sail out with him on board, bound on the long journey around the Horn to Puget Sound, where he was to be stationed at Fort Bellingham.

For two years Captain Pickett was in the midst of Indian warfare. Then came peace and the work that his soul loved. He made friends of the conquered Indians, learned their dialects, built schoolhouses for them, taught them the arts of peace, translated into the speech of the forest children the Lord's Prayer and some of our hymns and patriotic songs, and taught the Indians to sing them. To them he was Nesika Tyee—Our Chief.

Following the Indian war, the quarrel

with the British government over the ownership of San Juan Island reached white heat. On the night of July 26, 1850, Captain Pickett, with sixty-eight men, was sent from Fort Beltingham to take possession of the island. When morning dawned there were five British war-ships off the coast, with nineteen hundred and forty men ready to land. To their proposal of joint occupation Captain Pickett made strenuous objection, and when, in the face of his protest, the British prepared to land, he

drew his men up on the beach, ready to give battle.

"We will make a Bunker Hill of it, and don't be afraid of their big guns," he said.

"So satisfied were the British officers that Captain Pickett would carry out his course

that they hesitated," said General Harney in his official report.

It was not alone for the preservation of that great territory to the United States that these warriors were ready to fight to the death for a fragment of earth, important as were the latent possibilities of that, as yet, undeveloped country. Another purpose lay close to their hearts, a purpose of still greater magnitude than the



(Above) John Young Mason, a noted jurist and politician of ante-bellum days. He was minister to France during the Pierce administration. (Below) Dr. John T. Phillips, grandfather of Mrs. Pickett, at whose plantation she met many of the distinguished men and women of the time.



exact drawing of a boundary line. They had dimly seen the shadow of the storm that was rising over the southern horizon, and they looked forward with dread to the time when it would sweep over the land. Down in their hearts was the hope that some counter-misfortune, even though it were war witha foreign foe, might arise to avert this calamity.

The elements of discord that had lain at the heart of our nation ever since the



(Above) Headquarters of Captain Pickett on San Juan Island,
Washington, occupied by him July-August, 1859, when he
prevented its occupation by the British, during the dispute
over the boundary as defined by the Treaty of 1846.
(Below) General Pickett's diploma from the U. S.
Military Academy, West Point, 1846, with appointment as second lieutenant in the
army

leaders of the two great parties into which the country was early divided. Hamilton and Jefferson, fought out the battle of federalism and state rights, had reached the seethingpoint. From near the beginning of our constitutional history secession had been regarded as the remedy for all grievances, real or fancied. The bond of union between the states was not strong enough to hold the Massachusetts patriot, Josiah Quincy, and

his followers, when an effort was made to admit Texas, a territory obnoxious to them, into the Union. It could not hold the fealty of the old Bay State when the Embargo Act bore heavily upon her interests. Secession was the final resort contemplated by the Federalists when a war of which they did not approve was inaugurated by the opposition administration. Again was the slender tie strained to the breaking-point by a clash of interests arising in connection with the sale of public lands in the West.

The varied interests of so large a country and one so diversified as ours gave room for many subjects of controversy. Thirty years before the final reference of the disputes of the different sections to the arbitrament of war, the great apostle of state rights, John C. Calhoun, in a discussion over the protective tariff, said, "The great dissimilarity and, as I must add, as truth compels me to do, contrariety of interests in our country, are so great that they cannot be subjected to the unchecked will of a majority of the whole without defeating the great end of government—without which it is a curse—justice."

But for the finesse of the great verbal artist, Henry Clay, the protective tariff, guarding the prosperity of the manufacturing North to the disadvantage of the agricultural South, would have led to secession long before the election of a President who held the theory that a country could not live half slave and half free, gave a pretext for the separation of the two discordant halves.

THE DARK CLOUD ARISES

The world had gone beyond us into a plane of political thought of which we had not taken note in "the land where we were dreaming." The curse of slavery launched upon our whole country by the greed of England, away back in the beginning of our history, and long since thrown off by the Northern states because slave-labor was adapted neither to the climate nor the products of the North, remained an essential part of the life of the South. It was comparatively easy for the North to rid herself of the burden by selling her dusky human possessions to the planters of the states to which they were better adapted. The South had no such avenue to freedom. Her southern boundary was washed by the surges of mighty waters.

To all the other sources of inharmony were added acrid discussions of this vital subject, on which the two sections of our country had, by habit, become incapable of agreeing. For generations the black stain of slavery trailed itself over the strong thought and brilliant eloquence of our great writers and orators. Like the genie in the enchanted box of Oriental fable, the dark cloud arose and overshadowed all the glory of our land.

VIEWS OF THE COMING STRUGGLE

The spirit of controversy permeated all classes and fired discussions in newspapers and in conversation. All were politicians in those days. It was before the era of baseball as an occupation and golf clubs as an inspiration. The soul of man absorbed itself in politics. Office, library, and hospitable board became the arena of battles no less fiery than those which were fought in the halls of Congress. When the John Brown raid startled the country, the flames of war might readily have been seen flashing upon the horizon. Yet, even then a Northern orator over the grave of the rugged old fanatic said, "I do not believe that slavery will go down in blood."

Many held the theory that if war did come it would be brief. Fitz-John Porter told me that, in the early part of 1861, he was one of a number of officers who met at a banquet in a Washington hotel. They talked of the possibility of war, and all but one expressed the opinion that if it did come it would be of short duration; one big battle would end it. The one who had been silent arose and said: "Not unless in that big battle every Virginian should be killed. I am a Virginian and I know that this will be one of the bloodiest of wars." That man was General George H. Thomas, of the United States Army, who was afterward famous as "the Rock of Chickamauga."

Men who had seen Americans fight were not of those who took optimistic views of the outcome of a possible war. "My people think it will be soon over," said Mr. Davis sadly. "They deceive themselves. I know. It will be a long and bloody war."

Mr. Davis had led men of his nation in battle and knew their temper. So anxious was he to avoid war that a writer of the history of that period has recorded of him that he remained in Washington for some days after resigning from the Senate upon receiving notice of the secession of Missis-



Elizabeth Phillips, mother of Mrs. George E. Pickett

sippi, to give opportunity for his arrest, that the whole question might be fought out in the courts rather than on the field. Perhaps no man went into the cause with a clearer understanding of the real situation than did he who was to suffer most deeply in the end.

With all this discord in the atmosphere, the winds of wrath speedily carried it to the Pacific coast, where Captain Pickett and his little band had helped to uphold the honor of our country. Thoughtful minds recognized the fact that only a foreign war could avert domestic danger and unite the varying sections into one strong, harmonious whole in defense of the country. If a war with some other nation could be precipitated, a wave of patriotic enthusiasm would be created to sweep over the land and wash away all political differences. The sight of a hostile flag would awaken anew the love for our own banner under which the people had all united in years before to defend the country from invasion.

To avert the threatened tempest, these brave men on the Western coast would willingly have sacrificed their lives, holding that it was but a part of a soldier's duty and pride to give himself in any way for the preservation of national unity. Like many another who afterward fought under the Stars and Bars, Captain Pickett ioved the Star-spangled Banner under which he had given his first service to his country and won the honors that had early crowned his soldier-lite. Every star on its blue field shone before his eyes with the radiance of love and faith. That it might always wave over an undivided land, he would have thought life well lost in the billows of the Pacific.

For another reason, almost as sacred, the Union was dear to my Soldier in these days when the



Old military bridge across Whatcom Creek near Fort Bellingham, Washington, built by Captain Pickett, in 1857, during the trouble with the Indians

so darkly. The old friend who had made the ambition of his youth the pride of his manhood was now the head of the nation. Abraham Lincoln had secured the appointment of George Pickett to West Point. Through all the years my Soldier had held in memory the time, long ago, when he had gone to Quincy, Illinois, at the desire of his uncte, who was practising law there and wished his nephew to follow in his footsteps and devote his life to the legal profession. Though this was altogether opposed to the natural instincts of the boy, he tried to adapt himself to his

uncle's wishes. While engaged in the effort to appease Mars with attorney's briefs he made the acquaintance of his uncle's friend, Abraham Lincoln, and a warm friendship soon sprang up between the grave, earnest man and the young Virginia boy.

PICKETT AND LINCOLN

"The best stories I ever heard," my Soldier said, "were those to which I listened as told by the sad-looking man whose melancholy face would light up with a smile that glorified it as he talked.

In return the Southern lad would delight the heart of Mr. Lincoln with his plantation stories, and his songs and music on the guitar.

The gentle humor and loving heart of the man soon won the confidence of the Virginia boy, and he told Mr. Lincoln of his martial ambitions. The future Martyr President used his influence with Representative Stuart of his district unknown to his uncle, and an appointment to West Point was secured for George Pickett. In the letter from Washington which announced his success. Mr. Lincoln wrote in closing:

I never encourage deceit, and falsehood, especially if you have got a bad memory, is the worst enemy a fellow can have. The fact is, truth is your truest friend, no matter what the circumstances are. Notwithstanding this copy-book preamble, my boy, I am inclined to suggest a little prudence on your part. You see I have a congenital aversion to failure, and the sudden announcement to your Uncle Andrew of the success of your "lamp rubbing" might possibly prevent your passing the severe physical examination to which you will be subjected in order to enter the Military Academy. You see, I should like to have a perfect soldier credited to dear old Illinois-no broken bones, scalp wounds, etc. So I think perhaps it might be wise to hand this letter from me in to your good uncle through his room-window after he has had a comfortable dinner, and watch the effect from the top of the pigeon-house.

Whether or not the sage advice was followed, the ordeal was passed without disastrous results, and Uncle Andrew amiably accepted the situation when he learned that Fate and Mr. Lincoln were combined against him. Through his course at the Academy, Mr. Lincoln's letters, humorous but earnest and filled with quaint philosophy and good advice, were the inspiration of the embryo soldier. In later years the memory of the man whom he held in reverential love was an uplifting and guiding

force, and though his soldier-heart never wavered for a moment in allegiance to Virginia, it was not strange that there were many sad burdens upon the mind of the young captain who had for years upheld

his banner on the Pacific coast.

While the question of secession was being seriously argued out we students, securely guarded by the walls of Lynchburg Seminary, had no thought of the gravity of the crisis. When the cannon on top of the hill thundered out the tidings that Virginia had united her fortunes with those of the infant nation, and a new flag waved to the morning breeze, we hailed the dawn of the coming day with all the enthusiasm of youthful minds thrilling with the inspiration of a surging excitement. There was no shock to patriotism in accepting the new flag, scarcely less familiar to us than the old. The United States flag was seen only in seaports, waving over the ships in the harbors, a mere sign of Federal possession. The blue field of Virginia with its aggressive motto, "Sic semper tyrannis," was our flag, to which we had in our hearts sworn allegiance from our earliest consciousness. Under the Stars and Bars the state flags were united, and to it we gave our supreme reverence.

UNDER WHICH BANNER?

Very different was it with those who had dedicated their lives to the defense of the Stars and Stripes. Over on the Pacific a Virginia soldier looked out at that flag waving from the staff, and thought sadly of all that it meant to him. He remembered what it had been to him when he followed it over the arid plains of old Mexico. He thought of the time that he had triumphantly planted it on the conquered height of Chapultepec. Again it beckoned him across the wind-swept desert of the West-always the old flag calling him on and on to danger and to death. Always that flag waved before him as a sacred thing to be protected at the cost of life.

Then came the battle of Manassas, and the halls of Lynchburg Seminary echoed with cheers of patriotic fervor over the victory we had won which, to our youthful vision, pointed to sure success in the end.

Not long after this, the first battle of the war, a letter came to tell me that my Soldier was on his journey home.

The next instalment of The Wartime Story of General Pickett will appear in the December issue.

An Overwhelming Saturday

Don't you honestly like kids—real kids? In fiction they are pretty rare—a few Tom Sawyers and Huck Finns and—there you are. Booth Tarkington has added another. Last month he started with the boy "in the air." This month—well, he brings him down to earth for fair, and our guess is that if you ever happened to be a kid yourself or had anything to do with the real thing in the boy line, this story will take you back in memory to the days when you were having the time of your life and the neighbors claimed that the lid should be nailed tight and all your food go in through the bung-hole. Mr. Tarkington knows that "them was the days," and he writes about them with real humor and sympathy.

By Booth Tarkington

Author of " A Boy in the Air." "Monsieur Beaucaire," etc.

Illustrated by Worth Brehm

HE "Worst Boy in Town" (population 135,000) emerged hastily from the kitchen door of his father's house one scented morning in apple-blossom time. His pockets bulged abnormally; so did his cheeks, and he swallowed with difficulty. A threatening mop, wielded by a cooklike arm in a checkered sleeve, followed him through the doorway, and he was preceded by a small, hurried, wistful dog with a warm doughnut in his mouth. The kitchen door slammed petulantly, enclosing the sore voice of the cook, whereupon Penrod Schofield and Duke seated themselves upon the pleasant sward and immediately consumed the spoils of their raid.

From the cross-street which formed the side boundary of the Schofields' ample yard came a jingle of harness and the cadenced clatter of a pair of trotting horses, and Penrod, looking up, beheld the passing of a fat acquaintance, torpid amid the conservative splendors of a rather old-fashioned victoria. This was Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, a fellow sufferer at the Friday Afternoon Dancing Class, but otherwise not often a companion; a home-sheltered lad, tutored privately and preserved against the coarsening influences of rude comradeship and miscellaneous information. Heavily grown in all physical dimensions, virtuous, and placid, this cloistered mutton was wholly uninteresting to Penrod Schofield. Nevertheless, Roderick Magsworth Bitts,

Junior, was a personage on account of the importance of the Magsworth Bitts family; and it was Penrod's destiny to increase Roderick's celebrity far, far beyond its present aristocratic limitations.

The Magsworth Bittses were important because they were impressive; there was no other reason. And they were impressive because they believed themselves important. The adults of the family were impregnably formal; they dressed with reticent elegance, and wore the same nose and the same expression—an expression which indicated that they knew something exquisite and sacred which other people could never know. Other people, in their presence, were apt to feel mysteriously ignoble and to become secretly uneasy about ancestors, gloves, and pronunciation. The Magsworth Bitts manner was withholding and reserved, though sometimes gracious, granting small smiles as great favors and giving off a chilling kind of preciousness. Naturally, when any citizen of the community did anything unconventional or improper, or made a mistake, or had a relative who went wrong, that citizen's first and worst fear was that the Magsworth Bittses would hear of it. In fact, this painful family had for years terrorized the community, though the community had never realized that it was terrorized, and invariably spoke of the family as the "most charming circle in town." By common consent, Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts officiated as the supreme model as well as critic-in-chief of morals and deportment for all the unlucky people prosperous enough to be elevated to

her acquaintance.

Magsworth was the important part of the name. Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts was a Magsworth born, herself, and the Magsworth crest (over a coronet) decorated not only Mrs. Magsworth Bitts' note-paper but was on the china, on the table linen, on the chimney-pieces, on the opaque glass of the front door, on the victoria, and on the harness, though omitted from the gardenhose and the lawn-mower.

Naturally, no sensible person dreamed of connecting that illustrious crest with the unfortunate and notorious Rena Magsworth whose name had grown week by week into larger and larger type upon the front pages of newspapers, owing to the gradually increasing public and official belief that she had poisoned a family of eight. However, the statement that no sensible person could have connected the Magsworth Bitts family with the arsenical Rena, takes no account

of Penrod Schofield.

Penrod never missed a murder, a hanging, or an electrocution in the newspapers; he knew almost as much about Rena Magsworth as her jurymen did, though they sat in a court-room two hundred miles away, and he had it in mind—so frank he was—to ask Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, if the murderess happened to be a relative.

The present encounter, being merely one of apathetic greeting, did not afford the opportunity. Penrod took off his cap. Roderick, seated between his mother and one of his grown-up sisters, nodded sluggishly, but neither Mrs. Magsworth Bitts nor her daughter acknowledged the salutation of the boy in the yard. They disapproved of him as a person of little consequence, and that little, bad. Snubbed, Penrod thoughtfully restored his cap to his head. A boy can be cut as effectually as a man, and this one was chilled to a low temperature. He wondered if they despised him because they had seen a last fragment of doughnut in his hand; then he thought that perhaps it was Duke who had disgraced him. Duke was certainly no fashionablelooking dog.

The resilient spirits of youth, however, presently revived, and discovering a spider upon one knee and a beetle simultaneously upon the other, Penrod forgot Mrs. Rod-

erick Magsworth Bitts in the course of some experiments infringing upon the domain of Doctor Carrel. Penrod's efforts—with the aid of a pin—to effect a transference of living organism were unsuccessful; but he convinced himself forever that a spider cannot walk with a beetle's legs. Della, the cook, then enhanced zoological interest by depositing upon the back porch a large rat-trap from the cellar, the prison of four live rats awaiting execution.

Penrod at once took possession, retiring to the empty stable, where he installed the rats in a small wooden box with a sheet of broken window-glass—held down by a brickbat—over the top. Thus the symptoms of their agitation, when the box was shaken or hammered upon, could be studied at leisure. Saturday was starting splendidly.

After a time, the student's attention was withdrawn from his specimens by a peculiar smell, which, being followed up by a system of selective sniffing, proved to be an emanation leaking into the stable from the alley.

He opened the back door.

Across the alley was a cottage which a thrifty neighbor had built on the rear line of his lot and rented to negroes; and the fact that a negro family was now in process of "moving in" was manifested by the presence of a thin mule and a ramshackle wagon, the latter laden with the semblance of a stove and a few other unpretentious house-

hold articles.

A very small darky boy stood near the mule. In his hand was a rusty chain, and at the end of the chain the delighted Penrod perceived the source of the special smell he was tracing-a large raccoon. Duke, who had shown not the slightest interest in the rats, set up a frantic barking and simulated a ravening assault upon the strange animal. It was only a bit of acting, however, for Duke was an old dog, had suffered much, and desired no unnecessary sorrow, wherefore he confined his demonstrations to alarums and excursions, and presently sat down at a distance and expressed himself by intermittent threatenings in a quavering falsetto.

"What's that 'coon's name?" asked Penrod, intending no discourtesy.

"Aim gommo mame," said the small darky.

"What?"

"Aim gommo mame."

"What?"

The small darky looked annoyed.

"Aim gommo mame, I hell you," he said impatiently.

Penrod conceived that insult was in-

tended.

"What's the matter of you?" he demanded, advancing. "You get fresh with

me, and I'll-"

"Hyuh, white boy!" A colored youth of Penrod's own age appeared in the doorway of the cottage. "You let 'at brothuh mine alone. He ain' do nothin' to you."

"Well, why can't he answer?"

"He can't. He can't talk no better'n what he was talkin'. He tonguetie'."

"Oh," said Penrod, mollified.
Then, obeying an impulse so universally aroused in the human breast under like circumstances

that it has become a quip, he turned to the afflicted one.

"Talk some more," he begged eagerly.
"I hoe you ackoom aim gommo mame,"
was the prompt response, in which a slight
ostentation was manifest. Unmistakable
tokens of vanity had appeared in the small,
swart countenance.

"What's he mean?" asked Penrod, en-

chanted

"He say he tole you 'at 'coon ain' got no name."

"What's your name?"

"I'm name Herman."

"What's his name?" Penrod pointed to the tongue-tied boy.

"Verman."

"What?"

"Verman. Was three us boys in ow fam-'ly. Ol'est one name Sherman. 'N'en come me; I'm Herman. 'N'en come him; he Verman. Sherman dead. Verman, he de littles' one.'

"You goin' to live here?"

"Umhuh. Done move in f'm way outen on a fahm."

He pointed to the north with his right hand, and Penrod's eyes opened wide as they followed the gesture. Herman had no forefinger on that hand.

"Look there!" exclaimed Penrod.
"You haven't got any finger!"
"I mum map," said Verman, with

"He done 'at," interpreted Herman, chuckling. "Yessuh; done chop 'er spang off, long 'go. He's a playin' wif a ax an' I lay my finguh on de do'-sill an' I say, 'Verman, chop 'er off!' So Verman he chop 'er right spang off up to de roots! Yessuh."

"What for?"
"Jes' fo' nothin'."

"He hoe me hoo," remarked Verman.

"Yessuh, I tole him to," said Herman, "an' he chop 'er off, an 'ey ain't airy oth' one evuh grow on wheres de ole one use to grow. Nosuh!"



A threatening mop followed him through the doorway, and he was preceded by a small, hurried, wistful dog with a warm doughnut in his mouth

"But what'd you tell him to do it for?"

"Nothin'. I jes' said it 'at way-an' he

jes' chop 'er off!"

Both brothers looked pleased and proud. Penrod's profound interest was flatteringly visible, a tribute to their unusualness.

"Hem bow goy," suggested Verman

eagerly.

"Aw ri'," said Herman. "Ow sistuh Queenie, she a growed-up woman; she got a goituh."

"Got a what?"

"Goituh. Swellin' on her neck—grea' big swellin'. She heppin' mammy move in now. You look in de front-room winduh wheres she sweepin'; you kin see it on her."

Penrod looked in the window and was rewarded by a fine view of Queenie's goiter. He had never before seen one, and only the lure of further conversation on the part of Verman brought him from the window.

"Verman say tell you 'bout pappy," explained Herman. "Mammy an' Queenie move in town an' go git de house all fix up befo' pappy git out."

"Out of where?"

"Jail. Pappy cut a man, an' de police done kep' him in jail evuh sense Chris'mustime; but dey goin' tuhn him loose ag'in nex' week."

"What 'd he cut the other man with?" asked Penrod breathlessly.

"Wif a pitchfawk."

Penrod began to feel that a lifetime spent with this fascinating family were all too short. The brothers, glowing with amiability, were as enraptured as he. For the first time in their lives they moved in the rich glamour of sensationalism. Herman was prodigal of gesture with his right hand; and Verman, chuckling with delight, talked fluently, though somewhat consciously. They cheerfully agreed to keep the raccoon already beginning to be mentioned as "our 'coon' by Penrod—in Mr. Schofield's empty stable, and, when the animal had been chained to the wall near the box of rats and supplied with a pan of fair water, they assented to their new friend's suggestion (inspired by a fine sense of the artistic harmonies) that the heretofore nameless pet be christened Sherman, in honor of their deceased relative.

At this juncture was heard from the front yard the sound of that yodeling which is the peculiar accomplishment of those whose voices have not "changed." Penrod yodeled a response; and Mr. Samuel Williams, a close comrade, aged eleven, appeared, a

large bundle under his arm.

"Yay, Penrod!" was his greeting, casual enough from without; but, having entered, he stopped short and emitted a prodigious whistle. "Ya-a-ay!" he then shouted. "Look at the 'coon!"

"I guess you better say, 'Look at the 'coon!'" returned Penrod proudly. "They's a good deal more'n him to look at, too. Talk some, Verman." Verman complied.

Sam was warmly interested. "What'd you say his name was?" he asked.

"Verman."

"How d'you spell it?"

"V-e-r-m-a-n," replied Penrod, having previously received this information from Herman.

"Oh!" said Sam.

"Point to something, Herman," Penrod commanded, and Sam's excitement, when Herman pointed, was sufficient to the occasion.

Penrod, the discoverer, continued his exploitation of the manifold wonders of the Sherman, Herman, and Verman collection. With the air of a proprietor he escorted Sam into the alley for a good look at Queenie (who seemed not to care for her increasing celebrity) and proceeded to a dramatic climax—the recital of the episode of the pitchfork and its consequences.

The cumulative effect was enormous, and could have but one possible result. The normal boy is always at least one-half

arnum.

"Let's get up a SHOW!"

Penrod and Sam both claimed to have said it first, a question left unsettled in the ecstasies of hurried preparation. The bundle under Sam's arm, brought with unsettled purposes, proved to have been an inspiration. It consisted of broad sheets of light-yellow wrapping-paper, discarded by Sam's mother in her spring house-cleaning. There were half-filled cans and buckets of paint in the storeroom adjoining the carriage-house, and presently the side wall of the stable flamed information upon the passer-by from a great and spreading poster.

"Publicity," primal requisite of all theatrical and amphitheatrical enterprise thus provided, subsequent arrangements proceeded with a fury of energy which transformed the empty hay-loft. True, it is impossible to say just what the hay-loft was



Penrod took off his cap. Roderick nodded sluggishly, but neither Mrs. Magsworth Bitts nor her daughter acknowledged the salutation of the boy in the yard

transformed into, but history warrantably clings to the statement that it was transformed. An interpretation of the spiral, inclining to whites and greens, was brilliantly effective upon the dark facial backgrounds of Herman and Verman; and the countenances of Sam and Penrod were each supplied with the black mustache and imperial, lacking which, no professional showman can be esteemed conscientious. Duke and Sherman were secured to the rear wall of the loft a considerable distance from each other. Benches were improvised for spectators; the rats were brought up; finally the rafters, corn-crib, and hay-chute were ornamented with flags and strips of bunting from Sam Williams' attic, Sam returning from the excursion accompanied (on account of a rope) by a fine dachshund encountered on the highway.

It was regretfully decided, in council, that no attempt be made to add Queenie to the list of exhibits, her brothers warmly declining to act as ambassadors in that cause. They were certain Queenie would not like the idea, they said, and Herman picturesquely described her activity on occasions when she had been annoyed by too much attention to her appearance. However, Penrod's disappointment was alleviated by an inspiration which came to him in a moment of pondering upon the dachshund, and the entire party went forth to add an enriching line to the poster.

They found a group of seven, including two adults, already gathered in the street to read and admire this work.

SCHoFiELD & WILLIAMS
BIG SHOW
ADMISSION 1 CENT OR 20 PINS
MUSUEM OF CURIOSITES

Now GoiNG oN SHERMAN HERMAN & VERMAN THEIR FATHERS IN JAIL STABED A MAN WITH A

PITCHFORK
SHERMAN THE WILD ANIMAL
CAPTURED IN AFRICA
HERMAN THE ONE FINGERED TATOOD WILD MAN VERMAN THE
SAVAGE TATOOD WILD BOY TALKS
ONLY IN HIS NAITIVE LANGUAGS.
DO NOT FAIL TO SEE DUKE THE
INDIAN DOG ALSO THE MICHIGAN
TRAINED RATS

A heated argument took place between Sam and Penrod, the point at issue being settled, finally, by the drawing of straws; whereupon Penrod, with pardonable self-importance—in the presence of an audience now increased to nine—slowly painted the words inspired by the dachshund:

IMPORTENT DO NOT MISS THE SOUTH AMERICAN DOG PART ALLIGATOR.

After which, Sam, Penrod, Herman, and Verman withdrew in considerable state from non-paying view, and, repairing to the hayloft, declared the exhibition open to the public. Oral proclamation was made by Sam, and then the loitering multitude was enticed by the seductive strains of a band; the two partners performing upon combs and paper, Herman and Verman upon tin pans with sticks.

The effect was immediate. Visitors appeared upon the stairway and sought admission. Herman and Verman took position among the exhibits, near the wall.

Sam stood at the entrance, officiating as barker and ticket-seller; while Penrod, with debonair suavity, acted as curator, master of ceremonies, and lecturer. He greeted the first to enter with a courtly bow. They consisted of Miss Rennsdale, aged eight, and her nursery governess, and they paid spot cash for their admission.

"Walk in, lay-deeze, walk right in—pray do not obstruck the passageway," said Penrod, in a remarkable voice. "Pray be seated; there is room for each and all."

Miss Rennsdale and governess were followed by Mr. Georgie Bassett and sister (Georgie being an almost perfect character) and six or seven other neighborhood children—a most satisfactory audience, although, subsequent to Miss Rennsdale and governess, admission was almost wholly by

pın.

"Gen-til-mun and lay-deeze," shouted Penrod, "I will first call your at-tain-shon to our genuine South American dog, part alligator!" He pointed to the dachshund, and added, in his ordinary tone, "That's him." Straightway reassuming the character of showman, he bellowed: "Next, you see Duke, the genuine, full-blooded Indian dog from the Far Western Plains and Rocky Mountains. Next, the trained Michigan rats, captured way up there, and trained to jump and run all around the box at the -at the—at the slightest pre-text." He paused, partly to take breath and partly to enjoy his own surprised discovery that this phrase was in his vocabulary.

"At the slightest *pre*-text," he repeated, and continued, suiting the action to the word: "I will now hammer upon the box and each and all may see these genuine full-blooded Michigan rats perform at the slightest *pre*-text. There! (That's all they do now, but I and Sam are goin' to

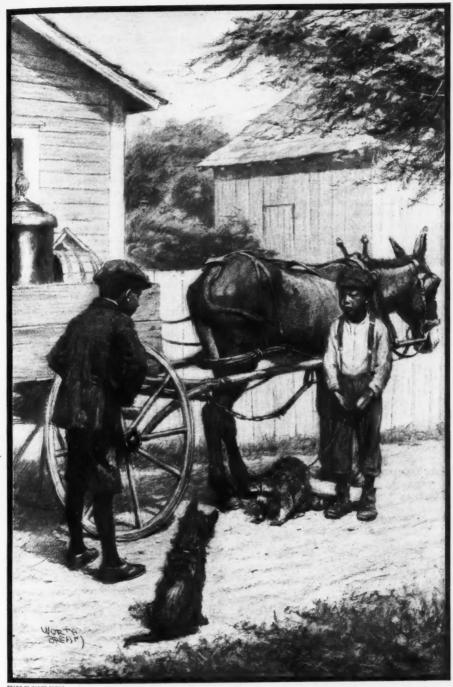
train 'em lots more before this afternoon.) Gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, I will kindly now call your at-tain-shon to Sherman, the wild animal from Africa, costing the lives. of the wild trapper and many of his companions. Next, let me kindly interodoos Herman and Verman. Their father got mad and stuck his pitchfork right inside of another man, exactly as promised upon the advertisements outside the big tent, and got put in jail. Look at them well, gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, there is no extra charge, and re-mem-bur you are each and all now looking at two wild, tattooed men which the father of is in jail. Point, Herman. Each and all will have a chance to see. Point again, Herman. This is the only genuine one-fingered tattooed wild man. Last on the program, gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, we have Verman, the savage tattooed wild boy, that can't speak only the native foreign languages. Talk some, Verman."

Verman obliged and made an instantaneous hit. He was encored rapturously, again and again; and, thrilling with the unique pleasure of being appreciated and misunderstood at the same time, would have talked all day but too gladly. Sam Williams, however, with a true showman's foresight, whispered to Penrod, who rang

down on the monologue.

"Gen-til-mun and lay-deeze, this closes our pufformance. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. As soon as you are all out there's goin' to be a new pufformance, and each and all are welcome at the same price of admission. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. Re-mem-bur the price is only one cent, the tenth part of a dime, or twenty pins, no bent ones taken. Pray pass out quietly and with as little jostling as possible. The Schofield and Williams Military Band will play before each pufformance, and each and all are welcome for the same and simple price of admission."

Forthwith, the Schofield and Williams Military Band began a second overture, in which something vaguely like a tune was at times distinguishable; and all of the first audience returned, most of them having occupied the interval in hasty excursions for more pins; Miss Rennsdale and governess, however, again paying coin of the Republic and receiving deference and the best seats accordingly. And when a third perfor-



"What's that 'coon's name?" asked Penrod, intending no discourtesy. "Aim gommo mame," said the small darky
767

mance found all of the same inveterate patrons once more crowding the auditorium, and seven recruits added, the pleasurable excitement of the partners in their venture will be understood by anyone who has seen a metropolitan manager strolling about the foyer of his theater, some evening during the earlier stages of an assured "phenomenal rup."

From the first, there was no question which feature of the entertainment was the attraction extraordinary: Verman—Verman, the savage tattooed wild boy, speaking only his native foreign languages—Verman was a triumph! Beaming, wreathed in smiles, melodious, incredibly fluent, he had but to open his lips and a dead hush fell upon the audience. Breathless, they leaned forward, hanging upon his every semisyllable, and, when Penrod checked the flow, burst into thunders of applause, which Verman received with happy laughter.

Alas! he delayed not o'er long to display all the egregiousness of a new star; but for a time there was no caprice of his too eccentric to be forgiven. During Penrod's lecture upon the other curios, the tattooed wild boy continually stamped his foot, grinned, and gesticulated, tapping his tiny chest, and pointing to himself as it were to say: "Wait for Me! I am the Big Show." So soon they learn; so soon they learn! And (again alas!) this spoiled darling of public favor, like many another, was fated to know, in good time, the fickleness of that favor.

But during all the morning performances he was the idol of his audience and looked it. The climax of his popularity came during the fifth overture of the Schofield and Williams Military Band, when the music was quite drowned in the agitated clamors of Miss Rennsdale, who was endeavoring to ascend the stairs in spite of the physical dissuasion of her governess.

"I won't go home to lunch!" screamed Miss Rennsdale, her voice accompanied by a sound of ripping. "I will hear the tattoed wild boy talk some more! It's lovely—I will hear him talk! I will! I will! I want to listen to Verman—I want to—I want to—"

Wailing, she was borne away—of her sex not the first to be fascinated by obscurity, or the last to champion its eloquence.

Verman was almost unendurable after this, but, like many, many other managers, Schofield and Williams restrained their choler, and even laughed fulsomely when their principal attraction essayed the rôle of a comedian in private, and capered and squawked in sheer, fatuous vanity.

The first performance of the afternoon rivaled the successes of the morning, and although Miss Rennsdale was detained at home, thus drying up the single source of cash income developed before lunch, little Maurice Levy appeared, escorting beautiful Marjorie Jones, and paid coin for two admissions, dropping the money into Sam's hand with a careless-nay, a contemptuous -gesture. At sight of Marjorie, Penrod Schofield flushed under his new mustache (repainted since noon) and lectured as he had never lectured before. A new grace invested his every gesture; a new sonorousness rang in his voice; a simple and manly pomposity marked his very walk as he passed from curio to curio. And when he fearlessly handled the box of rats and hammered upon it with cool insouciance, he beheld-for the first time in his life-a purl of admiration eddying in Marjorie's lovely eye, a certain softening of that eye. And then Verman spake-and Penrod was forgotten. Marjorie's eye rested upon him no more.

A heavily equipped chauffeur ascended the stairway, bearing the message that Mrs. Levy awaited her son and Miss Jones. Thereupon, having devoured the last sound permitted (by the managers) to issue from Verman, Mr. Levy and Miss Jones departed to a real matinée at a real theater, the limpid eyes of Marjorie looking back softly over her shoulder—but only at the tattooed wild boy. Nearly always it is woman who puts the irony into life.

After this, perhaps because of sated curiosity, perhaps on account of a pin famine, the attendance began to languish. Only four responded to the next call of the band; the four dwindled to three; finally the entertainment was given for one blasé auditor, and Schofield and Williams looked depressed. Then followed an interval when the band played in vain.

About three o'clock Schofield and Williams were gloomily discussing various unpromising devices for startling the public into a renewal of interest, when another patron unexpectedly appeared and paid a cent for his admission. News of the Big Show and Musuem of Curiosites had at

last penetrated the far, cold spaces of interstellar niceness; for this new patron consisted of no less than Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, escaped in a white "sailor suit" from the Manor during a period of severe maternal and tutorial preoccupation.

He seated himself without parley, and the pufformance was offered for his entertainment with admirable conscientiousness. True to the Lady Clara caste and training, Roderick's pale, fat face expressed nothing except an impervious superiority and, as he sat, cold and unimpressed, upon the front bench like a large, white lump, it must be said that he made a discouraging audience "to play to." He was not, however, unresponsive—far from it. He offered comment very chilling to the warm grandiloquence of the orator.

"That's my uncle Ethelbert's dachshund," he remarked, at the beginning of the lecture. "You better take him back if you don't want to get arrested." And when Penrod, rather uneasily ignoring the interruption, proceeded to the exploitation of the genuine, full-blooded Indian, Duke, "Why don't you try to give that old dog away?" asked Roderick. "You couldn't sell him."

"My papa would buy me a lots better 'coon than that," was the information volunteered a little later, "only I wouldn't want the nasty old thing."

Herman of the missing finger obtained no greater indulgence. "Pooh!" said Roderick. "We have two fox-terriers in our stables that took prizes at the kennel show, and their tails were bit off. There's a man that always bites fox-terriers' tails off."

"Oh my gosh, what a lie!" exclaimed Sam Williams, ignorantly. "Go on with the show whether he likes it or not, Penrod. He's paid his money."

Verman, confident in his own singular powers, chuckled openly at the failure of the other attractions to charm the frosty visitor, and, when his turn came, poured forth a torrent of conversation which was straightway dammed.

"Rotten," said Mr. Bitts languidly. "Anybody could talk like that. I could do it if I wanted to."

Verman paused suddenly.

"Yes, you could!" exclaimed Penrod, stung. "Let's hear you do it, then."

"Yessir!" the other partner shouted. "Let's just hear you do it!"

"I said I could if I wanted to," responded Roderick. "I didn't say I would."

"Yay! Knows he can't!" sneered Sam.

"I can, too, if I try."

"Well, let's hear you try!"

So challenged, the visitor did try, but, in the absence of an impartial jury, his effort was considered so pronounced a failure that he was howled down, derided, and mocked with great clamors.

"Anyway," said Roderick, when things had quieted down, "if I couldn't get up a better show than this I'd sell out and leave town."

Not having enough presence of mind to inquire what he would sell out, his adversaries replied with mere formless yells of scorn.

"I could get up a better show than this with my left hand," Roderick asserted.

"Well, what would you have in your old show?" asked Penrod, condescending to language.

"That's all right, what I'd have. I'd have enough!"

"You couldn't get Herman and Verman in your old show."

"No, and I wouldn't want 'em, either."
"Well, what would you have?" insisted
Penrod derisively. "You'd have to have
sumpthing; you couldn't be a show yourself!"

"How do you know?" This was but meandering while waiting for ideas, and evoked another yell.

"You think you could be a show all by yourself?" demanded Penrod.

"How do you know I couldn't?"
Two white boys and two black boys shrieked their scorn of the boaster.

"I could, too!" Roderick raised his voice to a sudden howl, obtaining a hearing. "Well, why don't you tell us how?"

"Well, I know how, all right," said Roderick. "If anybody asks you, you can just tell him I know how, all right."

"Why, you can't do anything," Sam began argumentatively. "You talk about being a show all by yourself; what could you try to do? Show us sumpthing you can do."

"I didn't say I was going to do anything," returned the badgered one, still evading.

"Well, then, how'd you be a show?" Penrod demanded. "We got a show here, even if Herman didn't point or Verman didn't talk. Their father stabbed a man with a pitchfork, I guess, didn't he?"

Duke was certainly no fashionable-looking dog

"How do I know?"

"Well, I guess he's in jail, ain't he?"
"Well, what if their father is in jail?

I didn't say he wasn't, did I?"

"Well, your father ain't in jail, is he?"
"Well, I never said he was, did I?"
"Well, then," continued Penrod,
"how could you be a—" He stopped
abruptly, staring at Roderick, the
birth of an idea plainly visible in
his altered expression. He had
suddenly remembered his intention to ask Roderick Magsworth
Bitts, Junior, about Rena
Magsworth, and this recollection collided in
his mind with the

his mind with the irritation produced by Roderick's claiming some mysterious attainment which would warrant his setting up as a show in his single person. Penrod's whole manner changed instantly. "Roddy," he

asked, almost overwhelmed by a pre-

science of something vast and magnificent, "Roddy, are you any relation of Rena

Magsworth?"

Roderick had never heard of Rena Magsworth, although a concentration of the sentence yesterday pronounced upon her had burned, black and horrific, upon the face of every newspaper in the country. He was not allowed to read the journals of the day, and his family's indignation over the sacrilegious coincidence of the name had not been expressed in his presence. But he saw that it was an awesome name to Penrod Schofield and Samuel Williams. Even Herman and Verman, though lacking many educational advantages on account of a long residence in the country, were informed on the subject of Rena Magsworth through hearsay, and they joined in the portentous silence.

"Roddy," repeated Penrod, "honest, is Rena Magsworth some relation of yours?"

There is no obsession more dangerous to its victims than a conviction—especially an inherited one—of superiority: this world is so full of Missourians.

From his earliest years Roderick Mags-

worth Bitts, Junior, had been trained to believe in the importance of the Magsworth family. At every meal he absorbed a sense of Magsworth greatness. And yet, in his infrequent meetings with persons of his own

age and sex, he was treated as negligible. Now, dimly, he perceived that there was a Magsworth claim of some sort

> which was impressive. even to boys. Magsworth blood was the essential of all true distinction in the world. he knew. Consequently, having been driven into a cul-de-sac as a result of flagrant and unfounded boasting, he was ready to take advantage of what appeared to be a triumphal way out.

"Roddy," said Penrod again, with solemnity, "is Rena

Magsworth some relation of yours?"
"Is she, Roddy?" asked Sam, almost hoarsely.

"She's my aunt!" shouted Roddy.

Silence followed. Sam and Penrod, spellbound, gazed upon Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior. So did Herman and Verman. Roddy's staggering lie had changed the face of things utterly. No one questioned it; no one realized that it was much too good to be true.

"Roddy," said Penrod, in a voice tremulous with hope, "Roddy, will you join our show?" Roddy joined.

Even he could see that the offer implied his being starred as the paramount attraction of a new order of things. It was obvious that he had swelled out suddenly, in the estimation of the other boys, to that importance which he had been taught to believe his native gift and natural right. The sensation was pleasant. He had often been treated with effusion by grown-up callers and by acquaintances of his mother and sixters; he had beend ladies speak of

callers and by acquaintances of his mother and sisters; he had heard ladies speak of him as "charming" and "that delightful child," and little girls had sometimes shown him deference, but until this moment no boy had ever allowed him, for one moment, to presume even to equality. Now, in a trice, he was not only admitted to comradeship, but patently valued as something rare and sacred, to be acclaimed and pedestaled. In fact, the very first thing that Schofield and Williams did was to find a box and a

chair for him to sit on.

The misgivings stirred in Roderick's bosom by the subsequent activities of the firm were not bothersome enough to make him forego his prominence as Exhibit A. He was not a "quick-minded" boy, and it was long (and much happened) before he thoroughly comprehended the causes of his new celebrity. He had a shadowy feeling that if the affair were heard of at home it might not be liked, but, intoxicated by the glamour and bustle which surrounds a public character, he made no protest. On the contrary, he entered whole-heartedly into the preparations for the new show. Assuming, with Sam's assistance, a blue mustache and "sideburns," he helped in the painting of a new poster, which, supplanting the old one on the wall of the stable, screamed bloody murder at the passers in that rather populous thoroughfare.

SCHoFiELD & WILLIAMS NEW BIG SHoW RoDERICK MAGSWORTH BITTS JR

ONLY LIVING NEPHEW

oF RENA MAGSWORTH THE FAMOS

MUDERESS GoiNG To BE HUNG

NEXT JULY KILED EIGHT PEOPLE PUT ARSINECK IN THIER MILK ALSO SHERMAN HERMAN AND VERMAN THE MICHIGAN RATS DOG PART ALLIGATOR DUKE THE GENUINE InDiAN DoG ADMiSSioN I CENT oR 20 Pins same as before do Not MISS THIS CHANSE TO SEE RoD-**ERiCK**

ONLY LIVING NEPHEW oF RENA MAGSWORTH THE GREAT FAMOS MUDERESS

GoiNG To BE

HUNG

When the poster was up, megaphones were constructed out of heavy wrappingpaper, and Penrod, Sam, and Herman set out in different directions, delivering vocally the inflammatory proclamation of the poster to a large section of the residential quarter, and leaving Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, with Verman in the loft, shielded from all deadhead eyes. Upon the return of the heralds, the Schofield and Williams Military Band played deafeningly, and an awakened public once more thronged to fill the coffers of the firm.

Prosperity smiled again. The very first audience after the acquisition of Roderick was larger than the largest of the morning. Mr. Bitts-the only exhibit placed upon a box—was a supercurio. All eyes fastened upon him and remained, hungrily feasting, throughout Penrod's luminous oration.

But the glory of one light must ever be the dimming of another. We dwell in a vale of seesaws-and cobwebs spin fastest upon laurel. Verman, the tattooed wild boy, speaking only in his native foreign languages, Verman the gay, Verman the caperer, capered no more; he chuckled no more; he beckoned no more, nor tapped his chest, nor wreathed his idolatrous face in smiles. Gone, all gone, were his little artifices for attracting the general attention to himself; gone was every engaging mannerism which had endeared him to the mercurial public. He squatted against the wall and glowered at the new sensation. It was the old story—the old, old story of too much temperament: Verman was suffering from artistic jealousy.

The second audience contained a cashpaying adult, a spectacled young man whose poignant attention was very flattering. He remained after the lecture, and put a few questions to Roddy, which were answered rather confusedly upon promptings from Penrod. The young man went away without having stated the object of his interrogations, but it became quite plain, later in the day. This same object caused the spectacled young man to make several brief but unsatisfactory calls directly after leaving the Schofield and Williams Big Show, and the consequences thereof loitered not by the wayside.

The Big Show was at high tide. Not only was the auditorium filled and throbbing; there was an indubitable line—by no means wholly juvenile—waiting for admission to the next pufformance. A group stood in the street examining the poster earnestly as it glowed in the long, slanting rays of the westward sun, and people in automobiles and other vehicles had halted wheel in the street to read the message so piquantly given to the world. These were the conditions when a crested victoria arrived at a gallop, and a large, chastely magnificent and highly flushed woman descended, and progressed across the yard with an air of violence.

At sight of her, the adults of the waiting line hastily disappeared, and most of the pausing vehicles moved instantly on their way. She was followed by a stricken man

in livery.

The stairs to the auditorium were narrow and steep, and M.s. Roderick Magsworth Bitts was of a stout favor; the voice of Penrod was audible during the ascent.

"Re-mem-bur, gentilmun and lay-deeze, each and all are now gazing upon Roderick Magsworth Bitts, Junior, the only living nephew of the great Rena Magsworth. She stuck ars'nic in the milk of eight separate and distinck people to put in their coffee and each and all of 'em died. The great ars'nic murderess, Rena Magsworth, gentilmun and lay-deeze, and Roddy's her only living nephew. She's a relation of all the Bitts family, but he's her one and only living nephew. Re-mem-bur! Next July she's goin' to be hung, and, each and all, you now see before you—"

Penrod paused abruptly, seeing something before himself—the august and awful presence which filled the entryway. His words (it should be related) froze upon his

lips.

Before herself, Mrs. Roderick Magsworth Bitts saw her son—her scion—wearing a mustache and sideburns of blue, with plenty of other colors upon him variously, and perched upon a box surrounded by Sherman and Verman, the Michigan rats, the Indian dog Duke, Herman, and the dog part alligator.

Roddy, also, saw something before himself. It needed no prophet to read the countenance of the dread apparition in the entryway. His mouth opened—remained open—then filled to capacity with a calamitous sound of grief not unmingled with apprehension.

Penrod's reason staggered under the crisis. For a horrible moment he saw Mrs.

Roderick Magsworth Bitts approaching like some fatal mountain in avalanche. She seemed to grow larger and redder; lightnings played about her head; he had a vague consciousness of the audience spraying out in flight, of the tumult, squealings, tramplings, and dispersals of a stricken field. The mountain was close upon him—

He stood by the open mouth of the haychute which went through the floor to the manger below. Penrod also went through the floor. He propelled himself into the chute and shot down, but not quite to the manger, for Mr. Samuel Williams had thoughtfully stepped into the chute a moment in advance of his partner. Penrod lit upon Sam.

Catastrophic noises resounded in the loft; volcanoes seemed to romp upon the stair-

wav.

Then there ensued a period when only a shrill keening marked the wake of Roderick as he was borne to the tumbril—and then all was silence.

. . . Sunset, striking through a western window, rouged the walls of the Schofields' library, where gathered a joint family council and court martial of four—Mrs. Schofield, Mr. Schofield, and Mr. and Mrs. Williams, parents of Samuel of that ilk. Mr. Williams read aloud a conspicuous passage from the last edition of the evening paper.

"Prominent people here believed close relations of woman sentenced to hang. Angry denial by Mrs. R. Magsworth Bitts. Relationship admitted by younger member of family. His statement confirmed by

boy-friends-"

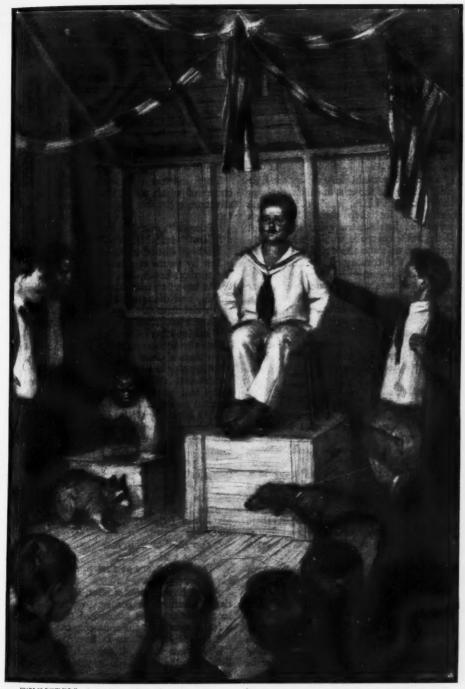
"Don't!" said Mrs. Williams, addressing her husband vehemently. "We've all read it a dozen times. We've got plenty of trouble on our hands without hearing that again!"

Singularly enough, Mrs. Williams did not look troubled; she looked as if she were trying to look troubled. Mrs. Schofield wore a similar expression. So did Mr. Schofield. So did Mr. Williams.

"What did she say when she called you up?" Mrs. Schofield inquired breathlessly

of Mrs. Williams.

"She could hardly speak at first, and then when she did talk, she talked so fast I couldn't understand most of it, and—"



"Re-mem-bur, gentilmun and lay-deeze, each and all are now gazing upon Roderick Magsworth Bitts,
Junior, the only living nephew of the great Rena Magsworth"

"It was just the same when she tried to talk to me," said Mrs. Schofield, nodding.

"I never did hear anyone in such a state before," continued Mrs. Williams. "So furious—"

"Quite justly, of course," said Mrs.

Schofield.

"Of course. And she said Penrod and Sam had enticed Roderick away from home—he's not allowed to go outside the yard except with his tutor or a servant—and had told him to say that horrible creature was his aunt—"

"How in the world do you suppose Sam and Penrod ever thought of such a thing as that!" exclaimed Mrs. Schofield. "It must have been for their show. Della says there were just streams going in and out all day. Of course it wouldn't have happened, but this was the day I spend every month in the country with Aunt Sarah,

and I didn't dream-"

"She said one thing I think was rather tactless," interrupted Mrs. Williams. "Of course we must allow for her being dreadfully excited and wrought up, but I do think it wasn't quite delicate in her, and she's usually the very soul of delicacy. She said that Roderick had never been allowed to associate with—with common boys—"

"Meaning Sam and Penrod," said Mrs. Schofield. "Yes, she said that to me, too."

"She said that the most awful thing about it," Mrs. Williams went on, "was that, though she's going to prosecute the newspapers, many people would always believe the story, and—"

"Yes, I imagine they will," said Mrs. Schofield musingly. "Of course you and I and everybody who really knows the Bitts and Magsworth families understand the perfect absurdity of it; but I suppose there are ever so many who'll believe it, no matter what the Bittses and Magsworths say."

"Hundreds and hundreds," said Mrs. Williams. "I'm afraid it will be a great

come-down for them."

"I'm afraid so," said Mrs. Schofield gently. "A very great one—yes, a very,

very great one."

"Well," observed Mrs. Williams, after a thoughtful pause, "there's only one thing to be done, and I suppose it had better be done right away."

She glanced toward the two gentlemen.

"Certainly," Mr. Schofield agreed. "But where are they?"

"Have you looked in the stable?" asked

his wife.

"I searched it. They've probably started for the Far West."

"Did you look in the sawdust-box?"

"No, I didn't."

"Then that's where they are."

Thus, in the early twilight, the now historic stable was approached by two fathers charged to do the only thing to be done.

They entered the storeroom, in the corner of which stood the sawdust-box, a structure eight feet high and open at the top.

"Penrod!" said Mr. Schofield. "Sam!" said Mr. Williams.

Nothing disturbed the twilight hush.

But by means of a ladder, brought from the carriage-house, Mr. Schofield mounted to the top of the sawdust-box. He looked within, and discerned the dim outlines of

two quiet figures.

They rose, upon command, descended the ladder after Mr. Schofield, and stood before the authors of their being, who bent upon them sinister and threatening brows. With hanging heads and despondent countenances each still ornamented with a mustache and an imperial, Penrod and Sam awaited sentence.

This is a boy's lot: anything he does, anything whatever, may afterwards turn out to have been a crime—he never

knows

And punishment and clemency are alike inexplicable.

Mr. Williams took his son by the ear. "You march home!" he commanded. Sam marched, not looking back, and his father followed the small figure implacably.

"You goin' to whip me?" quavered Pen-

rod, alone with Justice.

"Wash your face at that hydrant," said his father sternly.

About fifteen minutes later, Penrod, hurriedly entering the corner drug store two blocks distant, was astonished to perceive a familiar form at the soda counter.

"Yay, Penrod," said Sam Williams.
"Want some sody? Come on. He didn't lick me. He didn't do anything to me at all. He gave me a quarter."

"So'd mine," said Penrod.

The Bomb-Maker

It is not difficult to tell why these Craig Kennedy stories "get across." Mr. Reeve shows us how all science may ultimately find practical application in detecting crime. It is a new idea, an interesting and fascinating theme. Craig is the most up-to-the-minute character in fiction to-day. A new discovery or invention is announced—Kennedy is right on the job, and makes it a part of his own business equipment. In the story he does some wonderful stunts with new electrical devices and runs a notorious criminal to earth.

By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Dream Doctor," "The Submarine Mystery," and other Craig Kennedy stories

Illustrated by Will Foster

"ISTRICT ATTORNEY CARTON wants to see me immediately at the Criminal Courts Building, Walter," announced Kennedy, early one morning. "I know that this is your day of rest. Better come along, though."

Clothed, and as much in my right mind as possible after a late assignment on the Star the night before, I needed no urging, and joined him quickly in a hasty ride

down-town in the rush hour.

On the table before the square-jawed, close-cropped, fighting prosecutor, whom I knew already after many a long and hard-fought campaign both before and after election, lay a little package which had evidently come to him in the morning's mail by parcel-post.

"What do you suppose is in that, Kennedy?" he asked, tapping it gingerly. "I haven't opened it yet, but I think it's a bomb. Wait—I'll have a pail of water sent in here so that you can open it, if you will. You understand such things."

"No — no," hastened Kennedy, "that's exactly the wrong thing to do. Some of these modern chemical bombs are set off in precisely that way. No. Let me dissect the thing carefully. I think you may be right. It does look as if it might be an infernal machine. You see the evident disguise of the roughly written address?"

Carton nodded, for it was that that had excited his suspicion in the first place. Meanwhile, Kennedy, without further ceremony, began carefully to remove the wrapper of brown Manila paper, preserving every-

thing as he did so. Carton and I instinctively backed away. Inside, Craig had disclosed

an oblong wooden box.

"I realize that opening a bomb is dangerous business," he pursued slowly, engrossed in his work and almost oblivious to us, "but I think I can take a chance safely with this fellow. The dangerous part is what might be called drawing the fangs. No bombs are exactly safe toys to have around until they are wholly destroyed, and before you can say you have destroyed one, it is rather a ticklish business to take out the dangerous element."

He had removed the cover in the deftest manner without friction, and seemingly without disturbing the contents in the least. I do not pretend to know how he did it; but the proof was that we could see him still working from our end of the room.

On the inside of the cover was roughly drawn a skull and cross-bones, showing that the miscreant who sent the thing had at least a sort of grim humor. For, where the teeth should have been in the skull were innumerable match-heads. Kennedy picked them out with as much sang-froid as if he were not playing jackstraws with life and death.

Then he removed the explosive itself and the various murderous slugs and bits of metal embedded in it, carefully separating each as if to be labeled "Exhibit A," "B," and so on for a class in bomb dissection. Finally, he studied the sides and bottom of the box.

"My heavens!" breathed Carton. "I would rather go through a campaign again."

"Evidence of chlorate-of-potash mixture," Kennedy muttered to himself, still examining the bomb. "The inside was a veritable arsenal—a very unusual and clever construction."

We stared at each other in blank awe, at the various parts, so innocent looking in the heaps on the table, now safely separated, but together a combination ticket to per-

dition.

"Who do you suppose could have sent it?" I blurted out when I found my voice, then, suddenly recollecting the political and legal fight that Carton was engaged in at the time, I added, "The white slavers?"

"Not a doubt," he returned laconically.
"And," he exclaimed, bringing down both hands vigorously in characteristic emphasis on the arms of his office chair, "I've got to win this fight against the vice trust, as I call it, or the whole work of the district attorney's office in clearing up the city will be discredited—to say nothing of the risk the present incumbent runs at having such grateful friends about the city send marks of their affection and esteem like this."

I knew something already of the situation, and Carton continued thoughtfully: "All the powers of vice are fighting a lastditch battle against me now. I think I am on the trail of the man or men higher up in this commercialized-vice business-and it is a business, big business, too. You know, I suppose, that they seem to have a string of hotels in the city, of the worst character. There is nothing that they will stop at to protect themselves. Why, they are using gangs of thugs to terrorize anyone who informs on them. The gunmen, of course, hate a snitch worse than poison. There have been bomb outrages, too-nearly a bomb a day lately—against some of those who look shaky and seem to be likely to do business with my office. But I'm getting closer all the time."

"How do you mean?" asked Kennedy. "Well, one of the best witnesses, if I can break him down by pressure and promises, ought to be a man named Haddon, who is running a place in the Fifties, known as the Mayfair. Haddon knows all these people. I can get him in half an hour if you think it worth while—not here, but somewhere uptown, say at the Prince Henry."

Kennedy nodded. We had heard of Haddon before, a notorious character in the white-light district. A moment later Carton had telephoned to the Mayfair and had found Haddon.

"How did you get him so that he is even considering turning state's evidence?" asked

Craig

"Well," answered Carton slowly, "I suppose it was partly through a cabaret singer and dancer, Loraine Keith, at the Mayfair. You know you never get the truth about things in the underworld except in pieces. As much as anyone, I think we have been able to use her to weave a web about him. Besides, she seems to think that Haddon has treated her shamefully. According to her story, he seems to have been lavishing everything on her, but lately, for some reason, has deserted her. Still, even in her jealousy she does not accuse any other woman of winning him away."

"Perhaps it is the opposite—another man winning her," suggested Craig dryly.

"It's a peculiar situation," shrugged Carton. "There is another man. As nearly as I can make out there is a fellow named Brodie who does a dance with her. But he seems to annoy her, yet at the same time exercises a sort of fascination over her."

"Then she is dancing at the Mayfair

yet?" hastily asked Craig.

"Yes. I told her to stay, not to excite suspicion."

"And Haddon knows?"

"Oh, no. But she has told us enough about him already so that we can worry him, apparently, just as what he can tell us would worry the others interested in the hotels. To tell the truth, I think she is a drug fiend. Why, my men tell me that they have seen her take just a sniff of something and change instantly—become a willing tool."

"That's the way it happens," commented

Kennedy.

"Now, I'll go up there and meet Haddon," resumed Carton. "After I have been with him long enough to get into his confidence, suppose you two just happen along."

Half an hour later Kennedy and I sauntered into the Prince Henry, where Carton had made the appointment in order to avoid suspicion that might arise if he were seen with Haddon at the Mayfair.

The two men were waiting for us—Haddon, by contrast with Carton, a weak-faced,

nervous man, with bulgy eyes.

"Mr. Haddon," introduced Carton, "let me present a couple of reporters from the

to me?" "Don't get cold it for you." Haddon made hotel." Carton, "although he is too prudent to say anything yet." Amoment later he returned. given him a double cross? I was quite surprised at his next remark. stick." "Good," exclaimed the district attorney, as they fell into a conversation in low tones. "By the way," drawled Kennedy, "I

Kennedy leaned over and whispered to the dip, "Say, do you and your gun-mol want to pick up a piece of change to get that mouthpiece I heard you talking about?" The pickpocket looked at Craig suspiciously

Star-off duty, so that we can talk freely before them, I can assure you. Good fellows, too, Haddon.'

The hotel and cabaret keeper smiled a sickly smile and greeted us with a covert, questioning glance.

"This attack on Mr. Carton has unnerved me," he shivered. "If anyone dares

to do that to him. what will they do

> feet, Haddon," urged Carton. "You'll be all right. I'll swing

no reply. At length he remarked: "You'll excuse me for a moment. I must telephone to my

He entered a booth in the shadow of the back of the café. where there was a slot-machine pay-station. "I think Haddon has his suspicions," remarked

Something seemed to have happened. He looked less nervous. His face was brighter and his eyes clearer. What was it, I wondered? Could it be that he was playing a game with Carton and had

"Carton," he said confidently, "I'll

must telephone to the office in case they need me.'

He had risen and entered the same booth.

Haddon and Carton were still talking earnestly. It was evident that, for some reason, Haddon had lost his former halting manner. Perhaps, I reasoned, the bomb episode had, after all, thrown a scare into him, and he felt that he needed protection against his own associates, who were quick to discover such dealings as Carton had forced him into. I rose and lounged back to the booth and Kennedy.

"Whom did he call?" I whispered, when

Craig emerged perspiring from the booth, for I knew that that was his purpose.

Craig glanced at Haddon, who now seemed absorbed in talking to Carton. "No one," he answered quickly. "Central told me there had not been a call from this pay-station for half an hour."

"No one?" I echoed almost incredulously. "Then what did he do? Some-

thing happened, all right."

Kennedy was evidently engrossed in his

own thoughts, for he said nothing.

"Haddon says he wants to do some scouting about," announced Carton, when we rejoined them. "There are several people whom he says he might suspect. I've arranged to meet him this afternoon to get the first part of this story about the inside working of the vice trust, and he will let me know if anything develops then. You will be at your office?"

"Yes, one or the other of us," returned Craig, in a tone which Haddon could not

hear.

In the mean time we took occasion to make some inquiries of our own about Haddon and Loraine Keith. They were evidently well known in the select circle in which they traveled. Haddon had many curious characteristics, chief of which to interest Kennedy was his speed mania. Time and again he had been arrested for exceeding the speed limit in taxi-cabs and in a car of his own, often in the past with Loraine Keith, but lately alone.

It was toward the close of the afternoon that Carton called up hurriedly. As Kennedy hung up the receiver, I read on his face that something had gone wrong.

"Haddon has disappeared," he announced, "mysteriously and suddenly, without leaving so much as a clue. It seems that he found in his office a package exactly like that which was sent to Carton earlier in the day. He didn't wait to say anything about it, but left. Carton is bringing it over here."

Perhaps a quarter of an hour later, Carton himself deposited the package on the laboratory table with an air of relief. We looked eagerly. It was addressed to Haddon at the Mayfair in the same disguised handwriting and was done up in precisely the same fashion

"Lots of bombs are just scare bombs," observed Craig. "But you never can tell." Again Kennedy had started to dissect.

"Ah," he went on, "this is the real thing, though, only a little different from the other. A dry battery gives a spark when the lid is slipped back. See, the explosive is in a steel pipe. Sliding the lid off is supposed to explode it. Why, there is enough explosive in this to have silenced a dozen Haddons."

"Do you think he could have been kidnaped or murdered?" I asked. "What is

this, anyhow-gang-war?"

"Or perhaps bribed?" suggested Carton.
"I can't say,"ruminated Kennedy. "But I can say this: that there is at large in this city a man of great mechanical skill and practical knowledge of electricity and explosives. He is trying to make sure of hiding something from exposure. We must find him."

"And especially Haddon," Carton added quickly. "He is the missing link. His testimony is absolutely essential to the case

I am building up."

"I think I shall want to observe Loraine Keith without being observed," planned Kennedy, with a hasty glance at his watch. "I think I'll drop around at this Mayfair I have heard so much about. Will you come?"

"I'd better not," refused Carton. "You know they all know me, and everything quits wherever I go. I'll see you soon."

As we drove in a cab over to the Mayfair, Kennedy said nothing. I wondered how and where Haddon had disappeared. Had the powers of evil in the city learned that he was weakening and hurried him out of the way at the last moment? Just what had Loraine Keith to do with it? Was she in any way responsible? I felt that there were, indeed, no bounds to what a jealous woman might dare.

Beside the ornate grilled doorway of the carriage entrance of the Mayfair stood a gilt-and-black easel with the words, "Tango Tea at Four." Although it was considerably after that time, there was a line of taxi-cabs before the place and, inside, a brave array of late-afternoon and early-evening revelers. The public dancing had ceased, and a carbaret had taken its place

We entered and sat down at one of the more inconspicuous of the little round tables. On a stage, at one side, a girl was singing one of the latest syncopated airs.

"We'll just stick around a while, Walter,"

whispered Craig. "Perhaps this Loraine Keith will come in."

Behind us, protected both by the music and the rustle of people coming and going, a couple talked in low tones. Now and then a word floated over to me in a language which was English, sure enough, but not of a kind that I could understand.

"Dropped by a flatty," I caught once, then something about a "mouthpiece," and the "bulls," and "making a plant."

"A dip—pickpocket—and his girl,
or gun-mol, as they
call them," translated Kennedy.
"One of their number has evidently
been picked up by a
detective and he
looks to them for a
good lawyer, or
mouthpiece."

Besides these two there were innumerable other interesting

glimpses into the life of this meeting-place for the halfand underworlds. A motion in the audience attracted me, as if some favorite performer were about to appear, and I heard the "gun-mol" whisper, "Loraine Keith."

There she was, a petite, dark-haired, snappy-eyed girl, chic, well groomed, and gowned so daringly that every woman in the audience envied and every man craned his neck to see her better. Loraine wore a tight-fitting black dress, slashed to the knee. In fact, everything was calculated to set her off at best advantage, and on the stage, at least, there was something recherchée about her. Yet, there

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"To-night—I will see you tonight," she cried, and a moment later she was gone

fellow whose washed-out face was particularly unattractive. It seemed as if the bone in his nose was going, due to the shrinkage of the bloodvessels. Once, just before the dance began, I

saw him rub some thing on the back of his hand, raise it to his nose, and sniff. Then he took a sip of a liqueur.

The dance began, wild from the first step, and as it developed, Kennedy leaned over and whispered, "The danse des Apaches."

It was acrobatic. The man expressed brutish passion and jealousy; the woman, affection and fear. It seemed to tell a story-the struggle of love, the love of the woman against the brutal instincts of the thug, her lover. She was terrified as well as fascinated by him in his mad temper and tremendous superhuman strength. I wondered if the dance portrayed the fact.

The music was a popular air with many rapid changes, but through all there was a constant rhythm which accorded well with the abandon of the swaying dance. Indeed, I could think of nothing so much as of Bill Sykes and Nancy as I watched these two.

It was the fight of two frenzied young animals. He would approach stealthily, seize her, and whirl her about, lifting her to his

was also something gross about her, too. shoulder. She was agile, docile, and fear-Accompanying her was a nervous-looking ful. He untied a scarf and passed it about

her; she leaned against it, and they whirled giddily about. Suddenly, it seemed that he became jealous. She would run; he follow and catch her. She would try to pacify him; he would become more enraged. The dance became faster and more furious. His violent efforts seemed to be to throw her to the floor, and her streaming hair now made it seem more like a fight than a dance. The audience hung breathless. It ended with her dropping exhausted, a proper finale to this lowest and most brutal dance.

Panting, flushed, with an unnatural light in their eyes, they descended to the audience and, scorning the roar of applause to repeat the performance, sat at a little table.

I saw a couple of girls come over toward the man.

"Give us a deck, Coke," said one, in a harsh voice.

He nodded. A silver quarter gleamed momentarily from hand to hand, and he passed to one girl stealthily a small whitepaper packet. Others came to him, both men and women. It seemed to be an established thing.

"Who is that?" asked Kennedy, in a low tone, of the pickpocket back of us.

"Coke Brodie," was the laconic reply.

"A cocaine friend?"

"Yes, and a lobbygow for the grapevine system of selling the dope under this new law."

"Where does he get the supply to sell?"

asked Kennedy, casually.

The pickpocket shrugged his shoulders. "No one knows, I suppose," Kennedy commented to me. "But he gets it in spite of the added restrictions and peddles it in little packets, adulterated, and at a fabulous price for such cheap stuff. The habit is spreading like wildfire. It is a fertile means of recruiting the inmates in the vice-trust hotels. A veritable epidemic it is, too. Cocaine is one of the most harmful of all habit-forming drugs. It used to be a habit of the underworld, but now it is creeping up, and gradually and surely reaching the higher strata of society. One thing that causes its spread is the ease with which it can be taken. It requires no smoking-dens, no syringe, no paraphernalia-only the drug itself.'

Another singer had taken the place of the dancers. Kennedy leaned over and whispered to the dip,

"Say, do you and your gun-mol want to

pick up a piece of change to get that mouthpiece I heard you talking about?"

The pickpocket looked at Craig sus-

piciously.

"Oh, don't worry; I'm all right," laughed Craig. "You see that fellow, Coke Brodie? I want to get something on him. If you will frame that sucker to get away with a whole front, there's a fifty in it."

The dip looked, rather than spoke, his amazement. Apparently Kennedy satis-

fied his suspicions.

"I'm on," he said quickly. "When he goes, I'll follow him. You keep behind us, and we'll deliver the goods."

"What's it all about?" I whispered.

"Why," he answered, "I want to get Brodie, only I don't want to figure in the thing so that he will know me or suspect anything but a plain hold-up. They will get him; take everything he has. There must be something on that man that will help us."

Several performers had done their turns, and the supply of the drug seemed to have been exhausted. Brodie rose and, with a nod to Loraine, went out, unsteadily, now that the effect of the cocaine had worn off. One wondered how this shuffling person could ever have carried through the wild dance. It was not Brodie who danced. It was the drug.

The dip slipped out after him, followed by the woman. We rose and followed also. Across the city Brodie slouched his way, with an evident purpose, it seemed, of replenishing his supply and continuing his

round of peddling the stuff.

He stopped under the brow of a thickly populated tenement row on the upper East Side, as though this was his destination. There he stood at the gate that led down to a cellar, looking up and down as if wondering whether he was observed. We had slunk into a doorway.

A woman coming down the street, swinging a chatelaine, walked close to him, spoke,

and for a moment they talked.

"It's the gun-mol," remarked Kennedy.
"She's getting Brodie off his guard. This
must be the root of that grapevine system,

as they call it."

Suddenly from the shadow of the next house a stealthy figure sprang out on Brodie. It was our dip, a dip no longer but a regular stick-up man, with a gun jammed into the face of his victim and a broad hand over his mouth. Skilfully the woman went through Brodie's pockets, her nimble fingers missing not a thing.

"Now—beat it," we heard the dip whisper hoarsely, "and if you raise a holler, we'll get

you right, next time."

Brodie fled as fast as his weakened nerves would permit his shaky limbs to move. As he disappeared, the dip sent something dark hurtling over the roof of the house across the street and hurried toward us.

"What was that?" I asked.

"I think it was the pistol on the end of a stout cord. That is a favorite trick of the gunmen after a job. It destroys at least a part of the evidence. You can't throw a gun very far alone, you know. But with it at the end of a string you can lift it up over the roof of a tenement. If Brodie squeals to a copper and these people are caught, they can't hold them under the pistol law, anyhow."

The dip had caught sight of us, with his ferret eyes, in the doorway. Quickly Kennedy passed over the money in return for the motley array of objects taken from Brodie. The dip and his gun-mol disappeared into the darkness as quickly as they

had emerged.

There was a curious assortment —the paraphernalia of a drug fiend, old letters, a key, and several other useless articles. The pickpocket had retained the money from the sale of the dope as his own particular honorarium.

"Brodie has led us up to the source of his supply," remarked Kennedy, thoughtfully regarding the stuff. "And the dip has given us the key to it. Are you game to go in?"

A glance up and down the street showed it still deserted. We wormed our way in the shadow to the cellar before which Brodie had stood. The outside door was open. We entered, and Craig stealthily struck a match, shading it in his hands.

At one end we were confronted by a little door of mystery, barred with iron and held by an innocent enough looking padlock. It was this lock, evidently, to which the key fitted, opening the way into the subterran-

ean vault of brick and stone.

Kennedy opened it and pushed back the door. There was a little square compartment, dark as pitch and delightfully cool and damp. He lighted a match, then hastily blew it out and switched on an electric bulb which it disclosed.

"Can't afford risks like that here," he exclaimed, carefully disposing of the match, as our eyes became accustomed to the light.

On every side were pieces of gas-pipe, boxes, and paper, and on shelves were jars of various materials. There was a worktable littered with tools, pieces of wire, boxes, and scraps of metal.

"My word!" exclaimed Kennedy, as he surveyed the curious scene before us, "this is a regular bomb factory—one of the most amazing exhibits that the history of crime

has ever produced."

I followed him in awe as he made a hasty inventory of what we had discovered. There were as many as a dozen finished and partly finished infernal machines of various sizes and kinds, some of tremendous destructive capacity. Kennedy did not even attempt to study them. All about were high explosives, chemicals, dynamite. There was gunpowder of all varieties, antimony, blasting-powder, mercury cyanide, chloral hydrate, chlorate of potash, samples of various kinds of shot, some of the outlawed soft-nosed dumdum bullets, cartridges, shells, pieces of metal purposely left with jagged edges, platinum, aluminium, iron, steel-a conglomerate mass of stuff that would have gladdened an anarchist.

Kennedy was examining a little quartzlined electric furnace, which was evidently used for heating soldering-irons and other tools. Everything had been done, it seemed, to prevent explosions. There were no open lights and practically no chance for heat to be communicated far among the explosives. Indeed, everything had been arranged to protect the operator himself in

his diabolical work.

Kennedy had switched on the electric furnace, and from the various pieces of metal on the table selected several. These he was placing together in a peculiar manner, and to them he attached some copper wire which lay in a corner in a roll.

Under the work-table, beneath the furnace, one could feel the warmth of the thing slightly. Quickly he took the curious affair, which he had hastily shaped, and fastened it under the table at that point, then led the wires out through a little barred window to an air-shaft, the only means of ventilation of the place except the door.

While he was working I had been gingerly inspecting the rest of the den. In a corner, just beside the door, I had found a set of

shelves and a cabinet. On both were innumerable packets done up in white paper. I opened one and found it contained several pinches of a white, crystalline substance.

"Little portions of cocaine," commented Kennedy, when I showed him what I had found. "In the slang of the fiends,

'decks.'"

On the top of the cabinet he discovered a little enameled box, much like a snuff-box, in which were also some of the white flakes. Quickly he emptied them out and replaced them with others from jars which had not

been made up into packets.

"Why, there must be hundreds of ounces of the stuff here, to say nothing of the various things they adulterate it with," remarked Kennedy. "No wonder they are so careful when it is a felony even to have it in your possession in such quantities. See how careful they are about the adulteration, too. You could never tell except from the effect whether it was the pure or only a few-per-cent.-pure article."

Kennedy took a last look at the den, to make sure that nothing had been disturbed

that would arouse suspicion.

"We may as well go," he remarked. "To-morrow, I want to be free to make the connection outside with that wire in the

Imagine our surprise, the next morning, when a tap at our door revealed Loraine

Keith herself.

"Is this Professor Kennedy?" she asked, gazing at us with a half-wild expression which she was making a tremendous effort to control. "Because if it is, I have something to tell him that may interest Mr. Carton.'

We looked at her curiously. Without her make-up she was pallid and yellow in spots, her hands trembling, cold, and sweaty, her eyes sunken and glistening, with pupils dilated, her breathing short and hurried, restless, irresolute, and careless of her personal appearance.

"Perhaps you wonder how I heard of you and why I have come to you," she went on. "It is because I have a confession to make. I saw Mr. Haddon just before he

was-kidnaped.'

She seemed to hesitate over the word. "How did you know I was interested?" asked Kennedy keenly.

"I heard him mention your name with

Mr. Carton's."

"Then he knew that I was more than a reporter for the Star," remarked Kennedy. "Kidnaped, you say? How?"

She shot a glance half of suspicion, half

of frankness, at us.

"That's what I must confess. Whoever did it must have used me as a tool. Mr. Haddon and I used to be good friends-I

would be yet."

There was evident feeling in her tone which she did not have to assume. I remember yesterday was that, after lunch. I was in the office of the Mayfair when he came in. On his desk was a package. I don't know what has become of it. But he gave one look at it, seemed to turn pale. then caught sight of me. 'Loraine,' he whispered, 'we used to be good friends. Forgive me for turning you down. But you don't understand. Get me away from here-come with me-call a cab.

"Well, I got into the cab with him. We had a chauffeur whom we used to have in the old days. We drove furiously, avoiding the traffic men. He told the driver to take us to my apartment-and-and that is the last I remember, except a scuffle in which I was dragged from the cab on one side and he

on the other."

She had opened her handbag and taken from it a little snuff-box, like that which we

had seen in the den.
"I—I can't go on," she apologized, "with-

out this stuff.

"So you are a cocaine fiend, also?" re-

marked Kennedy.

"Yes, I can't belp it. There is an indescribable excitement to do something great, to make a mark, that goes with it. It's soon gone, but while it lasts I can sing and dance, do anything until every part of my body begins crying for it again. I was full of the stuff when this happened yesterday; had taken too much, I guess."

The change in her after she had snuffed some of the crystals was magical. From a quivering wretch she had become now a

self-confident neurasthenic.

"You know where that stuff will land

you, I presume?" questioned Kennedy.
"I don't care," she laughed hollowly. "Yes, I know what you are going to tell me. Soon I'll be hunting for the cocaine bug, as they call it, imagining that in my skin, under the flesh, are worms crawling, perhaps see them, see the little animals running around and biting me. Oh, you don't



On the floor, in the weird glare of the little furnace, lay a man and a woman

know. There are two souls to the cocainist. One is tortured by the suffering which the stuff brings; the other laughs at the fears and pains. But it brings such thoughts! It stimulates my mind, makes it work without, against my will, gives me such visions—oh, I cannot go on. They would kill me if they knew I had come to you. Why have I? Has not Haddon cast me off? What is he to me, now?"

It was evident that she was growing hysterical. I wondered whether, after all, the story of the kidnaping of Haddon might not be a figment of her brain, simply an

hallucination due to the drug.

"They?" inquired Kennedy, observing her narrowly. "Who?"

"I can't tell. I don't know. Why did I come? Why did I come?"

She was reaching again for the snuff-box,

but Kennedy restrained her.

"Miss Keith," he remarked, "you are concealing something from me. There is some one," he paused a moment, "whom

you are shielding."

"No, no," she cried. "He was taken. Brodie had nothing to do with it, nothing. That is what you mean. I know. This stuff increases my sensitiveness. Yet I hate Coke Brodie—oh—let me go. I am all unstrung. Let me see a doctor. To-night, when I am better, I will tell all."

Loraine Keith had torn herself from him, had instantly taken a pinch of the fatal crystals, with that same ominous change from fear to self-confidence. What had been her purpose in coming at all? It had seemed at first to implicate Brodie, but she had been quick to shield him when she saw that danger. I wondered what the fascination might be which the wretch exercised over her.

"To-night—I will see you to-night," she cried, and a moment later she was gone, as unexpectedly as she had come.

I looked at Kennedy blankly.

"What was the purpose of that outburst?" I asked.

"I can't say," he replied. "It was all so incoherent that, from what I know of drug fiends, I am sure she had a deep-laid purpose in it all. It does not change my plans."

Two hours later we had paid a deposit on an empty flat in the tenement-house in which the bomb-maker had his headquarters, and had received a key to the apartment from the janitor. After considerable difficulty, owing to the narrowness of the air-shaft, Kennedy managed to pick up the loose ends of the wire which had been led out of the little window at the base of the shaft, and had attached it to a couple of curious arrangements which he had brought with him. One looked like a large taximeter from a motor cab; the other was a diminutive gas-meter, in looks at least. Attached to them were several bells and lights.

He had scarcely completed installing the thing, whatever it was, when a gentle tap at the door startled me. Kennedy nodded,

and I opened it. It was Carton.

"I have had my men watching the Mayfair," he announced. "There seems to be a general feeling of alarm there, now. They can't even find Loraine Keith. Brodie, apparently, has not shown up in his usual haunts since the episode of last night."

"I wonder if the long arm of this vice trust could have reached out and gathered

them in, too?" I asked.

"Quite likely," replied Carton, absorbed in watching Kennedy. "What's this?"

A little bell had tinkled sharply, and a light had flashed up on the attachments to

the apparatus.

"Nothing. I was just testing it to see if it works. It does, although the end which I installed down below was necessarily only a makeshift. It is not this red light with the shrill bell that we are interested in. It is the green light and the low-toned bell. This is a thermopile."

"And what is a thermopile?" queried

Carton.

"For the sake of one who has forgotten his physics," smiled Kennedy, "I may say this is only another illustration of how all science ultimately finds practical application. You probably have forgotten that when two half-rings of dissimilar metals are joined together and one is suddenly heated or chilled, there is produced at the opposite connecting point a feeble current which will flow until the junctures are both at the same temperature. You might call this a thermo-electric thermometer, or a telethermometer, or a microthermometer, or any of a dozen names."

"Yes," I agreed mechanically, only vaguely guessing at what he had in mind.

"The accurate measurement of temperature is still a problem of considerable difficulty," he resumed, adjusting the thermometer. "A heated mass can impart vibratory motion to the ether which fills space, and the wave-motions of ether are able to reproduce in other bodies motions similar to those by which they are caused. At this end of the line I merely measure the electromotive force developed by the difference in temperature of two similar thermo-electric junctions, opposed. We call those junctions in a thermopile 'couples,' and by getting the recording instruments sensitive enough, we can measure one one-thousandth of a degree.

"Becquerel was the first, I believe, to use this property. But the machine which you see here was one recently invented for registering the temperature of sea water so as to detect the approach of an iceberg. I saw no reason why it should not be used to

measure heat as well as cold.

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"You see, down there I placed the couples of the thermopile beneath the electric furnace on the table. Here I have the mechanism operated by the feeble current from the thermopile, opening and closing switches, and actuating bells and lights. Then, too, I have the recording instrument. The thing is fundamentally very simple and is based on well-known phenomena. It is not uncertain and can be tested at any time, just as I did then, when I showed a slight fall in temperature. Of course it is not the slight changes I am after, not the gradual but the sudden changes in temperature."

"I see," said Carton. "If there is a drop, the current goes one way and we see the red light; a rise and it goes the other,

and we see a green light."

"Exactly," agreed Kennedy. "No one is going to approach that chamber down-stairs as long as he thinks anyone is watching, and we do not know where they are watching. But the moment any sudden great change is registered, such as turning on that electric furnace, we shall know it here."

It must have been an hour that we sat there discussing the merits of the case and speculating on the strange actions of Lo-

raine Keith.

Suddenly the red light flashed out bril-

liantly.

"What's that?" asked Carton quickly.
"I can't tell, yet," remarked Kennedy.
"Perhaps it is nothing at all. Perhaps it is a draught of cold air from opening the door. We shall have to wait and see."

We bent over the little machine, straining

our eyes and ears to catch the visual and audible signals which it gave.

Gradually the light faded, as the thermopile adjusted itself to the change in temperature.

Suddenly, without warning, a low-toned bell rang before us and a bright-green light

flashed up.

"That can have only one meaning," cried Craig excitedly. "Some one is down there in that inferno—perhaps the bomb-maker himself."

The bell continued to ring and the light to glow, showing that whoever was there had actually started the electric furnace. What was he preparing to do? I felt that, even though we knew there was some one there, it did us little good. I, for one, had no relish for the job of bearding such a lion in his den.

We looked at Kennedy, wondering what he would do next. From the package in which he had brought the two registering machines he quietly took another package, wrapped up, about eighteen inches long and apparently very heavy. As he did so he kept his attention fixed on the telethermometer. Was he going to wait until the bomb-maker had finished what he had come to accomplish?

It was perhaps fifteen minutes after our first alarm that the signals began to weaken. "Does that mean that he has gone—

escaped?" inquired Carton anxiously.
"No. It means that his furnace is going at full power and that he has forgotten it.

It is what I am waiting for. Come on."
Seizing the package as he hurried from the room, Kennedy hurried out on the street and down the outside cellar stairs, followed

by us

He paused at the thick door and listened. Apparently there was not a sound from the other side, except a whir of a motor and a roar which might have been from the furnace. Softly he tried the door. It was locked on the inside.

Was the bomb-maker there still? He must be. Suppose he heard us. Would he hesitate a moment to send us all to

perdition along with himself?

How were we to get past that door? Really, the deathlike stillness on the other side was more mysterious than would have been the detonation of some of the criminal's explosive.

Kennedy had evidently satisfied himself

on one point. If we were to get into that chamber we must do it ourselves, and we

must do it quickly.

From the package which he carried he pulled out a stubby little cylinder, perhaps eighteen inches long, very heavy, with a short stump of a lever projecting from one side. Between the stonework of a chimney and the barred door he laid it horizontally, jamming in some pieces of wood to wedge it tighter.

Then he began to pump on the handle vigorously. The almost impregnable door seemed slowly to bulge. Still there was no sign of life from within. Had the bomb-

maker left before we arrived?

"This is my scientific sledge-hammer," panted Kennedy, as he worked the little lever backward and forward more quickly-"a hydraulic ram. There is no swinging of axes or wielding of crowbars necessary in breaking down an obstruction like this, nowadays. Such things are obsolete. This little jimmy, if you want to call it that, has a power of ten tons. That ought to be enough."

It seemed as if the door were slowly being crushed in before the irresistible ten-

ton punch of the hydraulic ram.

Kennedy stopped. Evidently he did not dare to crush the door in altogether. Quickly he released the ram and placed it vertically. Under the now-yawning doorjamb he inserted a powerful claw of the ram and again he began to work the handle.

A moment later the powerful door buckled, and Kennedy deftly swung it outward so that it fell with a crash on the cellar floor.

As the noise reverberated, there came a sound of a muttered curse from the cavern. Some one was there.

We pressed forward.

On the floor, in the weird glare of the little furnace, lay a man and a woman, the light playing over their ghastly, set features.

Kennedy knelt over the man, who was

nearest the door.

"Call a doctor, quick," he ordered, reaching over and feeling the pulse of the woman, who had half fallen out of her chair. "They will be all right soon. They took what they thought was their usual adulterated cocaine see, here is the box in which it was. Instead, I filled the box with the pure drug. They'll come around. Besides, Carton needs both of them in his fight."

"Don't take any more," muttered the woman, half conscious. "There's something wrong with it, Haddon.'

I looked more closely at the face in the

half-darkness.

It was Haddon himself.

"I knew he'd come back when the craving for the drug became intense enough," remarked Kennedy.

Carton looked at Kennedy in amazement. Haddon was the last person in the world whom he had evidently expected to discover

"How-what do you mean?"

"The episode of the telephone booth gave me the first hint. That is the favorite stunt of the drug fiend-a few minutes alone, and he thinks no one is the wiser about his habit. Then, too, there was the story about his speed mania. That is a frequent failing of the cocainist. The drug, too, was killing his interest in Loraine Keith-that is the last stage.

Yet under its influence, just as with his lobbygow and lieutenant, Brodie, he found power and inspiration. With him it took the form of bombs to protect himself in

his graft."
"He can't—escape this time—Loraine. We'll leave it-at his house-you know-

Carton-"

We looked quickly at the work-table. On it was a gigantic bomb of clockwork over which Haddon had been working. The cocaine which was to have given him inspiration had, thanks to Kennedy, overcome him.

Beside Loraine Keith were a suit-case and a Gladstone. She had evidently been stuffing the corners full of their favorite nepenthe, for, as Kennedy reached down and turned over the closely packed woman's finery and the few articles belonging to Haddon, innumerable packets from the

cabinet dropped out.

"Hulloa-what's this?" he exclaimed, as he came to a huge roll of bills and a mass of silver and gold coin. "Trying to double-cross us all the time. That was her clever game-to give him the hours he needed to gather what money he could save and make a clean getaway. Even cocaine doesn't destroy the interest of men and women in that," he concluded, turning over to Carton the wealth that Haddon had amassed as one of the meanest grafters of the city of graft.

A new Craig Kennedy story, The Ghouls, will appear in the December issue.

The Shears of Delilah

Suppose a case: You are married and make enough money to get along on without too much scrimping. A slump comes, and down must go expenses. Is your wife the kind to dig in and help, or is it a case of going it alone—with a handicap added? In this story Mrs. Van de Water tells the story of the "handicap"—the story of a woman's selfishness and final deceit that make one man's burden a little too much for him. Have you ever met women like her? We guess there are some, and that there ought to be plenty of sympathy for the men who are tied to them. What do you think?

By Virginia Terhune Van de Water

Author of "Why I Left My Husband," "New Wine in Old Bottles," etc.

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

"I'M sorry, dear, but I do not see just how I can manage to do it."

The husband said it kindly, regretfully, and the woman answered him as gently, but her voice had a plaintive tone.

On hearing it for the first time one would have thought it sweet, almost caressing, in quality; yet one listening to it daily might have found that it wore upon overstrained nerves.

"You know—don't you, Harry—that were I as well and strong as most women are I would not ask this?" the wife suggested.

The man seemed to ignore her inquiry as he replied briefly, "I will see what I can do."

He pushed his chair back from the breakfast-table with a quick, impatient motion. His companion uttered a little frightened gasp.

"Oh, how you startled me!" she exclaimed. "You are so abrupt, dear."

"I am sorry."

The speaker's thoughts were evidently elsewhere. The woman watched him guardedly, almost furtively, as a pet cat watches the person who feeds it, sure that, sooner or later, the never-forgotten saucer of milk will be given it. As he went toward the door she arose with a sigh.

"Harry," she said, "you are forgetting to

kiss me good-by."

The tender reproach checked the man.
"Forgive me, Sophie," he said. "My
mind was on business, as usual."

She patted his cheek as he bent to kiss her, then slipped her arms about his neck and drew his face down to hers again. "Don't be cross with me just because I have to bother you so much," she said. "I would not ask you to send me away this summer if it could be helped. But, Harry, I am not well."

For a moment he drew her to him with a sudden impulse of affection which passed as quickly as it came. With a woman's intuition she felt a lack of the emotion she had tried to draw forth, and again she sighed.

"Oh dear! I am so tired," she said

wearily.

"You are looking quite well, nevertheless," remarked the husband practically. "Why not get out of doors more? I am sure it would do you good."

"I don't feel strong enough to walk," she complained. "And cabs are too great an extravagance for a poor man's wife."

The words sounded playful, but the man winced.

"Our expenses have been heavy," he remarked tersely, "and such demands as have been made on my income keep a man poor."

"A delicate wife is a great burden to any man," said the woman sadly. "Heaven knows I would be well if I could!"

Tears had risen to her eyes, and with an effort at jocularity her husband tried to laugh away her morose mood.

"There, there!" he said. "Nobody is blaming you, little girl. I do not imagine that you get ill for fun. Good-by, dear. Until to-night!"

The forced smile did not linger on his lips on his way down-town. Instead, the lines of his mouth grew stern. He was facing a crisis in his affairs—a crisis which demanded time, thought, and strict economy. If he could keep his head above water for six months longer, his business might go on. If not, everything would be swept away and he must begin again. And Sophie could not bear that.

There had always been something, he mused, as he held to a swaying strap in the crowded subway, packed closely with other men, many with faces as worn as his. So absorbed was he by his thoughts that he might have been alone for all that he noticed of the people about him. For the past few years his income had been twice what it was when he married. "And I have saved nothing," he muttered. Yes, there had always been something. Right after his marriage there was their first apartment, which must be furnished just as Sophie wished. "I simply could not live with common, ugly things," she had said wistfully. "Please, when we are buying furniture, let's get something that won't get on our nerves."

She had said "our nerves," but now he told himself savagely that it would have worn less on his nervous system to live on bare floors and eat off a deal table than to have to run into debt to pay for the handsome rugs, velvet hangings, and fine china that his wife said her temperament made

essential.

By the time this debt had been canceled, the baby came, and her advent was followed by Sophie's prolonged invalidism. It was at this period that the habit had been established of sending the mother and child away each summer. They both needed it, the doctor had declared. So, for four years, a cottage had been taken at the seashore, near enough to the city for the husband to commute—a process which, as the trainservice was poor, left him at the end of each summer more wearied than at its beginning. Once he had expressed as much to Sophie, quoting Omar Khayyam jestingly.

"Do you remember," he asked, "how that old rascal of an Omar remarked,

"Twould take many a cup of this forbidden wine To drown the memory of that insolence '?

And when I hear you people talking about the bracing quality of this sea air, I feel like remarking that it would take many days of this life-giving air to drown the insolence of the railway journey here and back to town six days out of seven."

"But you have your vacation of two weeks, Harry," protested his wife.

"Yes—and I need about six weeks to get rested in," he retorted, with some asperity.

But, as usual in those days, his wife's sweetness had counteracted his bitterness. She had patted his face, called him her "poor boy," and then, gently, but with a touch of reproach in her tone, reminded him that "baby required pure air."

"And I do, too," she said, "yet I am

not thinking of myself, but of baby. But, darling, it would not be kind to you if I were to remain in town and get ill in conse-

quence."

Of course it would not, he assured her, and called himself a brute and her a forgiving angel who never got angry with his ugly moods. She never did, he reminded himself now, with a return of the bitterness which, in those days, had been only occasional, but was now so frequent that he was ashamed of himself. That was it: she always made him feel ashamed of himself. She was so small, so pitiful, and plaintive. It was because of this gentle appeal that he had tried to humor all her whims and desires.

When the child was a year old, the mother complained that the one flight of stairs, up which she must walk to reach their big, sunny apartment, "almost broke her back." The doctor had told her she should climb no stairs. Could not Harry manage to pay for an elevator apartment?

"I told Doctor Evans that I knew you would do it, no matter what it cost, if my health and comfort depended upon it. If it was only my comfort that was to be considered—why, I would say nothing about it. But my health—" She raised her great eyes appealingly to his. "You know, darling old boy, you need me, and for your sake I want to be well."

He had drawn her suddenly to him and kissed her passionately again and again. Need her? She was his life! He remembered this morning that a half-hour ago he had not kissed her like that. Somehow, he

couldn't to-day.

Of course the elevator apartment was a foregone conclusion. The one that Sophie chose overlooked Central Park. "So lovely for baby," she cooed. "Why it is almost as good as the country for her."

Only "almost as good," however, for it did not do away with the necessity of sending the little girl and her mother off each summer-until the little one died. That was eighteen months ago, but the father felt a sudden constriction of his throat as he remembered it. It had almost killed him, he told himself. He was glad that Sophie did not know what it meant to him in the way of heartache. Her own grief at first was so overwhelming, and she clung to him so pitifully, that he was brave for her sake. That was the reason that, last year, he had sent her away to the mountains. She felt she could not go back to the cottage they had rented heretofore.

"It would kill me to go into that house where baby and I were so happy," she "Please may I go to some other sobbed.

place?"

So last year he had sent her up to Stockbridge. Some kind friends who were going there promised to make things pleasant for

her. They had an automobile, and the summer with these people and the air of the Berkshires did so much for her that her husband had not had the heart to tell her that his business was not prospering as it had done. The panicky times had hit him hard, and the Berkshire outing had taken all the money that he could rake and scrape together after the fearful expenses of his child's illness and death. Nor did he mention his own lonely summer to his wife. He did not feel that he should leave his business at this juncture, but had merely explained to Sophie that he was very busy. She must not be worried.

That had become his

motto. To keep her from worry he had let her attend all the plays and operas she had wished to see last winter.

As he watched her forgetfulness of her sorrow he marveled. Until then he had never analyzed his wife's character. To-day he told himself that he ought to have become analytical earlier, or not at all.

"Good-morning! How is Mrs. Ham-

mond?'

It was his wife's physician who accosted him as he left the train, and Hammond hesitated for a moment before answering. "Why-I think she's as well as usual,"

he stammered.

The physician fell into step beside him when they had climbed the subway stairs together. "If you don't mind," he said, "I'll walk along with you a little way, as I have an errand in your direction. I am glad to see you, for it spares me the necessity of calling you up. I meant to do so last night, but, to be frank, I forgot it.

For which I am ashamed." "I don't see why you should be," smiled Hammond. "Because your little wife is my patient, and I think you

"I am afraid, dear, that I am feverish," said the woman, sitting up and pushing her tumbled hair back with both hands. "Indeed, I am sure that I have a little fever each day"

ought to know that she is in a pretty bad condition nervously. I suppose she told you she cailed to see me yesterday?"

The husband shook his head. "No," he

said, "she did not."

This, then, was why Sophie had urged him this morning to let her go away again this summer. She was not well. His con-

science smote him.

"You don't mean she is really ill?" he asked quickly. He had never cared personally for Doctor Evans, and he was sure that the professional man cared as little for him. Still, he was a good doctor, and Sophie liked him. And he had been very kind to the baby. Hammond remembered how gentle he had always been to the little girl, how good to the bereaved mother, and how much comfort Sophie seemed to get from her talks with him. So he put his own prejudice aside and listened eagerly for the man's reply to his question.

"Why, no; she is not exactly ill," Doctor Evans rejoined, "but she may be if she is not careful. She is such a plucky little thing that people do not suspect how much she really suffers from depression and nervousness. Doctors—even when they are bachelors like myself—understand better, perhaps, even than you husbands do, your wives' nervous organizations. I told Mrs. Hammond she ought to go out of town this

summer."

"I see," said Hammond slowly. "I am sorry I did not know my wife was so far from well. She has looked much better

than usual for the past year."

"She has, indeed," agreed the physician, "and I attribute this to the fact that she had a pleasant and diverting summer last year. But I can see now that she is again running down both physically and nervously."

"I will send her away if it is a possible thing," said the husband gravely, "but, to be frank, Lenox and Stockbridge are quite beyond my means just now. I have even been obliged to intimate to my wife that the present financial crisis has hit me hard. Of course I cannot leave my business this summer."

"Don't send her to Lenox or Stockbridge, dear man!" exclaimed Evans. "I told her yesterday that my sister and I have taken for the summer a farmhouse near Sharon, Connecticut, and I am planning to spend a four months' vacation there. If you will trust your wife to my widowed sister's watchfulness, she will be glad to keep an eye on her should she wish to take a cottage in our neighborhood. I shall, of course, have my car cut there, and we will do all that we can to make your wife's stay pleasant. I will give you the address of a man in that region who may be able to tell you of some such cottage as Mrs. Hammond would need. Rents are not as high there as in more fashionable places. And it is a lovely spot. Let me hear from you soon. Goodmorning."

With a sigh of mingled anxiety and perplexity, the business man went to his office. As the day wore on the anxiety obliterated every other thought. Matters looked dark, He was making so little money that he could have laughed aloud with a perverted sense of humor as he thought of taking on any more expense-such as sending his wife and her maid out of town and into a furnished cottage for the season. What he should do, were he honest and courageous, was to tell his wife the truth and ask her to help him economize for the next year or two until he was once more on his feet. Dare he use the little money he could lay his hand upon to give his wife pleasure, when he might need every cent of it to keep his business from ruin? At the best, there was not enough to save the day should the crash come.

Yet—Sophie's health demanded the change. But surely she could go to some quiet boarding-place in the country for two or three months. Why might they not take a smaller apartment now, or give up this expensive one entirely, store their furniture, and rent a cheap flat in the fall? Well, he would make a clean breast of it and tell

Sophie the state of affairs.

This he tried to do that evening. The effort was not so easy as he had hoped it would be, for when he reached home he found his wife lying on the couch in the library, her eyes heavy and her face flushed.

library, her eyes heavy and her face flushed.
"I've been asleep," she explained, as he bent to kiss her. "I lay down here, for I was so tired. I'm glad you've come home,

Harry dear."

Once more her arms crept about his neck, and her face was pressed to his. Again he felt no responsive thrill, but as soon as she released him he stood up straight and looked at her keenly.

"Did you go out as I suggested?" he asked. "It has been a beautiful day."



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"Yes," she said, "Mrs. Barlow— Doctor Evans' sister, you know—came by in her car and took me for a drive."

"Ah," said the husband, "then that color on your face is sunburn. I noticed that you were flushed."

"I am afraid, dear, that I am feverish," said the woman, sitting up and pushing her tumbled hair back with both hands. "Indeed, I am sure that I have a little fever each day."

"I did not know it," said Hammond, somewhat skeptically.

Slow tears came to the wife's eyes, and she turned away to hide them.

"No, dear," she said softly, "I did not tell you. There are many little things like that which I do not mention to you—for I love you too much to be willing to worry you. I know you love me—and if you knew how much I suffer, you would be anxious."

She stopped, her voice breaking. Then she turned, and, throwing her arms about her husband's neck, dropped her head on his shoulder.

"Oh, my love," she whispered, with a little sob, "can't you understand why I want to get well soon, and to live, and to be with you always? It frightens me when I think of your loneliness were I—were I—not to get well. I am all you have, and you are all I have, and you need me, darling!"

Her flushed cheek was pressed against her husband's lips, and he kissed it again and again, straining her to him. Then he took her face between his

Then he took her face between his hands and looked long into her lovely eyes.

"God knows I need you!" he said, his lips quivering, "and he also knows I will do anything on this earth to make you well and to keep you with me always, as long as I live!"

A fortnight later Harry Hammond rented for his wife a summer cottage in Sharon

in Sharon.

Says Balzac, "To be a good woman and a prude to all the world, and a courtezan to her husband, is the gift of a woman of genius."

> Yet nobody knowing Sophie Hammond would have considered her a woman of genius.

> Only once during the first six weeks of his wife's absence did Hammond leave town. This was when he went up to

spend a Sunday in Sharon. His business affairs were getting so bad that once again he felt it his duty to warn Sophie of what might be ahead of them. She met him at the village station in a little turnout she had hired without consulting him. She held the reins over the back of a very dull and perfectly safe old horse.

The animal was white, and Sophie had fastened knots of pink ribbon in each side of the head-stall. She wore a palepink frock, and her broad white bat was lined with rose silk that cast a glow over her fair features. She looked very girlish as her husband came forward and took her outstretched hands in his. Her voice was soft and low, more plaintive than ever, he thought.

She said she was so glad to see him, and wondered why he could not come up oftener, for she missed him.

"But the people up here are very kind to me," she said. "They seem to like me. I think perhaps they are sorry for me because I am not well," she added sadly.

"But surely you are better," Hammond asserted. "You look so sweet that it seems to me you must feel all right."

He gazed down at her, smilingly, and she, too, smiled, then looked serious and shook

"I don't know about that, Harry, for I am so tired much of the time. I have absolutely no energy. If I had staved in town I should have had a severe illness. Doctor Evans says so. He says that I am more run down than he thought I was, and, but for this change of atmosphere and scene, I might-well-I might have had a dangerous attack. And, dear, he thinks I ought to stay here a month longer than we planned. He says the air here is wonderful in Octo-

"But, my dear child, I thought that perhaps we would better move the first of October-into another apartment-a

smaller one."

She caught her breath suddenly and sharply. "A smaller apartment!" she gasped. "Oh, Harry, why?"

"I will explain after a while," he said gravely. They had reached the gate of the little cottage, and, when he had lifted her to the ground she left him to tie the horse, for which the stableman was to send soon, and hurried-almost ran-into the house. Following her a moment later, her husband found her crouched in a great chair, her face buried in the cushions, her body shaken with a passion of sobs. Hurrying to her, he knelt beside her and put his arms about

"Sophie, dear little girl," he protested, "what is the matter? Surely what I said about leaving our apartment cannot make you as unhappy as this?"

She allowed him to draw her head to his

shoulder and smooth her hair.

"Oh, Harry," she sobbed, "forgive me, dear, but it came over me all of a sudden what it would mean to leave that apartment, where my baby and I were so happy, andwhere—oh, darling, where my baby died! The last time I held her in my arms was there-in my own room-and her dear presence seems to be there still. I feel as if it would kill me to leave a place associated as that is with my only little baby my little dead daughter!"

It has been said that the most cruel person in the world is the sentimentalist. Perhaps some such thought passed through this husband's mind as he listened to his wife's sobs. Yet, after a moment, he spoke

gently.

"Don't cry, dear. We will not take another home if you want to stay in our present quarters. The reason I suggested the move is that I have been losing money, Sophie, and we ought to economize."

Lifting her head, she looked at him as a

frightened child might have done.

"How cold and hard your voice sounds, Harry! You aren't angry with me, are you, dear, for loving and missing our baby so much? You poor boy-to think that you have been losing money! I tell you what I'll do-I'll economize more than ever when I go back to town. Really, I will. I think that we ought to be able to get a cook who will do the washing and ironing as well as the cooking. She certainly ought to, as the waitress does all the chamberwork, and waiting, too. Perhaps"-with the sigh with which she usually mentioned her health-"if I can only get better this summer I will not need so much attention from Betty as I have needed lately, and that will give her time to help with the ironing. Oh, if I were only a well woman, dear-big and healthy, instead of little and delicate—I could make life so much easier for you. But you do love me-even if I am an expense-don't you?" "Don't you think I do?" asked the man

"No, I know you do," she said, with a little laugh. "Dear old Harry, don't worry! You know worry is very bad for you, and I see some gray hairs coming in your head now. Seriously, dear, you must not let things trouble you. You ask Doctor Evans if I am not right. He has warned me not to be anxious or nervous about anything. He says if I could have a whole year without any nervous strain or worry I would be a well woman. I told him that you always do all you can to keep me care-free."

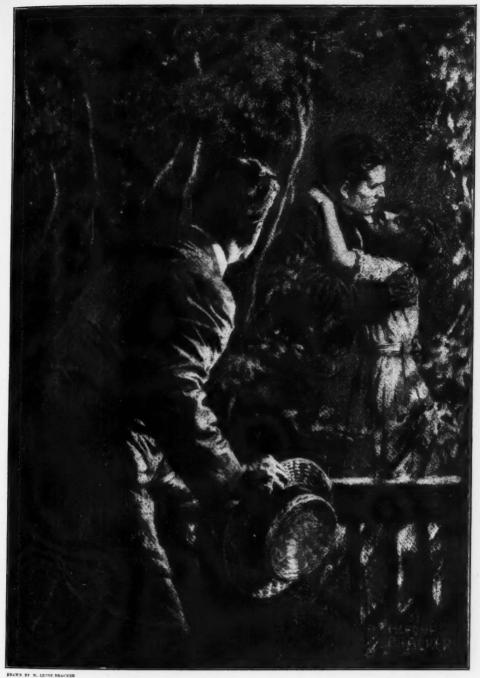
And he had come here to tell her that he was losing money, that there might soon be a crash that would make him poor—as poor as the stable-boy who was leading away the horse for whose hire this summer the wife expected him to pay!

How could he tell her? Was she a child

or a woman?

He felt her soft arms steal about his neck, and she raised her lips to his. With a muttered exclamation he sprang to his

"This room is insufferably warm," be declared, "and the perfume of those tuberoses and lilies is sickening. For goodness' sake



Hammond saw the woman's familiar pose, and sickened as he saw it. For she had slipped her arms about Evans' neck and was looking up into his eyes

open the windows and let in some honest

sunlight!"

On Monday morning, when Harry Hammond returned to New York, he had said nothing more about the impending disaster. He knew now that it was not because he loved his wife that he kept silent, but because he was afraid to tell her the truth.

Through the hot days he struggled on. One day was very much like another, and each night a little worse than the one that went before it. And at last he knew that

the end had come.

He sat in his private office and forced himself to look facts in the face. He was

ruined.

He had come in here and shut the door that he might be alone. His elbows were on his desk, his face buried in his hands. There was nothing more to be done-except to go and tell Sophie. Already in imagination he could hear her plaintive, selfpitying voice, her sobs of fear. Somehow, he felt no pity, no anxiety about her any longer. All that he felt was a great weariness, as if a heavy load were pressing him down as he thought of her. Then her face slipped from before his eyes, and he thought of his little daughter as she had looked when he last saw ner. He remembered a tiny mound in Woodlawn, and by it a strip of smooth, cool, green grass. If he could only lie down there, and sleep-just sleep! A racking, tearless sob shook his frame.

A light hand touched his shoulder, and his stenographer spoke to him.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Hammond."

He started and looked up. The girl who had worked for him faithfully for five years had entered softly and stood before him. She was a fragile little creature, but the light of courage and sympathy shone from her eyes.

"I know it's hard—fearfully hard," she said, "but you will start again and win out yet. And you have your wife to work for,

you know."

She stopped, startled by the change that swept across his face, and by his harsh laugh.

"You remind me, a strong man, that I have my wife, while you do not remind me that you have your mother to support, and have lost your job! Ah, yes, there are women like you! My own mother was one."

He caught her cool hand in both of his and lifted it to his hot and trembling lips.

"I'm sorry, little girl," he said brokenly,
"I'm dreadfully sorry for you. I wish I
could do something for you—really I do."

"You can," she said soothingly. "Promise me to go to the country this evening—at once—to Mrs. Hammond. She is so sweet, so dear! She will understand and she will

help you."

He looked at her strangely. The burden seemed to be pressing harder on his heart. Go to Sophie? She would understand? He wanted to laugh aloud again, but he did not want to frighten this girl, who had brave eyes like his mother's.

"You will go-and tell her-won't you?"

she was pleading.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I will go and—tell her."

It was ten o'clock when the train left him at the Sharon station. On the way out he had glanced at the headlines of an afternoon paper someone had left on the seat by him. He saw the notice of his failure. Sophie must know of it already. He must go to her.

Of course she would be ill; things always made her ill, he remembered. She would not speak harshly or violently—for she never did. He found himself wishing, as he had wished once before, that she

would.

The little cottage in which his wife was spending her summer was on a quiet road, away from the rest of the village. He climbed the veranda steps wearily. The house was dark. In the clear moonlight he looked at his watch. Sophie must be spending the evening with some neighbors, but she would probably be home soon. He would sit here and wait for her. To his aching eyes the deep shade cast by a vine at one end of the veranda looked inviting. A hammock was swung here, and he threw himseif into it. He was too tired to smoke, too tired to think, and lay with closed lids—a beaten, bruised man.

He did not know that he had been asleep, but he was startled to a sitting posture by the sound of voices. Peering through the vines he saw his wife coming up the walk with Doctor Evans. The physician's arm was about her waist. Hammond did not move; he wondered afterward if he could have done so had he tried. His wife's plaintive voice was borne to his ears, and he knew from her tones that she had been

crving.



"I have endured so much!" she was saying. "As long as I had my child I could stand it all. But of late it has been dreadful. To think that he never warned me of this! Had he loved me as a man should—"

"As I do, darling," the man interrupted her, "as I have always loved you ever since I first saw your sweet face. Dearest, have we not suffered enough? Why hesitate longer about a divorce? Why let a mistaken sense of loyalty bind you to one man when you know you love another?"

They had reached the steps, and Hammond saw the woman's familiar pose, and sickened as he saw it. For she had slipped her arms about Evans' neck and was looking up into his eyes.

"Ah," she said, with a little sob, "you know that I want to marry you! But he would never let me go, he would never—"

Suddenly the numb horror that had held the husband released him, and he sprang to his feet, facing the startled pair. Sophie screamed faintly, and recoiled from him; the physician did not flinch.

"You damned scoundrel!" Hammond burst forth. "You damned scoundrel!"

But his wife threw herself upon his breast and laid a hand over his lips.

"Don't, don't!" she gasped. "Don't touch him! I love him! I love him!"

With a sob, she sank on the step at Hammond's feet, and for an instant the two men looked down at her. Hammond was quivering as with a chill, but his voice became all at once firm, and rang out like a challenge to the man before him.

"You hear what she says!" he accused. "You hear her, don't you?"

The physician murmured an assent. He seemed for the time to be hypnotized by the look in the eyes of the wronged man, and he spoke stammeringly.

"You mean"—he began.
"I mean," went on Hammond, "that she shall have a divorce-that I will not stand in the way of her getting it, and that then"-he hesitated, and when he continued

the words fell slowly and solemnly from his lips-"then, if you do not marry her, before Almighty God I will kill you!"

Alone, the man and wife faced each other for a long moment. The man spoke first. All signs of excitement had died from his manner, and his words were uttered in a monotone.

"I suppose," he said, dully, "that your maid is up-stairs. You would better go in." She started toward him, ner hands out-

"Oh Harry!" she moaned, but he stepped aside and motioned to her to enter the house. Then, as she obeyed his gesture, he turned and went down the steps and through the little gate at the end of the path. He walked with a firm step, without looking back, until he reached Sharon's broad and beautiful common. Here for the first time he paused, and passed his hand across his eyes, as if awaking from a dream.

"My God!" he muttered. "My God!

Is this all?"

As he raised his eyes toward the heavens, the pitiless white moonlight showed his face as the face of an old man.



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On His Way to the Senate



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In doing this, he pitted himself, at first single-handed, against the President, the secretary of the Treasury, and the majority of his party in the House. He went at it. however, with booming voice and bared fists, explaining that he hailed from a state where the products of the farm, particularly cotton, corn, and wheat, were the basis of wealth. In the beginning, all Washington laughed at him; then it listened to him, and, finally, it leaped to him.

"It is proposed," he said, "to lend merchants and all commercial men money on their own and their friends' endorsements. This is called asset currency. I demand that the farmers shall be able to get money on their crops, that the banks shall issue it to them when they show their warehouse receipts for the cotton, corn, or wheat which they have but which they do not wish to sell immediately."

"The man's as crazy as a loon," said the commercial men, and they wrote their expert opinions on expensive paper and posted them to President Wilson.

"If he puts it over," declared his Texas friends, "he'll succeed Culberson in the

Senate in 1917.'

His victory was not written down in the exact language he would have preferred-which is generally the case with political victories. But he won out in establishing the principle he had enunciated. And, it may be remarked, this was his second adventure with glassware in politics. For, on this occasion, he beat down the opposition of Glass, chairman of the Committee on Banking and Currency.

A FIGHTER FOR THE PEOPLE

Henry is tall and angular, with a chest that looks thin in comparison with the breadth of his shoulders. He has a smile which should decorate the face of a poet or a divine, and, naturally or by the force of training, his strong, bass voice sounds in conversation extremely soft and gentle. But he has, also, a piercing eye, a strong mouth, and a high forehead-the height of forehead having been somewhat increased by his disbelief in the alluring advertisements of modern hair-tonics.

When he gets into action on the stump or in the legislative body, his arms flail the air, his voice thunders, and he wrenches from the dictionary sharp and bitter words to drive home the meaning of what he

thinks. Since he is a fighter, his thoughts are strong, frank, free of compromise. And his creed is that the masses of the people, having been oppressed for years by a conscienceless wealthy class, at last must have protection under the law. His commandments, as he has pronounced them to Texas and to the Democratic party, are, like the Decalogue, puissant and plain.

SOME NEW COMMANDMENTS

They may be summed up as follows: Thou shalt thrust into the penitentiary all those who violate the anti-trust law.

As I indicted and tried to imprison John D. Rockefeller in the state of Texas, thou. likewise, must not falter in the presence of

great wealth.

Thou shalt battle to the last gasp to rescue the people from those who practise legalized robbery.

Thou shalt recognize the farmer as the backbone and the sovereign of this country.

Thou shalt carry out every campaign and platform pledge.

Thou shalt maintain the tariff, not with a free-trade tendency, but only for the collection of revenue.

Thou shalt wipe out Wall Street's gam-

bling in cotton.

His desire to comply with this last exhortation induced great exultation within his heart during his discussion of the currency reform.

"By permitting the cotton-grower to borrow money on his cotton," he explained, "you immediately enable him to defy the Wall Street men who have been accustomed to grow rich at his expense. They no longer will be able to figure to a nicety when he will have to sell his cotton and how much he will have to sell. The shoe will be on the other foot. The cotton-grower will sell when he wants to sell, and will not be forced by poverty to give up his products at a sacrifice, whenever the gamblers command it. A Wall Street 'gambler' never takes even a slight chance. Therefore, under the new arrangement, there will be no gambling in futures. The grower, the producer, will hold the cotton industry in the palm of his hand and, therefore, will improve it throughout."

This tall Texan is not an aimless fighter. When he goes into the thick of battle, he is fully armed, thoroughly advised as to the lay of the land. When the House went

this class. In fact, he was in a class all by himself. He developed the habit of filling his pockets-coat pockets, trousers pockets, and vest pockets-with books, pamphlets, and tracts on parliamentary law. And the result was that, when the Committee on Committees looked for the man best qualified to pass on the rules for legislation and to make new rules or special rules, it selected Henry with a promptness astonishing to everybody-except, perhaps, Henry. And, ever since that selection was made, he has fulfilled his own aspirations and the predictions of his friends by solving any parliamentary difficulty with which his party was confronted. Like the vast majority of Southern statesmen, he is a good speaker, often eloquent, at times an orator. At college he was the valedictorian of his class, and, after being mayor of the town of Texarkana when he was twenty-six years old, he became assistant attorney-general for Texas, in which position he drew the famous indictments of the Rockefellers, H. H. Rogers, John D. Archbold, and Henry M. Flagler. Having settled at Waco, he practised law for a while and then was swept into the stream of politics. He has been in Congress seventeen years, steadfastly refusing every He has a smile which twelve months to cease talkshould decorate the face ing or to stagnate mentally. of a poet or a divine, a When you see him in the piercing eye, a strong House inveighing against mouth, and a high predatory wealth, plunforehead dering corporations and intellectual criminals, you admire his warlike spirit. When he strikes another key and pities the suffering masses or the prostrate forms of consumers, you con-clude that he is the victim of pessimism. When you He is, however, a sixsee him in the cylinder optimist and be-House inveighlieves that the people, working against preding through their representatory wealth you atives, will rectify all evil. admire his warlike spirit. He loves the people. And When he pities the suffering this is one reason why he masses you conclude that he is the wants to represent them in victim of pessimism. He is, howthe Senate. At this writing ever a six-cylinder optimist he has not announced his candidacy for that body, Democratic three years ago, all the members, knowing the might of but, according to his friends, the Committee on Rules, began to stroke he stands, figuratively speaking, with their beards—or brows—and wonder who would be its chairman. Having no beard one foot in the House and the other on a Pullman car, in readiness to

rush to Texas whenever the sena-

torial fight begins.

to stroke, and using his brow exclusively

as a vehicle for thought, Henry was not in



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

As she opened the front door, she was expectant of any sort of a terrible husband-wreck. But the Billy she saw was precisely the Billy she had parted from. "There was no fight?" she cried, in such evident disappointment that he laughed. "They was all yellin' 'Fake! Fake!' when I left, an' wantin' their money back"

The Valley of the Moon

THE STORY OF A FIGHT AGAINST ODDS FOR LOVE AND A HOME

By Jack London

Author of "Martin Eden," "Burning Daylight," "Smoke Bellew," etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

Synopsis:—Is this the man? So Saxon questioned of herself when she had met "Big Bill" Roberts, one-time prize-fighter, on the dancing-floor at Weasel Park, whither she and Mary, ironers of fancy starch, had gone for a Sunday outing. Never had she come so near to losing her heart as Billy, blue eyed, boyish, gentlemanly, had come to winning it after a few hours' acquaintance. Planned by Mary and Bert Wanhope, the meeting had taken a happy turn, for both Saxon and Billy had seized the future in the present and grasped at its chance for happiness. Billy was a teamster and knew what hard work meant, so they went home early, Saxon glorying in his refusal to "make a time of it," as Bert suggested. He kissed her good-night at the gate with Wednesday night's dance as their next meeting. Friday's dance was next arranged for, but on Thursday night' Charley Long, a rebuffed suitor, met her outside the laundry and warned her that if she did not go with him "somebody'll get hurt." But Saxon bore the notion that Billy, at least, could take care of himself.

Billy did, and Saxon experienced the delightful sensation of knowing that this glove cared enough for her to risk a fight—which wasn't needed. Finally there came Billy's frank proposal, and Saxon, countering only with the objection that she was the elder—an objection overruled by Billy's statement that "Love's what counts"—accepted him.

Saxon married Billy at the promised time, in spite of all family objections. They and Mary and Bert ate the wedding supper at Barnum's, and then Saxon and Billy went to their Pine Street cottage. Later Mary and Bert married and became their neighbors. The winter passed without an event to mar their happiness, though Billy's wages were cut. But in the spring came a strike in the railroad shops, and it threw a pall over the whole neighborhood. To Saxon, approaching mother-hood, the passing days bore a menace.

their neighbors. The wanter passed without an event to mar their nappiness, though filly's wages were cut. But in the spring came a strike in the railroad shops, and it threw a pall over the whole neighborhood. To Saxon, approaching motherhood, the passing days bore a menace.

The strike proved to be very serious. The neighborhood was full of rioting. In one encounter Bert was killed, and several of Billy's friends are at length responsible for the death of scabs. In the midst of the excitement, Saxon's baby—a girl—is born and dies. Billy was compelled to go on strike, and this brought much hardship to the Pine Street cottage; funds and provisions gave out. Harmon, a railroad fireman, was taken as a lodger. Saxon stood stoutly by her husband and refused to let him take any job that would "throw the other fellows down." Billy began to drink. One night he came home terribly bruised, after a boxing bout with the "Chicago Terror." But he brought twenty dollars, the loser's end.

Much discouraged, Billy continues his intemperate habits. One day, in a fit of absolutely unwarranted jealousy, he attacks Harmon, the lodger, for which he receives a thirty-day jail sentence. During that time Saxon struggles along as best she can, and in her loneliness has much time for reflection. She realizes that out of their present condition and mode of life no happiness can come. She is shocked one day to discover that Mary, her old friend and Bert's widow, has been driven upon the streets. She must get away from it all. Billy's release is celebrated by a theater treat, for which his precious amareur athletic medals are pawned. At the moving pictures they see a film depicting farm life. This determines them. They will seek a home in the country.

As soon as possible they start, equipped for camping, to seek government land in the southern part of the state. From chance acquaintances they learn much of the farming practises of the foreign element. In three days they are at San José, where they come to the small farm of a widow, Mrs. M

E hiked into Monterey last winter, but we're ridin'out now, b'gosh!" Billy said, as the train pulled out.

They had decided against retracing their steps over the ground already traveled, and took the train to San Francisco, bound north for their blanket Their intention was to cross the bay to Sausalito and wander up through the coast counties. Here, they had been told, they would find the true home of the redwood. But Billy, in the smoking-car for a cigarette, seated himself beside a man who was destined to deflect them from their course. He was a keen-faced, dark-eyed man, undoubtedly a Jew; and Billy, remem-

bering Saxon's admonition always to ask questions, watched his opportunity and started a conversation. It took but a little while to learn that Gunston was a commission merchant, and to realize that the content of his talk was too valuable for Saxon to lose. Promptly when he saw that the other's cigar was finished, Billy invited him into the next car to meet Saxon. Billy would have been incapable of such an act prior to his sojourn in Carmel. That much, at least, he had acquired of social facility.

"He's just ben tellin' me about the potato kings, and I wanted him to tell you," Billy explained to Saxon, after the introduction. "Go on and tell her, Mr. Gunston, about that fan-tan sucker that made nineteen thousan' last year in celery an' asparagus."

"I was just telling your husband about the way the Chinese make things go up the San Joaquin River. It would be worth your while to go up there and look around. It's the good season now—too early for mosquitoes."

"Tell her about Chow Lam," Billy urged. The commission merchant leaned back

and laughed.

"Chow Lam, seven years ago, was a broken-down fan-tan player. He hadn't a cent, and his health was going back on him. He had worn out his back with twenty years' work in the gold mines, washing over the tailings of the early miners. And whatever he'd made he'd lost at gambling. Also, he was in debt three hundred dollars to the Six Companies—you know, they're Chinese affairs. And remember, this was only seven years ago-health breaking down, three hundred in debt, and no trade. Chow Lam blew into Stockton and got a job on the peat lands at day's wages. It was a Chinese company, down on Middle River, that farmed celery and asparagus. This was when he got onto himself and took stock of himself.

"He saved his wages for two years, and bought one share in a thirty-share company. That was only five years ago. They leased three hundred acres of peat land from a white man who preferred traveling in Europe. Out of the profits of that one share in the first year, he bought two shares in another company. And in a year more, out of the three shares, he organized a company of his own. One year of this, with bad luck, and he just broke even. That brings it up to three years ago. The following year, bumper crops, he netted four thousand. The next year it was five thousand. And last year he cleaned up nineteen

thousand dollars!"

"My!" was all Saxon could say.

Her eager interest, however, incited the

commission merchant to go on.

"Look at Sing Kee—the potato king of Stockton. I know him well. I've had more large deals with him and made less money than with any man I know. He was only a coolie, and he smuggled himself into the United States thirty years ago. Started at day's wages, then peddled vegetables in a couple of baskets slung on a stick, and after that opened up a store in Chinatown in San Francisco. But he had a head on him, and he was soon onto the curves of the Chinese

farmers that dealt at his store. The store couldn't make money fast enough to suit him. He headed up the San Joaquin. Didn't do much for a couple of years except keep his eyes peeled. Then he jumped in and leased twelve hundred acres at seven dollars an acre—"

"Whew!" Billy said. "Eight thousan', four hundred dollars just for rent the first year. I know five hundred acres I can

buy for three dollars an acre."

"Will it grow potatoes?" Gunston asked.

Billy shook his head. "Nor nothin' else, I guess."

All three laughed heartily, and the commission merchant resumed:

"That seven dollars was only for the land. Possibly you know what it costs to plow twelve hundred acres?"

Billy nodded solemnly.

"And he got a hundred and sixty sacks to the acre that year," Gunston continued. "Potatoes were selling at fifty cents. My father was at the head of our concern at the time, so I know for a fact. And Sing Kee could have sold at fifty cents and made money. But did he? Trust a Chinaman to know the market. They can skin the commission merchants at it. Sing Kee held on. When 'most everybody else had sold, potatoes began to climb. He laughed at our buyers when we offered him sixty cents, seventy cents, a dollar. Do you want to know what he finally did sell for? One dollar and sixty-five a sack. Suppose they actually cost him forty cents. A hundred and sixty times twelve hundredlet me see-twelve times naught is naught, and twelve times sixteen is a hundred and ninety-two. A hundred and ninety-two thousand sacks at a dollar and a quarter net-four into a hundred and ninety-two is forty-eight, plus, is two hundred and forty-there you are: two hundred and forty thousand dollars clear profit on that year's deal.

"But of course that was unusual," Gunston hastened to qualify. "There was a failure of potatoes in other districts, and a corner, and in some strange way Sing Kee was dead on. He never made profits like that again. But he goes ahead steadily. Last year he had four thousand acres in potatoes, a thousand in asparagus, five hundred in celery, and five hundred in beans. And he's running six hundred acres in seeds.

No matter what happens to one or two crops, he can't lose on all of them."

"Why don't Americans succeed like that?"

asked Saxon.

"Because they won't, I guess. There's nothing to stop them except themselves. I'll tell you one thing, though—give me the Chinese to deal with. He's honest. His word is as good as his bond. If he says he'll do a thing, he'll do it. And anyway, the white man doesn't know how to farm. Even the up-to-date white farmer is content with one crop at a time and rotation of crops. Mr. John Chinaman goes him one better, and grows two crops at one time on the same soil. I've seen it—radishes and carrots, two crops, sown at one time."

"Which don't stand to reason," Billy objected; "they'd be only a half-crop to

each.'

"Another guess coming," Gunston jeered.
"Carrots have to be thinned when they're so far along. So do radishes. But carrots grow slow. Radishes grow fast. The slow-going carrots serve the purpose of thinning the radishes. And when the radishes are pulled, ready for market, that thins the carrots, which come along later. You can't beat the Chink."

"Don't see why a white man can't do what a Chink can," protested Billy.

"That sounds all right," Gunston replied. "The only objection is that the white man doesn't. The Chink is busy all the time, and he keeps the ground just as busy. He has organization, system. Who ever heard of white farmers keeping books? The Chink does. No guesswork with him. He knows just where he stands, to a cent, on any crop at any moment. And he knows the market. He plays both ends. How he does it is beyond me, but he knows the market better than we commission merchants."

The conversation with Gunston lasted hours, and the more he talked of the Chinese and their farming ways the more Saxon became aware of a growing dissatisfaction. She did not question the facts. The trouble was that they were not alluring. Somehow, she could not find place for them in her valley of the moon. It was not until the genial Jew left the train that Billy gave definite statement to what was vaguely bothering her.

"Huh! We ain't Chinks. We're white folks. Does a Chink ever want to ride a horse, hell-bent for election an' havin' a

good time of it? Did you ever see a Chink go swimmin' out through the breakers at Carmel?—or boxin', wrestlin,' runnin,' an' jumpin,' for the sport of it? Did you ever see a Chink take a shotgun on his arm, tramp six miles, an' come back happy with one measly rabbit? What does a Chink do? Work his head off. But what's the good? If they's one thing I've learned solid since you an' me hit the road. Saxon. it is that work's the least part of life. God -if it was all of life I couldn't cut my throat quick enough to get away from it! Look at Rockefeller. Has to live on milk. I want porterhouse and a stomach that can bite sole-leather. An' I want you, an' plenty of time along with you, an' fun for both of us. What's the good of life if they ain't no fun?"

"Oh, Billy!" Saxon cried. "It's just what I've been trying to get straightened out in my head. It's been worrying me for ever so long. I was afraid there was something wrong with me-that I wasn't made for the country, after all. All the time I didn't envy the San Leandro Portuguese. I didn't want to be one, or a Pajaro Valley Dalmatian, or even a Mrs. Mortimer. And you didn't, either. What we want is a valley of the moon, with not too much work, and all the fun we want. And we'll just keep on looking until we find it. And if we don't find it, we'll go on having the fun just as we have ever since we left Oakland. And, Billy, we're never, never going to work

our heads off, are we?"

"Not on your life," Billy growled, in fierce affirmation.

They walked into Black Diamond with their packs on their backs. It was a scattered village of shabby little cottages, with a main street that was a wallow of black mud from the last late spring rain. The sidewalk's bumped up and down in uneven steps and landings. Everything seemed un-American. The names on the strange, dingy shops were unspeakably foreign. The one dingy hotel was run by a Greek.

"Huh!-this ain't the United States,"

Billy muttered.

At the steamboat wharf, they watched the bright-painted Greek boats arriving, discharging their loads of glorious salmon, and departing. New York Cut-off, as the slough was called, curved to the west and north and flowed into a vast body of water which was the united Sacramento and San

Ioaquin rivers.

Billy pointed out the mouth of the slough and across the broad reach of water to a cluster of tiny white buildings, behind which, like a glimmering mirage, rolled the low Montezuma Hills.

"Those houses is Collinsville," he informed her. "The Sacramento River comes in there, and you go up it to Rio Vista an' Isleton and Walnut Grove and all those places Mr. Gunston was tellin' us about. Ît's all islands an' sloughs, connectin' clear across to the San Joaquin."

Now and again an overland passenger train rushed by in the distance, echoing along the background of foothills of Mt. Diablo, which bulked, twin-peaked, greencrinkled, against the sky. Then the slumbrous quiet would fall, to be broken by the far call of a foreign tongue or by a gasoline

fishing-boat chugging in through the mouth

of the slough.

Not a hundred feet away, anchored close in the tules, lay a beautiful white yacht. Despite its tininess, it looked broad and comfortable. Smoke was rising for'ard from its stovepipe. On its stern, in gold letters, they read "Roamer." On top of the cabin, basking in the sunshine, lay a man and woman, the latter with a pink scarf around her head. The man was reading aloud from a book while she sewed. Beside them sprawled a fox-terrier.

"Gosh-they don't have to stick around cities to be happy!" Billy commented.

A Japanese came on deck from the cabin. sat down for ard, and began picking a chicken. The feathers floated away in a long line toward the mouth of the slough.

"Oh, look!" Saxon pointed in her excitement. "He's fishing! And the line is

fast to his toe!"

The man had dropped the book facedownward on the cabin and reached for the line, while the woman looked up from her sewing and the terrier began to bark. In came the line, hand under hand, and at the end a big catfish. When this was removed, and the line rebaited and dropped overboard, the man took a turn around his toe and went on reading.

A Japanese came down on the landingstage beside Saxon and Billy and hailed the yacht. He carried parcels of meat and vegetables; one coat pocket bulged with letters, the other with morning papers. In

response to his hail, the Japanese on the yacht stood up with the part-plucked chicken. The man said something to him. put aside the book, got into the white skiff lying astern, and rowed to the landing. As he came alongside the stage, he pulled in his oars, caught hold, and said good-morning genially.

"Why, I know you," Saxon said impulsively, to Billy's amazement. "You are-" Here she broke off in confusion.

"Go on," the man said, smiling.

"You are Jack Hastings, I'm sure of it. I used to see your photograph in the papers all the time you were war correspondent in the Japanese-Russian War."

"Right you are," he ratified. "And what's your name?"

Saxon introduced herself and Billy, and, when she noted the writer's observant eye on their packs, she sketched the pilgrimage they were on. The farm in the valley of the moon evidently caught his fancy, and, though the Japanese and his parcels were safely in the skiff, Hastings still lingered. When Saxon spoke of Carmel, he seemed to know everybody in Hall's crowd, and when he heard they were intending to go to Rio Vista, his invitation was immediate.

"Why, we're going that way ourselves, inside an hour, as soon as slack water comes," he exclaimed. "It's just the thing. Come on on board. We'll be there by four this afternoon if there's any wind at all. Come on. My wife's on board, and Mrs. Hall is one of her best chums. We've been away to South America; just got back, or you'd have seen us in Carmel."

It was the second time in her life that Saxon had been in a small boat, and the Roamer was the first yacht she had ever been on board. The writer's wife, whom he called Clara, welcomed them heartily, and Saxon lost no time in falling in love with her and in being fallen in love with in return. So strikingly did they resemble each other that Hastings was not many minutes in calling attention to it. He placed them side by side, studied their eyes and mouths and ears, compared their hands, their hair, their ankles, and swore that his fondest dream was shatterednamely, that when Clara had been made the mold was broken.

Hastings decided to eat dinner—he called the midday meal by its old-fashioned name -before sailing; and down below Saxon

was surprised and delighted by the measure of comfort in so tiny a cabin. There was just room for Billy to stand upright. A centerboard case divided the room in half longitudinally, and to this was attached the hinged table from which they ate. Low bunks that ran the full cabin-length, upholstered in cheerful green, served as seats. A curtain, easily attached by hooks between the centerboard case and the roof, at night screened Mrs. Hastings' sleeping quarters. On the opposite side the two Japanese bunked, while for'ard, under the deck, was the galley. So small was it that there was just room beside it for the cook, who was compelled by the low deck to squat on his hams. The other Japanese, who had brought the parcels on board, waited on the

"They are looking for a ranch in the valley of the moon," Hastings concluded his explanation of the pilgrimage to Clara.

explanation of the pilgrimage to Clara. "Oh!—don't you know—" she cried; but was silenced by her husband.

"Hush," he said peremptorily, then turned to their guests. "Listen. There's something in that valley-of-the-moon idea, but I won't tell you what. It is a secret. Now, we've a ranch in Sonoma Valley, and if you ever come there you'll learn the secret. Oh, believe me, it's connected with your valley of the moon. Isn't it, Mate?" This was the mutual name he and Clara had for each other.

"You might find our valley the very one

you are looking for," she said.

But Hastings shook his head at her to check further speech on her part. She turned to the fox-terrier and made it speak

for a piece of meat.

"Her name's Peggy," she told Saxon. "We had two Irish terriers down in the South Seas, brother and sister, but they died. We called them Peggy and Possum. So she's named after the original Peggy."

Billy was impressed by the ease with which the Roamer was operated. At a word from Hastings, the two Japanese had gone on deck, while they lingered at table. Billy could hear them throwing down the halyards, casting off gaskets, and heaving the anchor short on the tiny winch. In several minutes one called down that everything was ready, and all went on deck. Hoisting mainsail and jigger was a matter of minutes. Then the cook and cabin-boy broke out anchor, and, while one hove it up,

the other hoisted the jib. Hastings, at the wheel, trimmed the sheet. The Roamer paid off, filled her sails, slightly heeling, and slid across the smooth water and out the mouth of New York Slough. The Japanese coiled the halyards and went below for their own dinner.

The tiny white houses of Collinsville, which they were nearing, disappeared behind a low island, though the Montezuma Hills, with their long, low, restful lines, slumbered on the horizon apparently as far

away as ever.

As the Roamer passed the mouth of Montezuma Slough and entered the Sacramento, they came upon Collinsville close at hand. Saxon clapped her hands.

"It's like a lot of toy houses," she said,

"cut out of cardboard."

They passed many arks and houseboats of fishermen moored among the tules, and the women and children, like the men in the boats, were dark skinned, black eyed, foreign. As they proceeded up the river, they began to encounter dredgers at work, biting out mouthfuls of the sandy river bottom and heaping it on top the huge levees. Great mats of willow brush, hundreds of yards in length, were laid on top the river slope of the levees and held in place by steel cables and thousands of cubes of cement. The willows soon sprouted, Hastings told them, and by the time the mats were rotted away, the sand was held in place by the roots of the trees.

"It must cost like Sam Hill," Billy

observed.

"But the land is worth it," Hastings explained. "This island land is the most productive in the world. This section of California is like Holland. You wouldn't think it, but this water we're sailing on is higher than the surface of the islands."

Except for the dredgers, the fresh-piled sand, the dense willow thickets, and always Mt. Diablo to the south, nothing was to be seen. Occasionally a river steamboat passed, and blue herons flew into the trees.

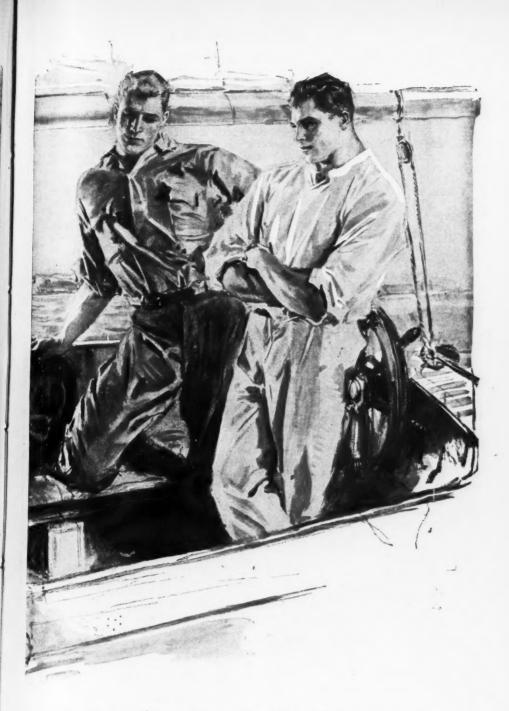
"It must be very lonely," Saxon remarked. Hastings laughed and told her she would change her mind later. Much he related to them of the river lands, and after a while he got on the subject of tenant farming. Saxon had started him by speaking of the landhungry Anglo-Saxons.

"Land-hogs," he snapped. "That's our record in this country. As one old Reuben



DRAWN BY HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY

So strikingly did they resemble each other that Hastings was not many minutes in calling attention their hair, their ankles, and swore that his fondest dream was shattered



to it. He placed them side by side, studied their eyes and mouths and ears, compared their hands, namely, that when Clara had been made the mold was broken

told a professor at an agricultural experiment station: 'They ain't no sense in tryin' to teach me farmin'. I know all about it. Ain't I worked out three farms?' It was his kind that destroyed New England. Back there, great sections are re-

lapsing to wilderness.

"And the same thing is going on, in one way or another, the same land robbing and hogging, over the rest of the country-down in Texas, in Missouri and Kansas, out here in California. Take tenant farming. I know a ranch in my county where the land was worth a hundred and twenty-five an acre. And it gave its return at that valua-When the old man died, the son leased it to a Portuguese and went to live in the city. In five years the Portuguese skimmed the cream and dried up the udder. The second lease, with another Portuguese for three years, gave one-quarter the former return. No third Portuguese appeared to offer to lease it. There wasn't anything left. That ranch was worth fifty thousand when the old man died. In the end the son got eleven thousand for it. Why, I've seen land that paid twelve per cent. that after the skimming of a five-years' lease paid only one and a quarter per cent."

"It's the same in our valley," Mrs. Hastings supplemented. "All the old farms are dropping into ruin. Take the Bell place, Mate." Her husband nodded emphatic endorsement. "When we used to know it, it was a perfect paradise of a farm. There were dams and lakes, beautiful meadows, lush hay-fields, red hills of grape-lands, hundreds of acres of good pasture, heavenly groves of pines and oaks, a stone winery, stone barns, grounds—oh, I couldn't describe it in hours. When Mrs. Bell died, the family scattered, and the leasing began.

It's a ruin to-day."

"It's become a profession," Hastings went on. "The 'movers.' They lease, clean out, and gut a place in several years, and then move on. They're not like the foreigners, the Chinese, and Japanese, and the rest. In the main they're a lazy, vagabond, poor white sort, who do nothing else but skin the soil and move, skin the soil and move. Now, take the Portuguese and Italians in our county. They are different. They arrive in the country without a penny and work for others of their countrymen until they've learned the language and their way about. Now they're

not movers. What they are after is land of their own, which they will love and care for and conserve. But in the mean time, how to get it? Saving wages is slow. There is a quicker way. They lease. In three years they can gut enough out of somebody else's land to set themselves up for life. It is sacrilege, a veritable rape of the land; but what of it? It's the way of the United States."

He turned suddenly on Billy.

"Look here, Roberts. You and your wife are looking for your bit of land. You want it bad. Now take my advice. It's cold, hard advice. Become a tenant farmer. Lease some place, where the old folks have died and the country isn't good enough for the sons and daughters. Then gut it. Wring the last dollar out of the soil, repair nothing, and in three years you'll have your own place paid for. Then turn over a new leaf, and love your soil."

"But it's wicked!" Saxon wrung out.

"It's wicked advice."

"We live in a wicked age," Hastings countered, smiling grimly. "This wholesale land skinning is the national crime of the United States to-day. Nor would I give your husband such advice if I weren't absolutely certain that the land he skins would be skinned by some Portuguese or Italian if he refrained. Help yourself. If you don't, the immigrants will."

"Oh, you don't know him," Mrs. Hastings hurried to explain. "He spends all his time on the ranch in conserving the soil. There are over a thousand acres of woods alone, and though he thins and forests like a surgeon, he won't let a tree be chopped without his permission. He's even planted a hundred thousand trees. He's always draining and ditching to stop erosion, and experimenting with pasture grasses. And every little while he buys some exhausted adjoining ranch and starts building up the soil."

"Wherefore I know what I'm talking about," Hastings broke in. "And my advice holds. I love the soil, yet to-morrow, things being as they are and if I were poor, I'd gut five hundred acres in order to buy twenty-five for myself. When you get into Sonoma Valley, look me up, and I'll put you onto the whole game, and both ends of it."

Ahead, on the left bank of the Sacramento just at the fading end of the Montezuma Hills, Rio Vista appeared. The Roamer

slipped through the smooth water, past steamboat wharves, landing-stages, and warehouses. The two Japanese went for-ard on deck. At command of Hastings, the jib ran down, and he shot the Roamer into the wind, losing way until he called, "Let go the hook!" The anchor went down, and the yacht swung to it, so close to shore that the skiff lay under overhanging willows.

"Farther up the river we tie to the bank,"
Mrs. Hastings said, "so that when you
wake in the morning you find the branches
of trees sticking down into the cabin."

She regretted the smallness of the cabin which prevented her from offering sleeping accommodations.

XXXVIII

Crossing the Sacramento on an old-fashioned ferry, a short distance above Rio Vista, Saxon and Billy entered the river country. From the top of the levee she got her revelation. Roads ran in every direction, and she saw countless farmhouses of which she had never dreamed when sailing on the lonely river.

Three weeks they spent among the rich farm islands, which heaped up levees and pumped day and night to keep afloat. It was a monotonous land, with an unvarying richness of soil, and with only one landmark -Mt. Diablo, ever to be seen, sleeping in the midday azure, limning its crinkled mass against the sunset sky, or forming like a dream out of the silver dawn. Sometimes on foot, often by launch, they criss-crossed and threaded the river region as far as the peat lands of Middle River, down the San Joaquin to Antioch, and up Georgiana Slough to Walnut Grove on the Sacramento. And it proved a foreign land. The workers of the soil teemed by thousands, yet Saxon and Billy knew what it was to go a whole day without finding anyone who spoke English. They encountered-sometimes in whole villages—Chinese, Japanese, Italians, Portuguese, Swiss, Hindus, Koreans, Norwegians, Danes, French, Armenians, Slavsalmost every nationality save American. One American they found on the lower reaches of Georgiana who eked an illicit existence by fishing with traps. Another American, who spouted blood and destruction on all political subjects, was an itinerant bee-farmer. At Walnut Grove, bustling with life, the few Americans consisted of the

storekeeper, the saloon-keeper, the butcher, the keeper of the drawbridge, and the ferryman. Yet two thriving towns were in Walnut Grove, one Chinese, one Japanese. Most of the land was owned by Americans, who lived away from it and were continually selling it to the foreigners.

A riot, or a merrymaking—they could not tell which—was taking place in the Japanese town, as Saxon and Billy steamed out on the Apache, bound for Sacramento.

"We're settin' on the stoop," Billy railed.
"Pretty soon they'll crowd us off of that."
"There won't be any stoop in the valley of the moon," Saxon cheered him.

But he was inconsolable, remarking bitterly,

"An' they ain't one of them damn foreigners that can handle four horses like me.

"But they can everlastingly farm," he added.

At Sacramento they stopped two weeks, where Billy drove team and earned the money to put them along on their travels. Also, life in Oakland and Carmel, close to the salt edge of the coast, had spoiled them for the interior. Too warm, was their verdict of Sacramento, and they followed the railroad west, through a region of swamp-land to Davisville. Here they were lured aside and to the north to pretty Woodland, where Billy drove team for a fruit-farm, and where Saxon wrung from him a reluctant consent for her to work a few days in the fruit harvest. She made an important and mystifying secret of what she intended doing with her earnings, and Billy teased her about it until the matter passed from his mind. Nor did she tell him of a moneyorder inclosed with a certain blue slip of paper in a letter to Bud Strothers.

They began to suffer from the heat. Billy declared they had strayed out of the blanket

"There are no redwoods here," Saxon said. "We must go west toward the coast. It is there we'll find the valley of the moon."

From Woodland, they swung west and south along the county roads to the fruit paradise of Vacaville. Here Billy picked fruit, then drove team; and here Saxon received a letter and a tiny express package from Bud Strothers. When Billy came into camp from the day's work, she bade him stand still and shut his eyes. For a few seconds she fumbled and did something to the breast of his cotton work-shirt.

"Close your eyes and give me a kiss," she sang, "and then I'll show you what iss."

She kissed him, and when he looked down he saw, pinned to his shirt, the gold medals he had pawned the day they had gone to the moving-picture show and received their inspiration to return to the land.

"You darned kid!" he exclaimed, as he caught her to him. "So that's what you blew your fruit money in on? An' I never

guessed! Come here to you."

And thereupon she suffered the pleasant mastery of his brawn, and was hugged and wrestled with until the coffee-pot boiled over and she darted from him to the rescue.

"I kinda always 've ben a mite proud of 'em," he confessed, as he rolled his after-supper cigarette. "They take me back to my kid days when I amateured it to beat the band. But say, d'ye know, they'd clean slipped my recollection. Oakland's a thousand years away from you an' me, an' ten thousan' miles."

"Then this will bring you back to it,"

Saxon said, opening Bud's letter.

Bud had taken it for granted that Billy knew the wind-up of the strike, so he devoted himself to the details as to which men had got back their jobs and which had been blacklisted. To his own amazement, he had been taken back, and was now driving Billy's horses. Still more amazing was the further information he had to impart. The old foreman of the West Oakland stables had died, and since then two other foremen had done nothing but make messes of everything. The point of all which was that the boss had spoken that day to Bud, regretting the disappearance of Billy.

"Don't make no mistake," Bud wrote; "the boss is onto all your curves. I bet he knows every scab you slugged. Just the same he says to me: 'Strothers, if you ain't at liberty to give me his address just write yourself and tell him for me to come a-running. I'll give him a hundred and twenty-five a month to take hold of the

stables."

Saxon waited with well-concealed anxiety when the letter was finished. Billy, stretched out, leaning on one elbow, blew a medi-

tative ring of smoke.

"Well," he uttered finally, "all you gotta do is write Bud Strothers an' tell 'm not on the boss' ugly tintype. An' while you're about it, I'll send 'm the money to get my watch out. You work out the interest. The overcoat can stay there an' rot."

But they did not prosper in the interior heat. They lost weight. The resilience went out of their minds and bodies. As Billy expressed it, their silk was frazzled. So they shouldered their packs and headed west across the wild mountains. In the Berryessa Valley, the shimmering heatwaves made their eyes ache and their heads so that they traveled on in the early morning and late afternoon. Still west they headed, over more mountains, to beautiful Napa Valley. The next valley beyond was Sonoma, where Hastings had invited them to his ranch. And here they would have gone, had not Billy chanced upon a newspaper item which told of the writer's departure to cover some revolution that was breaking out somewhere in Mexico.

Three times in the Napa Valley, Billy refused work. Past St. Helena, Saxon hailed with joy the unmistakable redwoods they could see growing up the small canyons that penetrated the western wall of the valley. At Calistoga, at the end of the railroad they saw the six-horse stages leaving for Middletown and Lower Lake. They debated their route. That way led to Lake County and not toward the coast, so Saxon and Billy swung west through the mountains to the valley of the Russian River, coming out at Healdsburg. They lingered in the hop-fields on the rich bottoms, where Billy scorned to pick hops alongside of Indians,

Japanese, and Chinese.

"I couldn't work alongside of 'em an hour before I'd be knockin' their blocks off,"

he explained.

So they idled their way north up the broad, fertile valley, so happy that they forgot that work was ever necessary, while the valley of the moon was a golden dream, remote, but sure some day of realization. At Cloverdale, Billy fell into luck. A combination of sickness and mischance found the stage stables short a driver. Each day the train disgorged passengers for the geysers, and Billy, as if accustomed to it all his life, took the reins of six horses and drove a full load over the mountains in stage time. The second trip he had Saxon beside him on the high box-seat. By the end of two weeks the regular driver was back. Billy declined a stable-job, took his wages, and continued north.

Saxon had adopted a fox-terrier puppy and named him Possum, after the dog Mrs. Hastings had told them about. So young was he that he quickly became footsore, and she carried him until Billy perched him on top of his pack and grumbled that Possum was chewing his back hair to a frazzle.

They passed through the painted vinevards of Asti at the end of the grape picking, and entered Ukiah, drenched to the skin by

the first winter rain.

"Say," Billy said, "this summer's gone by on wheels. An' now it's up to us to find some place to winter. This Ukiah looks like a pretty good burg. We'll get a room to-night an' dry out. An' to-morrow I'll hustle around to the stables, an' if I locate anything, we can rent a shack an' have all winter to think about where we'll go next year."

XXXIX

THE winter proved much less exciting than the one spent in Carmel, and keenly as Saxon had appreciated the Carmel folk, she now appreciated them more keenly than ever. In Ukiah, she formed nothing more than superficial acquaintances. Here, people were more like those of the working class she had known in Oakland, or else they were merely wealthy and herded together in automobiles. There was no democratic artist colony that pursued fellowship disregardful of the caste of wealth.

Yet it was a more enjoyable winter than any she had spent in Oakland. Billy had failed to get regular employment; so she saw much of him, and they lived a prosperous and happy hand-to-hand existence in the tiny cottage they rented. As extra man at the biggest livery stable, Billy's spare time was so great that he drifted into horse trading. It was hazardous, and more than once he was broke, but the table never wanted for the best of steak and coffee, nor did they stint themselves for clothes.

Often Billy had Saxon out on spare saddlehorses from the stable, and his horse-deals took them on many trips into the surrounding country. Likewise, she was with him when he was driving horses to sell on commission; and in both their minds, independently, arose a new idea concerning their pilgrimage. Billy was the first to broach it.

"I run into an outfit the other day that's stored in town," he said, "an it's kept me

thinkin' ever since. Ain't no use tryin' to get you to guess it, because you can't. I'll tell you—the swellest wagon-campin' outfit anybody ever heard of. First of all, the wagon's a peacherino. Strong as they make 'em. It was made to order, up on Puget Sound, an' it was tested out all the way down here. No load an' no road can strain The guy had consumption that had it built. A doctor an' a cook traveled with 'm till he passed in his checks here in Ukiah, two years ago. But say-if you could see it. Every kind of a contrivance—a place for everything-a regular home on wheels. Now if we could get that, an' a couple of plugs, we could travel like kings."

"Oh, Billy—it's just what I've been dreaming all winter! It would be ideal. And-well, sometimes on the road I'm sure you can't help forgetting what a nice little wife you've got—and with a wagon I could have all kinds of pretty clothes along.'

Billy's blue eyes glowed a caress, cloudy and warm, as he said quietly, "I've been

thinkin' about that."

"And you can carry a rifle and shotgun and fishing-poles and everything," she rushed along. "And a good, big ax, mansize, instead of that hatchet you're always complaining about. And Possum can lift up his legs and rest. And—but suppose you can't buy it? How much do they want?"

"One hundred an' fifty big bucks," he answered. "But dirt cheap at that. It's givin' it away. I tell you that rig wasn't built for a cent less than four hundred, an' I know wagon-work in the dark. Now, if I can put through that dicker with Caswell's six horses-say, I just got onto that horsebuyer to-day. If he buys 'em, who d'ye think he'll ship 'em to? To the boss, right to the West Oakland stables. I'm goin' to get you to write to him. Travelin' as we're goin' to, I can pick up bargains. An' if the boss'll talk, I can make the regular horsebuyer's commissions. He'll have to trust me with a lot of money, though, which most likely he won't, knowin' all his scabs I beat up.

"If he could trust you to run his stables, I guess he isn't afraid to let you handle his money," Saxon said.

Billy shrugged his shoulders, in modest

"Well, anyway, as I was sayin', if I can sell Caswell's six horses, why, we can stand off this month's bills an' buy the wagon."



Saxon visioned the picture, and shook her head slowly in a reaction of regret. "Three hundred spot cash buys 'em," Billy went on. "An' that's bed-rock"

"But horses?" Saxon queried anxiously. "They'll come later—if I have to take a regular job for two or three months."

Saxon saw the wagon, and was so infatuated with it that she lost a night's sleep from sheer insomnia of anticipation. Then Caswell's six horses were sold, the month's bills held over, and the wagon became theirs. One rainy morning, two weeks later, Billy had scarcely left the house, to be gone on an all-day trip into the country after horses, when he was back again.

"Come on!" he called to Saxon, from the street. "I want to show you something."

He drove down-town to a board stable, and took her through to a large, roofed enclosure in the rear. There he led to her a span of sturdy dappled chestnuts, with cream-colored manes and tails.

"Oh, the beauties! the beauties!" Saxon cried, resting her cheek against the velvet muzzle of one, while the other roguishly nozzled for a share.

"Ain't they though!" Billy reveled, leading them up and down before her admiring gaze. "Thirteen hundred an' fifty each, an' they don't look the weight, they're that slick put together. I couldn't believe it myself, till I put 'em on the scales. Say, how'd they look hooked up to that wagon of ourn?"

Saxon visioned the picture, and shook her head slowly in a reaction of regret.

"Three hundred spot cash buys 'em," Billy went on. "An' that's bed-rock. The owner wants the money so bad he's droolin' for it. Just gotta sell, an' sell quick. An' Saxon, honest to God, that pair'd fetch five hundred at auction. Both mares, full sisters, five an' six years old, registered Belgian sire, out of a heavy standard-bred mare that I know. Three hundred takes 'em, an' I got the refusal for three days."

Saxon's sadness changed to indignation.
"Oh, why did you show them to me? We haven't got three hundred, and you know it."

"Maybe you think that's all I brought you down-town for," he replied enigmatically. "Well, it ain't."

He paused, licked his lips, and shifted his weight uneasily from one leg to the other.

"Now you listen till I get all done before you say anything. Ready?"

She nodded.

"Won't open your mouth?"

This time she obediently shook her head.

"Well, it's this way," he began haltingly. "They's a youngster come up from Frisco. Young Sandow they call 'm, an' the Pride of Telegraph Hill. He's the real goods of a heavyweight, an' he was to fight Montana Red Saturday night, only Montana Red, just in a little trainin' bout, snapped his forearm yesterday. The managers has kept it quiet. Now here's the proposition: Lots of tickets sold, an' they'll be a big crowd Saturday night. At the last moment, so as not to disappoint 'em, they'll spring me to take Montana's place. I'm the dark Nobody knows me-not even Young Sandow. He's come up since my time. I'll be a rube fighter. I can fight as Horse Roberts.

"Now wait a minute. The winner'll pull down three hundred big round iron dollars. Wait, I'm tellin' you! It's a lead-pipe cinch. It's like robbin' a corpse. Sandow's got all the heart in the world—regular knock-down-an'-drag-out-an'-hangon fighter. I've followed 'm in the papers. But he ain't clever. I'm slow, all right, all right, but I'm clever, an' I got a haymaker in each arm. I got Sandow's number, an' I know it.

"Now you got the say-so in this. If you say yes, the nags is ourn. But don't look at me while you're makin' up your mind. Keep your lamps on the horses."

It was with painful indecision that she looked at the beautiful animals.

"Their names is Hazel an' Hattie," Billy put in a sly wedge. "If we get 'em we could call it the Double H outfit."

But Saxon forgot the team and could only see Billy's frightfully bruised body the night he fought the Chicago Terror. She was about to speak, when Billy, who had been hanging on her lips, broke in:

"Just hitch 'm up to our wagon in your mind an' look at the outfit. You got to go some to beat it."

"But you're not in training, Billy," she said suddenly.

"Huh!" he snorted. "I've ben in half-trainin' for the last year. My legs is like iron. They'll hold me up as long as I've got a punch left in my arms, and I always have that. Besides, I won't let 'm make a long fight. He's a man-eater, an' man-eaters is my meat. I eat 'm alive. It's the clever boys with the stamina an' endurance that I can't put away. But this Young Sandow's my meat. It's a lead-pipe

cinch, I tell you. Honest to God, Saxon, it's a shame to take the money!"

"But I hate to think of you all battered up," she temporized. "If I didn't love you so, it might be different. And then,

too, you might get hurt."

Billy laughed in contemptuous pride of

youth and brawn.

The evening of the fight, at quarter past eight, Saxon parted from Billy. At quarter past nine, with hot water, ice, and everything ready in anticipation, she heard the gate click and Billy's step come up the porch. She had agreed to the fight much against her better judgment, and had regretted her consent every minute of the hour she had just waited; so that, as she opened the front door, she was expectant of any sort of a terrible husband-wreck. But the Billy she saw was precisely the Billy she had parted from.

"There was no fight?" she cried, in such evident disappointment that he laughed.

"They was all yellin' 'Fake! Fake!' when I left, an' wantin' their money back."
"Well, I've got you," she laughed, leading

"Well, I've got you," she laughed, leading him in, though secretly she sighed farewell to Hazel and Hattie.

"I stopped by the way to get something for you that you've ben wantin' some time," Billy said casually. "Shut your eyes an' open your hand; an' when you open your eyes you'll find it grand," he chanted.

Into her hand something was laid that was very heavy and very cold, and when her eyes opened she saw it was a stack of

fifteen twenty-dollar gold pieces.

"I told you it was like takin' money from a corpse," he exulted, as he emerged grinning from the whirlwind of punches, whacks, and hugs in which she had enveloped him. "They wasn't no fight at all. D'ye want to know how long it lasted? Just twenty-seven seconds—less'n half a minute. An' how many blows struck? One. An' it was me that done it. Here, I'll show you. It was just like this—a regular scream."

Billy had taken his place in the middle of the room, slightly crouching, chin tucked against the sheltering left shoulder, fists closed, elbows in so as to guard left side and abdomen, and forearms close to the

body.

"It's the first round," he pictured. "Gong's sounded, an' we shook hands. Of course, seein' as it's a long fight an' we've

never seen each other in action, we ain't in no rush. We're just feelin' each other out an' fiddlin' around. Seventeen seconds like that. Not a blow struck. An' then it's all off with the big Swede. It takes some time to tell it, but it happened in a jiffy, in less 'n a tenth of a second. I wasn't expectin' it myself. We're awful close together. His left glove ain't a foot from my jaw, an' my left glove ain't a foot from hisn. He feints with his right, an' I know it's a feint, an' just hunch up my left shoulder a bit an' feint with my right. That draws his guard over just about an inch, an' I see my openin'. My left ain't got a foot to travel. I don't draw it back none. I start it from where it is, corkscrewin' around his right guard an' pivotin' at the waist to put the weight of my shoulder into the punch. An' it connects! Square on the point of the chin, sideways. He drops deado. I walk back to my corner, an', honest to God, Saxon, I can't help gigglin' a little, it was that easy! The referee stands over 'm an' counts 'm out. He never quivers. The audience don't know what to make of it an' sits paralyzed. His seconds carry 'm to his corner an' set 'm on the stool. But they gotta hold 'm up. Five minutes afterward he opens his eyes-but he ain't seein' nothin. They're glassy. Five minutes more, an' he stands up. They got to help hold 'm, his legs givin' under 'm like they was sausages. An' the seconds has to help 'm through the ropes, an' they go down the aisle to his dressin'-room a-helpin' 'm. An' the crowd beginning to yell 'Fake' an' want its money back. Twenty-seven seconds-one punch-an' a spankin' pair of horses for the best wife Billy Roberts ever had in his long experi-

All of Saxon's old physical worship of her husband revived and doubled on itself many times. He was in all truth a hero, worthy to be of that wing-helmeted company leaping from the beaked boats upon the bloody English sands. The next morning he was awakened by her lips pressed on his left hand.

"Hey!-what are you doin'?" he demanded.

"Kissing Hazel and Hattie good-morning," she answered demurely. "And now I'm going to kiss you good-morning—And just where did your punch land? Show me."

Billy complied, touching the point of her chin with his knuckles. With both her hands on his arm, she shoved it back and tried to draw it forward sharply in similitude of a punch. But Billy withstrained

"Wait," he said. "You don't want to knock your jaw off. I'll show you. A

quarter of an inch will do."

And at a distance of a quarter of an inch from her chin, he administered the slightest

flick of a tap.

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On the instant, Saxon's brain snapped with a white flash of light, while her whole body relaxed, numb and weak, volitionless, and her vision reeled and blurred. The next instant she was herself again, in her eves terror and understanding.

"And it was at a foot that you struck him," she murmured, in a voice of awe.

"Yes, and with the weight of my shoulders behind it," Billy laughed. "Oh, that's nothing. Here, let me show you something else."

He searched out her solar plexus, and did no more than snap his middle finger against This time she experienced a single paralysis, accompanied by a stoppage of breath, but with a brain and vision that remained perfectly clear. In a moment, however, all the unwonted sensations were

"Solar plexus," Billy elucidated. "Imagine what it's like when a man lifts a wallop to it all the way from his knee. the punch that won the championship of

the world for Bob Fitzsimmons.

Saxon shuddered, then resigned herself to Billy's playful demonstration of the weak points in the human anatomy. He pressed the tip of a finger into the middle of her forearm, and she knew excruciating agony. On either side her neck, at the base, he dented gently with his thumbs, and she felt herself quickly growing unconscious.

"That's one of the death-touches of the Japs," he told her, and went on, accompanying grips and holds with a running expo-"Here's the toe-hold that Gotch defeated Hackenschmidt with. I learned it from Farmer Burns. An' here's a halfnelson. An' here's you makin' roughhouse at a dance, an' I'm the floor-manager, an' I gotta put you out."

One hand grasped her wrist, the other hand passed around and under her forearm

and grasped his own wrist. And at the first hint of pressure she felt that her arm was

a pipe-stem about to break.

"That's called the 'come along.' An' here's the strong-arm. A boy can down a man with it. An' if you ever get into a scrap an' the other fellow gets your nose between his teeth—you don't want to lose your nose, do you? Well, this is what you do, quick as a flash."

Involuntarily she closed her eyes as Billy's thumb-ends pressed into them. She could feel the forerunning ache of a dull and terri-

ble hurt.

"If he don't let go, you just press real hard, an' out pop his eyes, an' he's blind as a bat for the rest of his life. Oh, he'll let go all right, all right.'

He released her and lay back laughing. "How d'ye feel?" he asked. "Those ain't boxin' tricks, but they're all in the game in a roughhouse.

"I feel like revenge," she said, trying to apply the "come along" to his arm.

When she exerted the pressure she cried out with pain; for she had succeeded only in hurting herself. Billy grinned at her futility. She dug her thumbs into his neck in imitation of the Japanese death-touch, then gazed ruefully at the bent ends of her nails. She punched him smartly on the point of the chin and again cried out, this time to the bruise of her knuckles.

"Well, this can't hurt me," she gritted through her teeth, as she assailed his solar

plexus with her doubled fists.

By this time he was in a roar of laughter. Under the sheaths of muscles that were as armor, the fatal nerve-center remained impervious.

"Go on; do it some more," he urged, when she had given up, breathing heavily. feels fine, like you was tickling me with a

feather.

"All right, Mister Man," she threatened "You can talk about your grips balefully. and death-touches and all the rest, but that's all man's game. I know something that will beat them all, that will make a strong man as helpless as a baby. Wait a minute till I get it. There. Shut your eyes. Ready? I won't be a second."

He waited with closed eyes, and then, softly as rose petals fluttering down, he

felt her lips on his mouth.

"You win," he said in solemn ecstasy, and passed his arms around her.

XL

In the morning Billy went down town to pay for Hazel and Hattie. It was due to Saxon's impatient desire to see them, that he seemed to take a remarkably long time about so simple a transaction. But she forgave him when he arrived with the two horses hitched to the camping-wagon.

"Had to borrow the harness," he said.
"Pass Possum up and climb in, an' I'll show
you the Double H Outfit, which is some out-

fit. I'm tellin' you."

Saxon's delight was unbounded and almost speechless as they drove out into the country behind the dappled chestnuts with the cream-colored tails and manes. The seat was upholstered, high-backed, and comfortable; and Billy raved about the wonders of the efficient brake. He trotted the team along the hard county road to show the standard going in them, and put them up a steep earth road almost hub-deep with mud, to prove that the Belgian sire was not wanting in their make-up.

When Saxon at last lapsed into complete silence, he studied her anxiously, with quick sidelong glances. She sighed and asked,

"When do you think we'll be able to

start?"

"Maybe in two weeks—or maybe in two or three months." He stopped abruptly and confusedly.

"Now, Billy, what have you got up your sleeve? I can see it in your eyes," Saxon demanded and indicted in mixed metaphors.

"Well, Saxon, you see it's like this: Sandow ain't satisfied. He's madder 'n a hatter. Never got one punch at me. Never had a chance to make a showin', an' he wants a return match. He's blattin' around town that he can lick me with one hand tied behind 'm, an' all that kind of hot air. Which ain't the point. The point is, the fight-fans is wild to see a return match. They didn't get a run for their money last time. They'll fill the house. The managers has seen me already. That was why I was so long. They's three hundred more waitin' on the tree for me to pick two weeks from last night if you'll say the word. It's just the same as I told you before. He's my meat. He still thinks I'm a rube, an' that it was a fluke punch."

Saturday night, two weeks later, Saxon ran to the door when the gate clicked. Billy

looked tired. His hair was wet; his nose was swollen; one cheek was puffed; there was skin missing from his ears, and both

eyes were slightly bloodshot.

"I'm darned if that boy didn't fool me," he said, as he placed the roll of gold pieces in her hand and sat down with her on his knees. "He's some boy when he gets extended. Instead of stoppin' m at the seventh, he kept me hustlin' till the fourteenth. Then I got 'm the way I said. It's too bad he's got a glass jaw. He's quicker 'n I thought, an' he's got a wallop that made me mighty respectful from the second round—an' the prettiest little chop-an'-come-again I ever saw. But that glass jaw! He kept it in cotton-wool till the fourteenth, an' then I connected.

"—An', say! I'm mighty glad it did last fourteen rounds. I still got all my silk. I could see that easy. I wasn't breathin' much, an' every round was fast. An' my legs was like iron. I could 'a'fought forty rounds. You see, I never said nothin', but I've ben suspicious all the time after that beatin' the Chicago Terror gave me."

"Nonsense! You would have known it long before now," Saxon cried. "Look at all your boxing and wrestling and running

at Carmel."

"Nope." Billy shook his head with the conviction of utter knowledge. "That's different. It don't take it outa you. You gotta be up against the real thing, fightin' for life, round after round, with a husky you know ain't lost a thread of his silk yetthen, if you don't blow up, if your legs is steady, an' your heart ain't burstin', an' you ain't wobbly at all, an' no signs of queer street in your head-why, then you know you still got all your silk. An' I got it, I got all mine, d'ye hear me, an' I ain't goin'to risk it on no more fights. That's straight. Easy money's hardest in the end. From now on it's horse buyin' on commish, an' you an' me on the road till we find that valley of the moon."

Next morning, early, they drove out of Ukiah. Possum sat on the seat between them, his rosy mouth agape with excitement. They had originally planned to cross over to the coast from Ukiah, but it was too early in the season for the soft earth roads to be in shape after the winter rains; so they turned east, for Lake County, their route to extend north through the upper Sacra-



"He feints with his right, an' I know it's a feint, an' just hunch up my left shoulder a bit an' feint with my right. That draws his guard over just about an inch, an' I see my openin'"

mento Valley and across the mountains into Oregon.

All the land was green and flowersprinkled, and each tiny valley, as they

entered the hills, was a garden.

"Huh!" Billy remarked scornfully to the general landscape. "They say a rollin' stone gathers no moss. Just the same this looks like some outfit we've gathered. Never had so much actual property in my life at one time—an' them was the days when I wasn't rollin'. Even the furniture wasn't ourn. Only the clothes we stood up in, an' some old socks an' things,"

Saxon reached out and touched his hand, and he knew that it was a hand that loved

his hand.

And Billy leaned toward her sidewise and

kissed her.

The way grew hard and rocky as they began to climb, but the divide was an easy one, and they soon dropped down the canyon of the Blue Lakes among lush fields of golden poppies. In the bottom of the canyon lay a wandering sheet of water of intenset blue. Ahead, the folds of hills interlaced the distance, with a remote blue mountain rising in the center of the picture.

They asked questions of a handsome, black-eyed man with curly gray hair, who talked to them in a German accent, while a cheery-faced woman smiled down at them out of a trellised high window of the Swiss cottage perched on the bank. Billy watered the horses at a pretty hotel farther on, where the proprietor came out and talked and told them he had built it himself, according to the plans of the black-eyed man with the curly gray hair, who was a San Francisco architect.

"Goin' up, goin' up," Billy chortled, as they drove on through the winding hills past another lake of intensest blue. "D'ye notice the difference in our treatment already between ridin' an' walkin' with packs on our backs? With Hazel an' Hattie an' Saxon an' Possum an' yours truly an' this high-toned wagon, folks most likely take

us for millionaires out on a lark."

Ten days later they drove into Williams, in Colusa County, and for the first time again encountered a railroad. Billy was looking for it, for the reason that at the rear of the wagon walked two magnificent work-horses which he had picked up for shipment to Oakland.

"Too hot," was Saxon's verdict, as she gazed across the shimmering level of the vast Sacramento Valley. "No redwoods. No hills. No forests. No marzanta. No

madroños. Lonely and sad."

North they drove, through days of heat and dust, across the California plains, and everywhere was manifest the "new" farming—great irrigation ditches, dug and being dug, the land threaded by power lines from the mountains, and many new farmhouses on small holdings, newly fenced. The bonanza farms were being broken up. However, many of the great estates remained, five to ten thousand acres in extent, running from the Sacramento bank to the horizon, dancing in the heat waves, and studded with great valley-oaks.

"It takes rich soil to make great trees like those," a ten-acre farmer told them.

They had driven off the road a hundred feet to his tiny barn in order to water Hazel and Hattie. A sturdy young orchard covered most of his ten acres, though a goodly portion was devoted to whitewashed hen-houses and wired runways, wherein hundreds of chickens were to be seen. The farmer had just begun work on a small frame dwelling.

"I took a vacation when I bought," he explained, "and planted the trees. Then I went back to work an' stayed with it till the place was cleared. Now I'm here for keeps, an' soon as the house is finished I'll send for the wife. She's not very well, and it will do her good. We've been planning and working for years to get away from the city." He stopped in order to give a happy sigh. "And now we're free."

The water in the trough was warm from

the sun.

"Hold on," the man said. "Don't let them drink that. I'll give it to them cool."

Stepping into a small shed, he turned an electric switch, and a motor the size of a fruit-box hummed into action. A five-inch stream of sparkling water splashed into the shallow main ditch of his irrigation system and flowed away across the orchard through many laterals.

"Isn't it beautiful, eh?—beautiful, beautiful!" the man chanted in an ecstasy. "It's bud and fruit. It's blood and life. Look at it. It makes a gold mine laughable, and a saloon a nightmare. I know. I—I used to be a barkeeper. In fact, I've been a barkeeper most of my life. That's how

I paid for this place. And I've hated the business all the time. I was a farmboy, and all my life I've been wanting to get back to it. And here I am at last."

He wiped his glasses the better to behold his beloved water, then seized a hoe and strode down the main ditch to open more

aterals.

"He's the funniest barkeeper I ever seen," Billy commented. "I took him for a business man of some sort. Must 'a' ben in some kind of a quiet hotel."

"Don't drive on right away," Saxon requested. "I want to talk with him."

He came back, polishing his glasses, his face beaming, watching the water as if fascinated by it. It required no more exertion on Saxon's part to start him than had been required on his part to start the

motor.

"The pioneers settled all this in the early fifties," he said. "The Mexicans never got this far, so it was government land. Everybody got a hundred and sixty acres. And such acres! The stories they tell about how much wheat they got to the acre are almost unbelievable. Then several things happened. The sharpest and steadiest of the pioneers held what they had and added to it from the other fellows. It takes a great many quarter sections to make a bonanza farm. It wasn't long before it was 'most all bonanza farms."

"They were the successful gamblers," Saxon put in, remembering Mark Hall's

words

The man nodded appreciatively and continued:

"The old folks schemed and gathered, and added the land into the big holdings, and built the great barns and mansions, and planted the house-orchards and flowergardens. The young folks were spoiled by so much wealth and went away to the cities to spend it. And old folks and young united in one thing—in impoverishing the soil. Year after year they scratched it and took out bonzana crops. They put nothing back. Why, there's big sections they exhausted and left almost desert.

"The bonanza farmers are all gone now, thank the Lord! and here's where we small farmers come into our own. It won't be many years before the whole valley will be farmed in patches like mine. Look at what we're doing! Worked-out land that had ceased to grow wheat, and we turn the

water on, treat the soil decently, and see our orchards!

"We've got the water-from the mountains, and from under the ground. I was reading an account the other day. All life depends on food. All food depends on water. It takes a thousand pounds of water to produce one pound of food; ten thousand pounds to produce one pound of meat. How much water do you drink in a year? About a ton. But you eat about two hundred pounds of vegetables and two hundred pounds of meat a year-which means you consume one hundred tons of water in the vegetables and one thousand tons in the meat-which means that it takes eleven hundred and one tons of water each year to keep a small woman like you going."

"Gee!" was all Billy could say.

"You see how population depends upon water," the ex-bartender went on. "Well, we've got the water, immense subterranean supplies, and in not many years this valley will be populated as thick as Belgium."

Fascinated by the five-inch stream, sluiced out of the earth and back to the earth by the droning motor, he forgot his discourse and stood and gazed, rapt and unheeding, while his visitors drove on.

"An' him a drink-slinger!" Billy marveled. "He can sure sling the temperance dope if anybody should ask you."

"It's lovely to think about—all that water, and all the happy people that will come here to live—"

"But it ain't the valley of the moon!"

Billy laughed.

"No," she responded. "They don't have to irrigate in the valley of the moon, unless for alfalfa and such crops. What we want is the water bubbling naturally from the ground, and crossing the farm in little brooks, and on the boundary a fine, big creek—"

"With trout in it!" Billy took her up. "Gee—that valley of the moon's goin' to be some valley!" Billy meditated, flicking a fly away with his whip from Hattie's side. "Think we'll ever find it?"

Saxon nodded her head with great certi-

tude.

"Just as the Jews found the Promised Land, and the Mormons Utah, and the Pioneers California. You remember the last advice we got when we left Oakland? "Tis them that looks that finds."

The last instalment of **The Valley of the Moon** will appear in the December issue.

Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford

Can you tell a thief by looking at his face? If a friend of yours is shy of ear-lobes would you put him down for a "con" man? The ear-lobes of young Jimmy Wallingford don't quite "size up"-and J. Rufus is worried. He wants to do all the get-rich-quick business for the family. But there's the trouble. Young Jimmy is some manipulator himself-and Mr. Chester is working out a bang-up series of stories to tell just how the schemes come out. He will, of course, keep J. Rufus and Blackie in the stories, but young Jimmy and his side-partner, Toad Jessup, will play a big part. In the present story, some energetic land-boomers part with some perfectly good cash, and the food-supply of the nation gets a valuable addition.

By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

\\HAT Sandville was a boom town which had reached the stage of thorough organization, was evidenced the moment the broad and smiling I. Rufus touched the platform. With his two-thousand-dollar diamond in his five-dollar cravat, and with his round, pink face so suggestive of selected sirloins and vintage wines, it was small wonder that the three red-badged gentlemen of the reception committee pounced immediately upon Wallingford, to the almost complete exclusion of Blackie Daw.

"Welcome to Sandy Valley!" greeted the largest man of the committee, gripping J. Rufus forcibly by the palm and delivering a breezy hand-shake. He was of the type of large man who always wears a salt-andpepper suit, and he had an upturned nose, through which he talked. "I am S. O. Mills, chairman of the reception committee of the Sandville Chamber of Commerce. Come around and meet the boys."

"Meeting the boys is my pet recreation," chuckled J. Rufus, his eyes half closing and his shoulders heaving. Never had so cordial a prospective investor appeared since the price of Sandy Valley land had advanced from two dollars an acre to two hundred. "My name is Wallingford, Mr. Mills; J. Rufus Wallingford. This is my friend, Horace G. Daw, with whom I am traveling for his health."

"Happy to meet you, Mr. Daw," and S. O. Mills whirled instantly on Blackie

and crushed his knuckles. "You've come to the right place for health, Mr. Daw. Sandy Valley has probably the most salubrious climate in the United States. Shander, Dillory," and he waved forward the two remaining members of the reception committee—a thick man and one with a fiery red mustache. These he introduced with all the cheerful informality found only in a perfect stranger, and then the reception committee, entirely surrounding the prosperous looking arrivals so that there was no possibility of escape, bundled them into a 'bus and headed them toward Sandville. which lay about a half-mile up a vellow hill, somewhere behind the Hotel Paradise.

"Greatest country in the world!" said Mr. Shander, as soon as the 'bus started. He was a man with a hand wider than it was long, and he was so thick in every member that he seemed to have been made

from what was left over.

"Richest town of its size in the United States!" explained Mr. Dillory, who had a healthy crop of red hair. "Everybody

that comes here makes money."

"The opportunities for wealth are unlimited," immediately corroborated S. O. Mills, dwelling with much satisfaction upon the new gift from the East. "Land doubles in value here so often that it's monotonous."

"I am always interested in prosperity," observed Wallingford, studying carefully the three gentlemen of the committee. Mills was worth about thirty thousand, he judged; Shander, ten, and Dillory had always the price of a drink. "What is the cause of the rapid rise in Sandy Valley

property?"

"The unparalleled fertility of the region," was the prompt rejoinder of S. O. Mills, who was so practised that he could say this without a blush in the very presence of the "Figures are what count, Mr. yellow fields. Wallingford! Why, five years ago, Colonel Perkins Tompkins came here without a cent, and now he's worth two hundred thousand! His is only one of many cases. Come over to the Chamber of Commerce this afternoon, and we'll introduce you to the Colonel and the sideboard. We'd be pleased to have your friend," and he turned to the depressed Horace G. Daw.

Whatever reply Blackie was about to make was checked by his companion.

"Sorry," regretted Wallingford, with deep compassion. "My friend Daw is forbidden to eat, drink, smoke, or keep late hours, but I'll come with pleasure," and he answered with a mere gaze of friendly pity Blackie's glare of hatred.

WALLINGFORD, returning from the Chamber of Commerce to the astoundingly gorgeous Hotel Paradise, found Blackie Daw, in bathrobe and slippers, reclining in lazy comfort on a couch, with his doleful saxophone supported on his wishbone, and one and a half cantaloup shells on a low table by his side, while a spoon was stuck into the luscious looking green flesh of an otherwise untouched half-cantaloup.

"Well, how's the bartender's friend?" inquired J. Rufus wearily, as he tossed off his hat and dropped into an easy chair.

Blackie finished a paragraph of "Annie Laurie," drawn out until it was dismal enough to suit his peculiar musical taste, and then he laid down his saxophone and lit a cigarette.

"None of your business, you big Edam," he growled. "The next time you pass me off as an invalid that daresn't eat, drink, or be human, I'll get pickled and disgrace

you."

"Go as far as you like in this town," grinned Wallingford, "Order a Scotch high-ball and some pie and start in, because we'll leave on the night train."

"I told you the burg was no good,"

returned Blackie, somewhat mollified by

the circumstance of having been right.
"It's the limit," agreed Wallingford,
moodily lighting a big, black cigar, and dropping into solemn thought. "The worst of it is, everybody's got money. Made it selling out," he explained. "Other sections have cholera and the Hessian fly, but Sandy Valley had a boom."

"In the name of Mike, on what?" "Nothing," and Wallingford rose, to pace the floor in deep trouble. "Blackie, it breaks me all up to think of leaving a rich, boob town without even an attempt at a business enterprise; but they haven't a thing to build it on. Their game has been to sell a sucker land for two hundred dollars an acre, disgust him with the place, then buy it back at a third of the price."

He walked over to Blackie's table, shook the ice out of the remaining half-cantaloup and took a bite. An expression of satis-

faction wreathed upon his face.

"That's a great cantaloup," he decided. "Grown on the premises," returned

"How do you know they grew this here?" inquired Wallingford, with his spoon held contemplatively in the air, while he stared thoughtfully into the green bowl of the cantaloup.

"I have a dark room-waiter I can trust." "This changes my mind a little," mused Wallingford, wading into the cantaloup with slow precision. "I had twenty-seven real-estate crooks trying to unload property on me to-day, and not one of them mentioned cantaloup."

The telephone bell rang, and Wallingford answered it.

"All right; send him up," he directed, and then he turned to Blackie with suddenly renewed animation. "Get into quick!" he ordered.

"Not on your life!" refused Blackie, jumping up and preparing to defend himself.

"You're sick, I tell you!" insisted Wallingford, throwing down the bed-covers. "This is business.

At that magic word, Blackie gave in. He sat on the edge of the bed and dropped off

his slippers.

"I thought there wasn't any business in this hole," he complained, and then he jumped up again. "Look here, Jim, you haven't carried the kidding far enough to send for a doctor!"

"No, you sliver. It's the king-pin of the boosters. Colonel Perkins Tompkins. the one I didn't meet." There was a knock on the door, and, placing a broad hand on Blackie's chest, Wallingford pushed him into bed and jerked the covers over him. "Are you sure about those cantaloups?" he whispered.

"They have to weed 'em out," Blackie replied, in the feeble tones of an invalid.

He was already practising.

III

"Well, well, Mr. Wallingford!" bellowed the round-voiced colonel, and gripping Wallingford's palm with one hand he slapped the other on Wallingford's shoulder. Big as Wallingford was, the colonel could look down on him; broad as Wallingford was, the colonel could hide him; "nervy" as Wallingford was, the Colonel could outface him, and the invalid almost howled for joy. "You do not know how sorry I am not to have been able to do the honors at the Chamber of Commerce," the colonel boomed on, giving Wallingford's arm another pump. "When they told me of the distinguished visitor, I was overwhelmed with regret, and I rushed right over to make my apologies."

"You're as welcome as the flowers in May, Colonel," responded Wallingford, feeling that his usually sonorous voice was feeble, that his hand-clasp was more or less flabby, and that he was generally dwarfed, though he made a desperate effort to regain his usual suave ascendancy. "I must introduce you to my invalid friend, •Mr. Daw," and he performed that ceremony with sympathetic gravity.

"We must have you out of this, Mr. Daw," breezed the colonel, in that hearty tone which is supposed to lift an ailing person straight out of bed. "There is no such thing as sickness in Sandy Valley."

"I have great hopes for Mr. Daw's recovery," stated Wallingford. "I brought him here to take the cantaloup cure.'

For only the briefest fragment of an instant Colonel Perkins Tompkins was staggered, and then he came up beaming.

"Nothing like it!" he declared, with as thorough conviction as if he had heard of it before. "The cantaloup cure will set a man on his feet when all others fail."

"I believe it," immediately agreed Wal-

lingford. "We heard, in New York, of these luscious Sandy Valley cantaloups. and came here expressly to have them fresh from the vines.

"You'll find no such cantaloup ground in the world!" promptly asserted the colonel. "I have a thousand-acre tract of Sandy Valley land particularly adapted to cantaloups.'

"I thought that was sugar-beet land,"

interposed Wallingford.

"Not at all!" denied the colonel vigorously, and without an instant for thought. though he had been trying for three months to sell that thousand acres of the finest sugar-beet land in the universe. "I told the last fellow who owned that land, 'Cantaloups, my boy, nothing but cantaloups if you want to get rich;' but he had his own way, and built a beet-sugar factory and ran out of money, and there you are!"

J. Rufus Wallingford gave Colonel Perkins Tompkins the shock of his life. Compelling as he was, the colonel never attempted to do more than break the news to a "prospect" in the first interview. Wallingford, however, interrupted him with:

"Colonel, I am a very plain and direct business man. How much do you want for that thousand acres of cantaloup ground?"

The red veins webbed on the colonel's face and his gray eyes glazed for an instant. "Cash?"

"Thirty days. Make the price right and we'll do business with you. Make it wrong and we won't talk a minute further."

The colonel, instantaneous as he was, paused a moment to reflect. That thousand-acre tract represented the total accumulation of his five years of operating in Sandy Valley upon Eastern tourists.

"Two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars," he finally blurted, and Blackie Daw noticed a strained expression leave Wallingford's face. At last J. Rufus had secured the goozle of Colonel Perkins Tompkins!

"Done," accepted Wallingford, rising. "We'll give you ten thousand dollars for a thirty-day, cash-purchase option at the figure you name," and from inside his coat he whipped out a long red pocketbook from which he extracted twenty five-hundreddollar bills.

At the sight of the money, Colonel Perkins Tompkins began to believe. That sugar-beet tract was his last and his biggest

gamble, for the bottom was out of the Sandy Valley boom. When he had that two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in his clutch, he intended never to cross this arid state again. He had visions of Europe and a life of gay bachelor ease; and he sent for a hairless lawyer with such vehemence that the lawyer left his telephone receiver down and came over without his hat.

"Now," said the colonel, resting his hands comfortably on his knees, after the lawyer had departed, "we'll have a drink to finish the bargain. Hey, you Juniper!" and a colored waiter, who happened to be passing the open door, just naturally fell into the room.

"Grand little idea, Colonel," approved Wallingford, rising to give his chest more play. "Juniper, I'll take a rickey, and you might bring my sick friend a nice, fresh, ripe cantaloup."

That last straw was too much. Colonel Perkins Tompkins was astounded to see the feeble invalid lift straight up in bed with a glaring eye.

"Not on your life!" declared the invalid, swinging out his long legs. "I'll take a slug of rye, a stein of beer, a bottle of wine, and a piece of cheese. From now on I'm the untamed terror of the valley, and don't you forget it!"

Colonel Perkins Tompkins turned on Mr. Daw a brow of much perplexity, and J. Rufus Wallingford turned on Mr. Daw a brow of much displeasure. He figured that about half his time was spent in explaining the impulses of his temperamental partner.

"I thought your friend was sick," said the Colonel, doubtfully.

"Delirious," stated Jim Wallingford, touching his head significantly. "I think we'll have to put the poor fellow back in bed, Colonel."

It took the combined weight of Wallingford and Colonel Perkins Tompkins and the chalk-eyed Juniper to accomplish that



Placing a broad hand on Blackie's chest, Wallingford pushed him into bed

job, but Wallingford, in spite of his being you suppose any of this other land will out of breath, grinned cheerfully.

IV

PETE JACKSON was a man who was able to express more grumpiness with his mouth than the ordinary human being, because he hadn't a tooth in his head, and he was the proprietor, manipulator, and guardian of the only cantaloup patch in Sandy Valley. Wallingford stood at the particularly sticky barbed-wire fence, and surveyed the thickly carpeted field with constructive appreciation. Leaning against the fence-post was a shotgun, and next to the shotgun stood Pete Jackson in an immense straw hat and a hickory shirt, blue-denim trousers and wrinkled boots.

"Fine melons," commented Walling-

"Twenty-five cents apiece," replied Pete Jackson, who had stalked over from his shack in the middle of the field.

"I'll take a few," decided Wallingford promptly. He was no man to be fooled by his own personal accomplishments or gifts. Not for Pete Jackson the impressively broad chest or the sunny smile. A tendollar bill—that was the heart-warming bit of personality.

"Forty," calculated Pete Jackson, producing a canvas bag from somewhere inside of him, and inserting in it the ten-dollar bill, folded and crushed small like a pellet.

"How'll you have 'em?"

"Each cantaloup wrapped in pink tissuepaper, sewed in a muslin sack, and packed

twelve in a crate."

"Then you'll need eight more to make four dozen," immediately calculated Pete Jackson; "and the packing will be extra."

"Go as far as you like," laughed Wallingford.

Pete Jackson held a mighty struggle with himself.

"Won't you come in and have a slice of cantaloup," he invited.

"No, thanks," refused Wallingford, to Pete's great relief. "What will you take for your land?"

"It ain't for sale," immediately responded Mr. Jackson. "If I'd sell this land, I'd eat up the money. This way I get a living every summer."

"You can't beat that for horse sense," agreed Wallingford, with a chuckle. "Do

grow cantaloups?"

"I reckon. Nobody around here wants to grow crops, though, except city folks that think they'd like to settle on a farm. None of them stands it more than a month."

"Who buys your crop?" "The hotel and the Chamber of Commerce and the real-estate dealers. Twenty-

five cents a melon."

"I'll give you thirty for every cantaloup you raise this season," offered Wallingford.

"Packing extra?"

"Packing extra, regardless of expense," and Wallingford smiled cheerfully. "All I ask is a monopoly of the crop to the last cantaloup, and permission to put up a sign at the edge of your field."

The wrinkles dropped back around Pete

Jackson's mouth.

"What kind of a sign?"

"A board frame, lettered 'Sandyford Cantaloups, The National Breakfast Food." "Well," considered Pete Jackson, "I'll have to charge you rent for that sign. It'll

shade some of the vines."

THE Chamber of Commerce gave a banquet for J. Rufus Wallingford. It always did that for investors, and it hurried up about it in order to entertain new citizens while they were still hopeful and able to spend money. Moreover, they offered to make him a member of the organization, and explained to him the beautiful principle of cooperation by which Sandville had become so prosperous. It was while the coffee was being distributed that Colonel Perkins Tompkins, at the head of the table with Wallingford on his right hand, confided this little scheme.

"There was formerly a disgraceful scramble to sell real estate in Sandville," he observed, in a confidential tone which could be heard reverberating down in Pete Jackson's melon patch. "We stepped on each other's toes, so to speak, but now we estimate a newcomer's probable purchasing power, and turn him over to the man he fits. Then the seller pays ten per cent. into the Chamber of Commerce, and we give a little banquet to the investor and divide up. As a member, you are in on the provision.

"Fine for the natives," chuckled Wallingford, and he bent on Colonel Perkins Tompkins a glance of amusement, which antagonized that gentleman, as it was intended to do. Somehow, the colonel was beginning to dislike Mr. Wallingford. He was so used to cowing strangers that it was disconcerting to have one remain uncowed.

"Have you explained to Mr. Wallingford our plan of cooperation?" asked a chalk-faced man who wore a white tie and looked like an undertaker, but sold luxurious agricultural implements to tourist farmers.

The man at the right of the guest of honor stated that such was the case. He was a ferret-faced person with beady eyes, one of the type which can calculate the interest on three hundred and seventy dollars at seven per cent. for forty-five days without producing a lead-pencil or touching his mustache. He turned to Wallingford with the friendly smile of a fox at a chicken-yard gate.

"You know that's really a gift to a stranger—a share in ten per cent. of all the real-estate transfers made while you are here."

"It is only an instance of the wholehearted, breezy good-fellowship which we offer to our future citizens," explained Colonel Perkins Tompkins, with all the magnificent effect of nonchalantly bestowing a dukedom.

Wallingford, whose operations were usually based on suavity and the cultivation of confiding friendships, turned to Colonel Perkins Tompkins.

"Don't kid me!" he snarled, all the joviality gone from his round, pink face. "Excuse me; I'm going to make a speech," and he rose to do it. "Gentlemen," and he looked down the table, from man to man, with a smile which was nothing short of insolence. "You have been kind enough to nominate me for a sucker, but I decline to run. If an ordinary lollop drills in here with a thousand dollars and some loose change, you take his thousand and let him buy his drinks at the White Buzzard saloon till his change gives out; then you trade him a railroad ticket for his



"Fine melons," commented Wallingford. "Twentyfive cents apiece," replied Pete Jackson, who had stalked over from his shack in the middle of the field

land, and flag the next incoming train for a fresh hick. If a man comes here with a hundred thousand you make him a member of the Chamber of Commerce, so that when he sells out for fifty thousand he hands you ten per cent. of it. Yet you say there isn't a piker in this organization!"

Colonel Perkins Tompkins half rose, but Wallingford did not look into his eyes. He knew that if he did, his own round countenance might lose a trace of its pinkness.

"Even a guest of honor must not insult us!" roared Colonel Perkins Tompkins.

"I am only complimenting you," retorted Wallingford. "Gentlemen; I intend to show you a new real-estate game. I leave to-night for the East, and when I return I

shall have five companies organized, for the prosperity of Sandy Valley and your friend, J. Rufus Wallingford."

VI

Sandy Valley all by itself, and it ran three ways from the Hotel Paradise, so that a stranger crossing the hotel plaza to the White Buzzard saloon, was as pitilessly visible as a drop of red wine on the front of an evening shirt. It was by reason of this that a tall, thin, black-mustached stranger, in a black Prince Albert, bathroom sandals, and a motor cap, was reported to Colonel Perkins Tompkins within two minutes after he had given directions for his drink.

"Wallingford's sick friend," surmised the colonel. "Why, the man's out of his head," and being a breezy humanitarian, and also needing a drink, he headed straight for the White Buzzard. Prompt as he was, however, he was too late to save the demented invalid from folly; for the bartender had already sold him Lot 27 in the Bellavista subdivision at the unprecedented price of twelve hundred dollars, and the money was

on the bar!

"Greetings, Colonel," hailed Mr. Daw.

"Have a little stimulant."

"Certainly," accepted the colonel, pleased to humor the man. "We'll have a little drink together, and then we'll walk back to your room. What are you drinking?"

"An impressionistic high-ball," explained Blackie, with pleased animation. "It's made with half a glass of beer, a jigger of green crème-de-menthe, a dash of absinthe, and filled with sarsaparilla."

The colonel paled, and, catching the eye of the bartender, touched his head significantly. The bartender hastily gathered

up the twelve hundred dollars.

"I don't think I'll take that," the colonel hastily refused. "It's too hot for such a heavy drink. You'd better have a rickey and then we'll walk over to your room."

"Can't go just now," insisted Blackie.
"I have some business to see to. I've just bought Lot 27, and now I have to have 7 and 17. Where can I get them?"

The bartender had wandered down to the cheese-end of the counter, to hide his twelve hundred in a private cache, but now he was back in an instant.

"Right here!" he announced.

"Not to-day," interposed the colonel, in a voice tinged with ferocity, for, leaving out of the question the ethical problem of selling town lots at double their most highly rated value to a man who scarcely knew what he was doing, it was not Joe Pepper's turn to sell more than one town lot.

Joe Pepper was a man with a pointed head, who wore a six-and-five-eighths hat and a seventeen collar, and it took him a long time to think, but when he did it was good.

time to think, but when he did it was good.

"Say, Colonel," he observed, spreading his hands on the inner edge of the bar in the graceful posture of a man pushing a dray up-hill, "Billy Banes was hunting you a while ago. He wants you to telephone him right away," and when the colonel, after looking at him hard for a minute, went back to the telephone, Joe followed him to the end of the bar. "The only time to pick anything is when it's ripe," he stated, with undeniable wisdom. "Tom Shander has the sale of 7, and S. O. Mills, of 17. Well; tell 'em I'm on the level."

"I don't know what you're driving at," declared the colonel, and went back to the

telephone booth.

When he returned, Blackie Daw was in happy possession of lots 7 and 17 in the Bellavista subdivision of Sandville, his right to the same being represented by a receipt from Joe Pepper pending a deed; and Joe's helper, a double-jointed colored boy, had been sent out for Shander and Mills and the hairless lawyer. As soon as the legal formalities had been concluded, the colonel induced Blackie to go back to the hotel, and in Blackie's room chatted soothingly with the patient for half an hour. When he came away he was filled with amazement.

"This fellow Wallingford's a fool," he confided to his right-hand man, Ben Snagger. "Do you know this half-witted Daw is a full partner with Wallingford in everything they do, and either one of them can buy, or sell, or make contracts binding on

the other, without consent!"

"Well, what do you think of that?" pondered Snagger. "I get it. They're operating on Daw's money."

VII

J. Rufus Wallingford's return to Sandville was preceded by the beginning of five-thousand-dollars' worth of advertising



"You have been kind enough "Gentlemen," and he looked down the table, from man to man. to nominate me for a sucker, but I decline to run

in the New York daily papers, calling attention, first of all, to "Sandyford Cantaloups, The National Breakfast Food," and next to the marvelous fortunes to be made in Sandy Valley, raising cantaloups on the finest cantaloup land in the universe. Even Colonel Perkins Tompkins was compelled to admit that this looked like business, and he read with interest that investors should call at the New York office of the Sandyford Cantaloup Association, secure specimens of the luscious fruit, obtain contracts from high-class hotels, clubs, and fruit-dealers, and then go to Sandy Valley and grow rich!

Three strangers came to Sandville with the beaming I. Rufus, but they did not visit the Chamber of Commerce, or did they talk much with any of the natives. They inspected Pete Jackson's melon patch with great interest; they surveyed Colonel Perkins Tompkins' ex-thousand acres with equal concentration; refused to buy town lots or outlying farms, and went away. The head clerk at the Hotel Paradise stated that they represented the Topnotch chain

of Eastern fruit stores.

Immediately after they were gone, the tremendously busy Wallingford, assisted by his demented partner, Daw, who began to show signs of rationality, paid Colonel Perkins Tompkins the remainder of their purchase price, rented spacious offices in the Odd Fellows Building, and made a survey of the thousand acres, dividing it into ten-acre tracts.

S. O. Mills dropped into the offices before the gold lettering was dry on the glass doors, and he puzzled for some minutes over that lettering before he entered. Four companies were housed behind that entrance: the Sandyford Cantaloup Cultivating Company, the Sandyford Cantaloup Marketing Company, the Sandyford Cantaloup Association, and the Sandy Valley Cantaloup Landholders' Corporation. Still with knitted brows, S. O. Mills walked into the mahogany-fitted offices, and found the president of the four companies at his desk.

"You haven't been over to the Chamber " of Commerce, Jim!" protested Mr. Mills, in a voice which was his despair, because it had not the reverberation of Colonel

Tompkins.

"Too busy, Sam," replied Wallingford briskly, jerking out of a pigeonhole a bunch of papers kept there for the purpose.

"I should think you would be, with the red tape of four cantaloup companies to look after," remarked S. O. Mills, still puzzled. "What's the idea?"

"Latest scheme of department segregation." explained Wallingford.

each function to itself." Then he slowly grinned, and winked at his inquisitive caller. "Selling scheme," he supplemented. "I get six thousand dollars out of each ten-acre tract by handing a man, in addition to the land. six-thousand-dollars' worth of stock in each of the four companies."

The brow of S. O. Mills cleared..

"By thunder, that's a stroke of genius!" he commented enthusiastically. "A man's supposed to get rich in each of the four companies, and he gets them all for the price of one."

"I don't see why not," returned Wallingford, becoming instantly grave. He shifted in his chair, to face S. O. Mills, and directed his two-thousand-dollar diamond squarely into the eyes of that oldtime real-estate boomer. "To begin with, I am profoundly convinced that there are no cantaloups in the United States so meaty and so deliciously flavored as the Sandyford melons."

"By thunder, you're right!" heartily

agreed S. O. Mills.

"I submitted those cantaloups to the best connoisseurs in New York," went on . Wallingford, "and found my judgment entirely corroborated. They are being tested in the fancy-priced hotels as fast as Pete Jackson can ship them East. You see, Mills, while I am ready to use all the tricks of real-estate

selling. I am a wise-enough business man to base all my operations on solid values." "We always knew the land was good."

"None better in the world!" warmly insisted Wallingford. "It's so good that I won't even sell it outright. You'll find the deed in the name of the Sandy Valley Cantaloup Landholders' Corporation, and

> Sandyford Cantaloup Association merely rent their ground from the Sandyford Cantaloup Landholders' Corporation. Of course, they're paying rent to themselves. forthevown all the stock in the Sandy-

ford Cantaloup Landholders' Corporation as well as in the Sandyford Cantaloup Association and the Sandy-

ford Cantaloup Cultivating Company and the Sandyford Cantaloup Marketing

Company."

Thus launched, and glowing with pride in the vast solid improvement he was about to bring into Sandy Valley, J. Rufus Wallingford spent an amused half-hour in entangling and confusing these four cantaloup companies until they seemed a yellow scramble.

S. O. Mills went away with a headache, and tried to repeat that explanation to the strainedly interested Colonel Tompkins.

"I can't quite put it straight," he confessed, "but it's a great scheme!"

VIII

A MAN so bald that his wife must have been driven to early spectacles, dropped from Number 4, and shoved his suit-case into the hands of the 'bus driver from the Hotel Paradise.



Joe Pepper was a man with a pointed head, who wore a six-and-five-eighths hat and a seventeen collar, and it took him a long time to think, but when he did it was good

"Welcome to Sandy Valley!" shouted the medium-sized edition of Colonel Perkins Tompkins, as he gripped the hand of the white-domed stranger with such breezy heartiness that the newcomer's nose turned red.

"Thanks," said the round-topped one, rescuing his hand and feeling of it tenderly. "Where's the office of the Sandyford Canta-

loup Association?"

"Right across from the hotel," replied S. O. Mills. "It is one of our infant industries of which we are very proud, though we have some sugar-beet land which is well

worth investigation."

"Nothing doing," announced the stranger briskly. "I want some of that cantaloup land, and I got the money in my kick to buy it. More than that, I got a contract to supply the Park Gate Hotel in New York with all the cantaloups I can ship 'em next year."

Discouragement fell on S. O. Mills so deeply that he did not even take the trouble to introduce the thick Shander and the red

Dillory.

"I see; you are a cantaloup grower," he surmised, leading the moneyed tourist to

the 'bus, from force of habit.

Half an hour later the stranger came into the office of the hairless lawyer with J. Rufus Wallingford, and, after the two eggheaded ones had joked about each other's cranial nudity, the tourist executed papers in the name of W. O. Jones, whereby he acquired six-thousand-dollars' worth of stock in each of the four cantaloup companies, including a five-years' rental of one of the ten-acre tracts, bound himself to raise cantaloups on that land for not less than five years, and paid over six thousand dollars—in cash.

Immediately thereafter, Mr. Jones hunted up an envious cousin of Pete Jackson's, executed with him a five-years' contract to grow cantaloups on Tract No. r of the Sandyford Cantaloup Association's land, and headed back to New York.

The next day Blinky Meyers, a largefeatured friend of W. O., or Onion, Jones, dropped in and bought a six-thousand-dollar

tract and dropped out.

Deep concern began to settle on the erstwhile jovial members of the Sandville Chamber of Commerce. It was all very well to have so live and progressive a citizen as J. Rufus Wallingford among them, but was it well for that live and progressive citizen to scoop out all the gravy? Moreover, the man's operations were aggravating. Sandville had been at the height of bliss when it could sell a large parcel of land for two hundred dollars an acre, but Wallingford was getting six hundred. Colonel Perkins Tompkins decided to head the reception committee himself.

From Number 4, next day, there alighted a short, heavy-set young man, with a bristling pompadour and thick glasses, who stopped in apparent bewilderment when S. O. Mills rushed up to him, and, pressing his callouses deeply into the new arrival's palm, bade him welcome to Sandy Valley.

"Just a little informal reception committee," explained Mr. Mills, ingratiatingly, "to make your stay among us pleasant, if

not profitable."

"I like that," approved the businesslike young man. "Do you know anything about the Sandyford Cantaloup Associa-

"Well, a little," hesitated Mills. "I'll introduce you to our leading citizen, Colonel Perkins Tompkins," and at this cue the colonel loomed forward, and slapped the prospect on the back, and gripped him

by the hand with a heartiness which made the clasp of S. O. Mills infantile.

"The Sandyford Cantaloup Association?" repeated the colonel with fervid honesty. "One of our leading institutions. Of course you have a heavy profit to pay if you do business with them, for they're holding their cantaloup land at six hundred an acre, and you can buy just as good for three hundred. Now, Mr. Shander has a nice tract. Shander, come here! May I ask your name, for the purpose of introduction?"

"Pollet," replied the young man, with a far-away smile, "Paul Pollet; but—"

"Mr. Pollet, Mr. Shander," interrupted the colonel, bringing the two gentlemen together as if he were coupling freight-cars. "Mr. Shander is a member of the Sandville Chamber of Commerce, Mr. Pollet, and I give you my personal guarantee that if you do business with him you are perfectly safe."

"How about the Sandyford Cantaloup Association?" naturally inquired Mr. Pollet.

"Perfectly good, so far as I know," returned the colonel candidly, beaming down on Mr. Pollet with an open smile.

"However, I am bound to advise you, as president of the Chamber of Commerce, that Mr. Wallingford, the president of the various cantaloup companies, is not a member of our organization, and is, moreover, a stranger. Suppose we stop, on the way to the hotel, and view Mr. Shander's land," and placing a huge hand in the small of Mr. Pollet's back, he projected that gentleman into the 'bus and followed.

"No," decided Mr. Pollet, calmly gazing up into the hungry eyes of Colonel Perkins Tompkins, "I think I'll see Mr. Wallingford first. The New York office of the Sandyford Cantaloup Association got me a fixed-price contract for my next year's crop, and it seems to me that their organization is worth the difference in the price of the land," and he watched the light of hope slowly die out of the countenance of the colonel.

That afternoon, the hairless lawyer duly reported that Mr. Paul Pollet had purchased two ten-acre tracts from Wallingford, and had passed over in exchange therefor a certified check for twelve thou-

sand dollars!

The next day two more Easterners dropped in, a big Irishman by the name of Tim Measen, who had hands and a neck the color of a lobster, and a pair of mustaches, one of which was waxed to a spike and the other chewed to a tassel; the name of the second man was Williams, and this stranger was so well gifted in whiskers that Wallingford called him Chinchilla; but this was only in the strictest privacy, when Wallingford and Blackie and Chinchilla and big Tim Measen were drinking and laughing together. Both these strangers bought tracts of the Sandyford Cantaloup Association's land before they went home; that is, they purchased shares of stock in the cantaloup company which controlled the land, and in the cultivating company which rented it, and in the marketing company which placed its product. They could not quite make out how they were renting the land from themselves, but they did not bother much to understand it.

IX

BLACKIE DAW followed Colonel Perkins Tompkins into the White Buzzard saloon, in a state of gloom only attainable by a perfectly sane man.

"Good-morning, Mr. Daw," greeted the

colonel, turning. "Have a little dose of cheerfulness?"

"I need about a gallon," accepted the living testimony to the efficacy of the cantaloup cure. "Joe, a little of that rough liquor." "What's the matter?" laughed the colo-

nel. "Business certainly isn't bad."

"Homesick," explained Blackie dolefully. "I played 'Home, Sweet Home' last night till my saxophone squeaked. Jim Wallingford's going back East to-night on Number 5, and I have to stay here and make money."

"That's tough," derided the colonel.
Blackie Daw poured his glass two notches
above the regulation level, and sighed.

"I have too much money now," he complained, "and so has Jim Wallingford; but, at that, I'd rather be broke on Broadway than a millionaire in this forsaken hole. Why, Colonel, I have the only musical instrument in town, with the exception of six phonographs and a foot-power piano."

"The town is too practical to indulge in the vitiating arts," declared the colonel, indignant in his defense of that hearty and breezy city. "Why do you call it a hole?"

"I think it's unhealthy," replied Blackie soberly. "Joe, do you want to buy my watch?" and he produced a handsome gold timepiece, with a diamond set in the case. "Full up on watches" replied Joe, who

"Full up on watches," replied Joe, who had a drawerful of them, taken in exchange. "Sell you this one for a dollar," offered Blackie, snapping it from its chain and

laying it on the bar.

Joe Pepper took one sidelong glance at the watch and wiped his hand on his apron, so he could get it into his pocket. Immediately thereafter he produced a hard, round dollar, shoved it over to Blackie, popped the watch into his pocket, and began wiping up his bar with concentrated attention.

up his bar with concentrated attention.

"Thanks," said Blackie, and opening his pocketbook inserted the dollar in among some bills of large denomination, and went away without his driffik, hurrying, as though Joe might repent of the bargain and call

him back.

"There's a crack in his bean, sure," commented Joe.

"He tends to business, though," mused the colonel. "I believe he'd sell out if Wallingford didn't watch him."

"You can't do legal business in this state with a nut," commented Joe, who had few, but well-defined, ideas.



Blackie was compelled to conquer a fierce desire to jab the colonel in the neck

"He does do business, though," argued the colonel, more to himself than Joe, "and Wallingford stands for it," and, drinking his liquor in three contemplative gulps, the colonel strolled thoughtfully over to his own office, and went into earnest conference with ferret-faced Ben Snagger.

Just before twelve o'clock, Ben Snagger called Wallingford up on the telephone and asked him to step over to the office of the hairless lawyer. Ben was so highly enthusiastic over the prospects of the cantaloup companies that he wanted to take up

a ten-acre plot.

Wallingford found not only Ben Snagger but Colonel Perkins Tompkins in the office of the hairless lawyer. The colonel offered to leave, but Snagger told him that there was nothing whatever private about the business. Whereupon he complimented Wallingford on his successful enterprise and spoke for Tract 56; signed the papers; paid his six thousand dollars, and secured his stock in the four cantaloup companies.

"Hear you're going away, Wallingford," observed the colonel, when the transactions

were over.

"A week or so," said Wallingford.

"We'll miss you," asserted the colonel; "and the business will. You won't close your offices while you're gone?"

"Close a gold mine!" derided Wallingford. "Daw will stay on the job. He is empowered to act for us both, in any capacity."

The colonel and Ben Snagger glanced at

each other.

"I'm glad your partner is fully recovered," suggested Snagger, his beady eyes narrowing. "He was a little touched in his head, wasn't he?"

"Only temporarily," laughed Wallingford.
"The man's perfectly sound mentally," and he restrained a disposition to chuckle as he saw all three witnesses make internal note of the exact wording of that admission.

Number 5 had scarcely pulled out of the station when Colonel Perkins Tompkins called at the offices of the four cantaloup companies, and took a seat by Mr. Daw.

"By George! You were right about health conditions in Sandy V lley," he observed. "They tell me there's an epidemic broken out."

Blackie Daw possessed the trick of being able to look cross-eyed at will, and now he exercised it with startling effect. "Jim Wallingford knew it!" he exclaimed, half rising from his chair. "I'm going to get out of this!"

"Calm yourself, Mr. Daw," advised the colonel, overjoyed with the unexpected success of his opening. "The epidemic does not attack those inured to the climate."

"Am I inured?" demanded Blackie.
"Do I look inured? I can sell this cataloup stock in the East as well as here. I'm going;" and he began to collect personal effects from his desk.

"You can't get the price in the East," the

colonel reminded him.

"What do I care about price?" remon-

strated Blackie.

"I don't like to see you sacrifice your interests," commiserated the colonel; "but if you're bound to do so, I'll make you an offer."

"Name it;" and Blackie twirled his mustaches nervously.

The colonel took a deep breath.

"Two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars," he said.

Blackie sat down again and lit a cigarette. "I'm not half so worried about my health as I was," he stated. "You're trying to take advantage of me."

"I'm offering all you paid."

"We've spent five thousand dollars for advertising, a thousand for personal expenses, a thousand for surveying, printing, office rent, and cantaloups, and—let's see." He paused to figure additional expenses: Onion Jones, Blinky Meyers, Paul Pollet, Tim Measen, and Chinchilla Williams, a thousand apiece and their traveling-bills. "A total expense of thirteen thousand dollars."

"You've sold thirty-six thousand dollars' worth of stock," returned the colonel. "The original tract is not complete."

"It's complete enough to bring three hundred thousand," asserted Blackie.

The colonel disputed that most vigorously, but Blackie was obdurate. Finally the Colonel rose.

"I'll make it two hundred and seventyfive thousand, and that's the best I'll do," he offered. "If you won't accept that amount, stay here and meet the epidemic."

For just one instant Blackie Daw battled with the one quality which so often threatened to interfere with his success as a business promoter. The bigness of Colonel Perkins Tompkins, and the "bluffing" use he made of it, had aggravated Blackie to the fighting-point from the first minute he had seen the

colonel, and now he was compelled to conquer a fierce desire to jab the colonel in the neck. "I won't stay!" he declared, and drawing stock certificates from the book, he

began to fill them in.

An hour later, Colonel Perkins Tompkins was in sole possession of the previously unsold stock of the Sandyford Cantaloup Cultivating Company, the Sandyford Cantaloup Marketing Company, the Sandyford Cantaloup Association, and the Sandyford Cantaloup Land-holders' Corporation; and Blackie Daw was in possession of a certified check for two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars!

Blackie Daw, however, was not happy, even though he could carry back to Jim Wallingford an approximate fifty thousand dollars' profit. He had been three weeks in Sandville under circumstances which had curtailed his freedom and marred his opportunities for good-fellowships, and he had been compelled continuously to pretend to be bluffed by a man who had nothing but size to commend him. As they walked down the street from the bank, Blackie suddenly turned and confronted the wide chest of Colonel Perkins Tompkins. "Do you see that bird on the telegraph-

wire?" he demanded. "What color is it?"

"Black," said the colonel.

"You're a liar; it's green!" swore Blackie, and jabbed him in the neck.

X

J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD and Blackie Daw, with Colonel Perkins Tompkins' certified check duly collected and deposited in a place safe from the rats and moths, appeared complacently in the offices of the Topnotch Fruit Stores in New York and laid before one of the three gentlemen who had visited Sandville with Wallingford, a little bundle of papers.

"Cleaned it all up, eh?" observed the president of the Topnotch Fruit Stores,

opening the bundle of papers.
"Every acre," returned Wallingford, with the pride of a man who has carried through a big undertaking. "You have before you contracts for the cultivation of Sandyford cantaloups, exclusively, on the entire tract, for a period of five years; each contract witnessed and stamped by a notary."

"Correct," approved the president, a

neat, gray man with neat, gray whiskers and neat gold eye-glasses. "Also the contract with the Sandyford Cantaloup Marketing Company for our exclusive handling of their product for a period of five years, at the end of which time we take over our land," and he telephoned to his treasurer to send up a hundred-and-fifty-thousanddollar check and the company's lawyer.

"It should be valuable cantaloup land at the end of five years' cultivation,"

Wallingford assured him.

"I think so," acquiesced the president of the company, and then he frowned. "By the way, Mr. Wallingford, you had us in the air about your various corporations. We found the deed and title transferring the property from yourself and Mr. Daw executed to the Sandy Valley Cantaloup Land-holders' Corporation, and the fiveyear contract of rental is between that concern and the Sandyford Cantaloup Land-holders' Corporation. The similarity of names might be quite confusing."

"You'll find no confusion in Sandville," stated Wallingford, with a warning glance at Blackie, who had suddenly flashed cross-eyed. "They've rented the land in

dead earnest."

He saw again that furrow of perplexity in Blackie's brow. J. Rufus had given Blackie the puzzle of his life. Five companies had been incorporated, and the names of four had been lettered on the office door, all so nearly alike as to be intoxicating. The fifth company was the actual owner of the land, but in this one no stock had been sold until this final transfer to the Topnotch Fruit Stores. Colonel Perkins Tompkins and his associates had paid their money for a five-year rental only. Wallingford and Blackie had cleared over a hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars, but Blackie, to the end of his days, would not know how.

The treasurer came in with the check, and the company's lawyer came along to look after the legal formalities by which the Topnotch Fruit Company purchased the only cantaloup company of value, and the land Colonel Perkins Tompkins and his associates thought they had bought.

In spite of the warning glance of J. Rufus, Blackie Daw's cross-eyed condition increased, as he bent forward confidentially.

"To tell the truth, I wasn't quite right

out there until the finish."

The next adventure of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford will appear in the December issue.



that they are among the most recent?

"I am for comedy, both in life and in art," Miss Anglin herself declares, with a positive conviction that is characteristic of all she says and does. "With me, on the stage, the tearful effect comes too easily to be much more than superficial—I mean in the way of natural emotion, for the technical training and study by

"Beauty-imaginative beauty is what we are striving for in these four Shakespearean productions,"
Miss Anglin continues to the inquirer, without losing the thread of the heart-toheart talk she is having with her stagemanager, Mr. Backus, on the abstruse subjects of Illyrian scenery for"Twelfth Night, and the discreet cutting of a few battlescenes in "Antony and Cleopatra. so as to give the fascinating Ser-



Looking up costumes for the new Shakespearean revival of the coming season

which that facility was acquired were by no means light. But in that training and study I have learned also that the real business of acting is to make the very utmost of any and every part that comes to you, whether it suits you or not. A clearcut profile, such as you may occasionally see on an old Greek coin

pent of old
Nile a chance
to play her part for
all it is worth in
love and wit
and humor.

"The modern idea of scenic effect is to throw a magic setting or atmosphere around the

around the play by means of lights and gauzes and



In "Green Stockings"





of English nativity, and demurely Quakerish by either first or second nature. "These matters are unimportant, but you

title, with music by Lionel Monckton. In fact, Miss Claire has become so thoroughly

identified with this creation—and even her

speech has taken a London tinge—that a

large section of the public believe her to be

trip abroad."
Miss Ina Claire
has a really surprisingly just
appreciation of her artistic responsibilities, and of her
present opportunity. The chief
menace to her career lies in the
fact that thus far she has found
it easy, too easy, to be charm-

ing. So long as she has a sense of this danger, and is determined to over-



country. They create

an atmosphere of

brightness and gaiety

lessons

all the time. Some day

you may hear of me as a coloratura soprano.

Perhaps before I return from abroad."



A LICE JOYCE is like one of those princesses of the medieval troubadours, dwelling aloof in a mysterious castle of Far-Away Land, remote from the world that sings praises of her beauty, smiling yet inaccessible to legions of lovers in fancy, speaking gentle words in a voice of music that her eager listeners never hear.

She is a star of the motion-

picture drama.

"I'm afraid I'll be a disappointment to people who only know me on the films," she protests, to the venturesome interviewer who has climbed the Palisades at Weehawken to seek her out



This star of the motion-picture drama is a Virginian by birth

the open-air studios "

of the gregation. "If you use

portraits of me, please take only the good ones." It would be almost impossible to go wrong in the case of portraits of Miss Joyce. She is distinctly a beauty-and, what is more rare, a beauty unaffected and unspoiled. She is a Virginian, but since

childhood has lived in New York, where the artist - photographers were not slow in discovering her as a model. From this, the transition to the

> She is distinct ly a beauty -and, what is more rare, a beauty unaffected and unspoiled

picture-drama was easy, though in the case of Miss Joyce it was not obvious, as

her disposition is one of modest reserve, almost akin to shyness. That is probably the reason why the phenomenal popularity which has come to her in less than four Kalem ag- years' work with the "movies" has not as yet culminated in her exploitation in the spoken or the lyric drama.

"How did you acquire it?"

"Oh, it was beaten into me. When I first

tried acting before the camera, I could do



Like a princess of the medieval troubadours. dwelling aloof in a mysterious castle

"Wolfville"

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Author of "Wolfville Days," "Wolfville Nights," "Wolfville Folks," ats.

Illustrated by J. N. Marchand

Here is a tale—not of Wolfville—but brought by a visitor, and related by the Old Cattleman. It harks back to the old days in Tennessee, but the people are the same Wolfville breed—big hearted, whole souled, with a livable sense of humor and a hair-trigger sense of right and wrong. The creation of Old Bender in this story shows that Mr. Lewis' wonderful imagination is in perfectly strict training. He hasn't yet caught up with old Baron Munchausen, but he has him running the fastest kind of a lap. We think this story is in many ways the best Mr. Lewis has turned in.

The Troubles of Old Bender

"T'S doorin' that spell," observed the Old Cattleman, "when Enright's uncle, old Dick Stallins, is visitin' with us. Supper's jest over at the O. K. Restauraw, an' leavin' Rucker to wash up the dishes with the Mexican meenyuls, Missis Rucker, takin' Faro Nell along, has gone trapesin' off to Tutt's wickiup, at Tucson Jennie's reequest, to investigate about two noo teeth little Enright Peets has done cut. The balance of us is peroosin' round the Red Light permiscus, exchangin' feelin's techin' current eevents, when Boggs sort o' ups an' reefers back to pop Bender, old Dick Stallins' daddy-in-law.

"'What happens to the aged maverick?' asks Boggs. 'Which I don't reckon none

he's alive an' kickin' yet?'

"'Well, I'd shore say not a whole lot,' returns old Stallins, while Enright, who's ever sedyoolous about his reelative's comfort that a-way, motions to Black Jack to fetch the bottles. 'No, this yere old daddyin-law of mine passes in his checks some'ers say about the close of the Mexican war. Sammy, thar'—an' yere he tosses his wrinkled thumb at Enright—'is still with us along the Hawgthief, at the time. Yes, he's gone, pap Bender is,' old Stallins continyoos, stowin' his nose-paint onder his ven'rable belt with a rapt expression of countenance. 'He deeparts full of years an' honors. Also, he goes preepared, bein' loaded to the gyards with heaven's grace an' Baldface whisky in equilateral parts.'

"'What malady?' says Texas. 'I crosses up with a party down 'round Laredo once, jest before my wife wins out that divorce and sells up my cattle for costs and al'mony. He's from that Cumberland country of yours, an' he asshores me that hooman life is imposs'ble thar, by virchoo of swampfever, onless between every sunup an' sundown you drinks a gallon of anti-fogmatic.'

"'Pap Bender don't take no fogmatic route when he cashes in. You've heerd tell of folks who dies the death of a dog? Old Bender improves on that a heap, an' dies the death of a channel cat. Caught on his own trot-line, he is, same as that party the poet speaks of who gets hoist by his own petard, only it's his trousers an' not his gills which takes the hook. When he's hauled out, which ain't for hours, thar's enough of the old Hawgthief in him to float a scow.

"'It's old Bender's luck does it. Talkin' of luck, I don't s'ppose a gent ever does have so many ontoward things happen to him in procession, that a-way, as overtakes old Bender. I've been prognosticatin' 'round back of Gingham Mountain, searchin' out wood for ox-bows the second mornin' before he packs in, an' meets up with the old Trojan on the Pineknot pike, as I'm comin' home. It's the heel of the hunt, as I tells you, with him, only me an' him don't know it. Which it's the day but one after, when plumb cold he's onhooked from that homicidal trot-line, dead, same as if he's a fish.

"'Him an' me talks in the road that time, an' I'm mighty sympathetic as he goes reelatin' what he's been through. It's shore a harrowin' tale. Says he, "I'm a parsecoted man, Dick Stallins, but they ain't got me run down yet." An' with that, he makes a standin' buck-jump into the air of five feet, an' does a cross-hop an' a double back-shuffle, merely to let me onderstand how, even at the age of seventy-eight, he's still some agile. "No sirree, Dick Stallins," he concloodes, as he hits the road in the center of the dust-cloud he's kicked up.

"they ain't got me run down yet."

"'Have you-all ever noticed how, when things start goin' back'ard with a sport, his bad luck sticks to him for mebby it's months? That's preejackly old Bender's case. His misforchoons has their beginnin's, it looks like, when way back he goes over to old Knox to attend at the anyonal state-militia trainin'. As he's sashayin' round, he's stood up all at once by one of these yere dom'neerin' sperits equipped with gun an' bayonet, which they calls a sent'nel that a-way. This yere sent'nel's voice is plumb harsh, between a howl an' a growl; an' since, besides bein' mighty soopercilious, he don't look like thar's any fun in him, old Bender takes a notion in his disfavor. Still he'd let that fool sent'nel alone, if he'd let him alone. But this yere mil'tary upstart, because of havin' on a new wolfskin coat, can't reesist showin' off. When old Bender comes meanderin' along, he drops the bayonet to a hor'zontal an' roars, "Whoever goes thar?"

"'Old Bender don't know him, an' don't want to know him. Moreover, he ain't in no humor to be put upon by any hooman failure in a wolfskin surtoot. So he rectorts back, plenty scornful: "See yere, you! Who do you-all allow you're accostin'?"

"'With that, this insolent Wolfskin says ag'in, like he's aimin' to rub the insult in,

"Whoever goes thar?"

"'Old Bender, who ain't got no time to waste, turns his back on him at this, merely flingin' the reemark over his shoulder that sech low-down tarrapins as the Wolfskin upstart ain't got no license to go pesterin' white folks. "My advice," says old Bender final, "is to onload them impert'nent bluffs of yours on the next nigger that comes along, an' if he don't give you a quiltin' for it, I'll return an' do it myse'f."

"'Not bein' able to answer this, for he

ain't equal none to copin' with old Bender mental—bein' too much of a doughhead—this yere defeated Wolfskin jabs three inches of his bayonet into the thick of old Bender's laig. He's two weeks rekiverin', old Bender is, an' all the satisfaction he receives, when he complains to the gen'ral, is that he's lucky to be alive.

"'Bein' bayonetted that a-way don't make no speshul hit with old Bender; an' thinkin' it over he decides he'll go into pol'tics, an' see can't he get his revenge on Wolfskin an' that contoomelious gen'ral.

"'Jedge Midlaw, of Painted Post, is offerin' for the legislachoor on the Jackson ticket, an' when he comes candidatin' along the Hawgthief, old Bender supports him. Before he starts drinkin' an' hurrahin', however, he exacts a promise from that publicist to preesent him with the heads of Wolfskin an' that gala gen'ral on a charger, same as John the Baptist's. The 'lection comes round, an' Midlaw brings home the bacon—does it ondoubted with the he'p of old Bender an 'his friends along the Hawg-thief. Later, when old Bender goes lookin' for them heads, he can't get near enough to Midlaw to give him a bunch of grapes.

"'Pol'tics is noo to old Bender, an' the thing comes mighty clost to killin' him, for he's shore set his heart on them heads. It embitters him to that degree he begins losin' flesh, an' he goes on losin' ontil he's that thin you-all couldn't 've hit him with a handful of corn. He can't eat none, an' he comes nigh losin' his likin' for licker. Which he declar's that everything tastes that sour it'd pucker the mouth of a pig. Also, he looks meaner 'n a noo-sheared sheep. It's as as if he's nothin' more'n a passel of clothes flung on a bean-pole an' stuck out to air.

"When old Bender's about down to his last chip, marm Bender takes hold. Thar's a steam-doctor showed up over by the 'possum trot, who's concocted a med'cine he calls his "plumptitoodinizer." It's made out of lobely, sheep-saffron, pepperpods, and Baldface whisky; an' marm Bender preevails on Mart Jenkins, as a favor to her, to drive old Bender over. Old Bender's willin' to go ag'inst the plumptitoodinizer, 'cause at any rate he allows the Baldface part sounds tol'rable, an' that as long 's he's goin' to die he might as well die drinkin'.

"'Old Bender an' Jenks finds the steamdoctor, who's likewise manooverin' a moon-



" 'Thar in Midlaw's buggy, shore enough, as old Bender declar's, they onflaggingly finds
a black Spanish hen"

shine still. Old Bender cuts loose, onder the soopervision of this yere steam-doctor, an' puts away over a gallon of the plumptitoodinizer. An' he improves, too.

"'Likewise, it's right thar that awful luck of his'n commences to get action. Which if you-all 'll believe it, he's hardly been pronounced coored, an' is feelin', as he himse'f confesses, like a noo man, before a ravanoo agent deescends upon him like a fallin' tree an' seizes him in the name of the gov'ment. "What be you arrestin' me for?" demands old Bender. "I ain't broke no law in all my life, an' I was trappin' mink an' muskrat along the Hawgthief before ever you, young man, was pupped."

"'The ravanoo agent explains that he ain't arrested old Bender none in his hooman cap'city, but is only seizin' that gallon of licker onder his jeans. "Which it's my offishul dooty," says the ravanoo sharp, "the same havin' never paid no tax."

"'That's all the explaination the ravanoo man vouchsafes; an' three hours later he auctions old Bender off, over to Pineknot, not as a hooman bein', mind you, but as a gallon of moonshine licker that's been confiscated to pay the gov'ment doos. Old Bender is bid in by Jenks for twenty cents, Jenks feelin' onder obligations to marm Bender to reeturn old Bender to her arms.

"'Followin' these experiences, old Bender lands back home on the Hawgthief, as yaller as a pond-lily. But all the same, he starts perkin' up an' puts on fat.'

"At this yere crisis, old Stallins excooses himse'f to go over to the counter an' pick out a mild seegyar, an' Enright takes ad-

vantage of his absence

"'Which I wouldn't say it none,' whispers Enright, leanin' across confidenshul, an' shadin' his voice with his hand,' only he's proud of it himse'f. But as deefendin' you-all boys from false impressions, I must reemind you that this yere old unk of mine's reegyarded as the biggest liar both sides of the Mississippi.'

"We nods our onderstandin' an' old Stallins, who's come back, resoomes:

"'Considerin' all he's suffered, old Bender gives it out cold, but private, that he's goin' to get even with Midlaw the next time that legislator comes hankerin' round for votes. "Also, bein' I'm like a dog," says old Bender, "an' can't hunt two 'coons at once, I'll nacherally pass up Wolfskin an' that deeboshed gen'ral ontil I settles with Midlaw."

"'Thar's nothin' to it; old Nick himse'f ain't no more revengeful than him, an' tharfore the next time Midlaw comes circumventin' round in the Hawgthief neck of timber, he shore finds old Bender camped on his trail. Wharever Midlaw goes, you finds old Bender, an' the fictions he fulm'nates an' the lies he lets fly about Midlaw'd deaden a dogwood tree. Shore, I can speak as to the power an' far-reachin' flaunt of them lies, because it's me who invents 'em, old Bender not possessin' the imag'nation. But old Bender cirkyoolates 'em; an' you hyar me, they're a heap effect-yooal'.

"'Whatever was some of them lies?' asks Tutt, who's plumb carried away by old Stallins' reecitals. 'As the gifted author tharof, you shore must remember a few.'

"'Remember 'em! Which I should say I does remember 'em! I'd as soon think of forgettin' that Sammy thar's my nephy; albeit I don't see no Old Jordan settin' round in reach, to reemind me that we're kin. My gratitoode to you, Sammy!' he goes on, as Black Jack, at Enright's signal, comes a-runnin' with the licker; 'your uncle Stallins is lookin' at you. Them lies? One which is oncommon well received is how Midlaw, before he's wedded, makes Missis Midlaw rake an' bind wheat to pay for the marriage license. "It's this a-way, old Bender 'd say, comin' to this speshul fiction. "Midlaw gets told by the clerk that the license 'll cost five dollars. the price of two mink pelts, an' Midlaw, who's tighter than a snare-drum an' thinks more of five dollars than some folks do of their heart, liver, an' lights, allows he can't stand it. The clerk posts him that he can beat the game by havin' the banns called in church. In that way he dodges the neces'ty of a license, an' mighty likely, if he puts up a pore mouth, Parson Simpson'll make the play for nothin'. Midlaw goes curvin' off after Parson Simpson, informs that honest old divine how he's eaten to the heart by poverty, an' the parson shore enough says he'll call the banns an' declar' Midlaw an' his 'Lizbeth one flesh an' one bone without money an' without price. At this, Midlaw, the skinflint, is tickled plumb to death. Then he starts to lookin' doubtful. The banns 'll have to be proclaimed, that a-way, three sev'ral Sundays, an' put it across the quickest, it'll take two weeks an' a day. Midlaw's got forty acres

of ripe wheat that'll lodge, or mildoo, or rust, or take to sproutin' in the y'ear, onless it's harvested instanter. That wheat won't wait no two weeks. An' a hard to he'p would cost a dollar a day. Now 'Lizbeth can rake an' bind as good as any sport that ever walked through stubble.

a license, he can put 'Lizbeth in that wheat next mornin'. If he goes procrastinatin' round with them banns, it'll cost° him all of fifteen dollars for a hired man." Old Bender 'd pause vere to let the sityooation soak in, an' then he'd concloode with, "Gents, any of youall who knows Midlaw don't have to be told none that 'Lizbeth, onder the name of Midlaw, is in that harvest-field next sunup."

"'Another lie old Bender saws off, the same bein' equally a sockdologer, goes to this effect: Midlaw is doin' his campaignin' in a sidebar buggy, puttin' up his hoss each time at the tavern whar the meetin''s held. Old

Bender is nacherally allers a feachure of the landscape, lyin' his best to down Thar's nothin' a free, onfettered constitchooancy so deespises as a candidate bein' mean, an' old Bender never quits twangin' away on that partic'lar string. Which he certainly comes mighty nigh makin' Midlaw's pars'mony the issue.

"Yes, sir," he'd say, to the crowd, "this penny-pinchin', shillin'-bitin', dollar-hidin' Midlaw is that ornery he packs a old black Spanish hen about, in the back of his buggy, that a-way, so's it can pick up what tavern oats his hoss scatters, an' hopin', besides, it'll lay a egg for him so's he

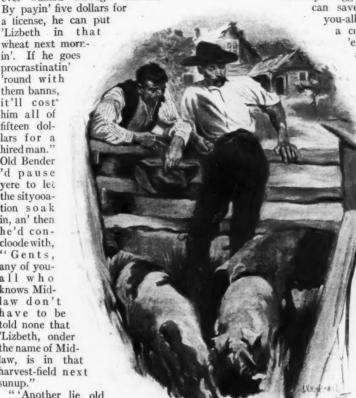
can save on meals. If you-all doubts it, pick a committee an' let 'em go grope about a whole lot onder Midlaw's

buggy-seat right now, an' if they fails to find that hen, I'll plead guilty as a liar an' stand a crock of Baldface."

" 'Shore. the instant old Bender 'd bang up this bluff, a passel of them listeners 'd head for the tavern barn, all spraddled out, an' thar in Midlaw's buggy, shore enough, as

old Bender declar's, they onflaggingly finds a black Spanish hen. By an' large old Bender uses up a coopful of chickens beatin' Midlaw; but beat him he does, an'

he allers allows it 'd been dog-cheap at twict the poultry. Certainly, Midlaw does his level best to block old Bender's game an' time an' ag'in sets a gyard over his buggy. It's no use. Each time me or some other patriot 'd call away the gyard to talk hoss-swap, or taste a toddy, or on some other irresist'ble argyooment, an' so



" He goes galumpin over to Ben's on the piebald, and Ben shows him a pen o' shotes "

shore as he turns his back, in 'd go that incrim'natin' hen. "Mean as Midlaw!"

gets to be a proverb.

"'Not that old Beader goes swingin' along to ondispooted triumph. Thar's that time he rides up to Nixon's still-house, all in antic'pation of some chicken-fixin's, hamtrimmin's, an' flour-doin's which he's been notified of. As he comes rackin' up on his old piebald, he hears a party inside drinkin' licker an' singin' variously "Bingo," an' "Little pig lay in the straw all night," but mostly "Bingo." Which it sounds like fun alive to old Bender, an' he's lookin' to the time of his c'reer.'

"What? You-all don't mean you never hears 'Bingo?' I takes it everybody's plumb familiar with that madrigal. This

vere's how it goes:

"Thar was a dog,
Sat on a barn door
An' Bingo was his name, oh!
An' Bingo was his name.
B—i—n—g—o!
An' Bingo was his name.

"'As old Bender comes surgin' up, he yoonites his voice with the singin' of these yere roysterers, allowin' they're a pet passel of his cronies from Gingham Mountain. Wharin he's a heap mistook. Which they're a clanjamfrey of Midlaw's adherents, sent speshul to lay for old Bender. Bitin' "Bingo" off short, at old Bender's initial whoop, they t'ars out of that still-house like they ain't got a minute to live, an' fetches him out of the saddle same as a frog on all fours.

"'They comes mortal close to frailin' the wamus off him. I sees him myse'f, the evenin' after, an' he's as if he's been fightin' a catomount. They peels enough hide off his face alone to make a pa'r of moccasins. It shore leaves him the ugliest lookin' 'coon that ever clumb a tree. Marm Bender, as she goes rubbin' him with sweet-gum sa'v', says that she, for one, 'll be some glad when all this yere electioneerin's over. What with sa'v', that a-way, an' cumfrey tea an' opedildock an' jimson, she uses enough yarbs on old Bender to stock a doctor shop.

"'Thar's something happens right on the hocks of this campaign which old Bender is convinced to his last breath Midlaw has a hand in. But after goin' all through it with a candle, I'm free to say I don't see how none. Ben Hazlett, over about Rapid Run, is a master-hand to raise Berkshire hawgs,

an' old Bender gets it into his head that life 'll be a failure onless he owns one of them Berkshires. He goes gatumpin' over to Ben's on the piebald, an' Ben shows him a pen o' shotes. Old Bender picks out one, an' Ben lends him a wagon to harness the piebald to, so's to bring back the shote to the Hawgthief. The shote's seven dollars. Old Bender forks over two dollars, an' lets on he'll owe five ontil he goes deer huntin'.

"'On his way back, whoever should old Bender run ag'inst but Bill Wheeler. Bill takes a squint at the shote, gets excited, an' insists that all his days he's been huntin' for preceisely that pig. Tharupon old Bender waxes cute. "I pays Ben," he says, "ten dollars for him. Which is about three dollars more'n he's worth." But Bill don't think so, an' is that swept off his feet by the shote he offers old Bender a dollar an' a plug

of niggerhead for his bargain.

"Bill gets the pig, an' next day onloads, ali casyooal, the disgustin' deetails on Ben. "You're shore he tells you he's to give me ten dollars?" says Ben. Bill insists he's as shore of it as that him an' his dad's a couple of Jackson Democrats, an' ready to back the mem'ry of Old Hickory ag'inst all the Bentons that ever comes out o' Franklin. "Allright," says Ben, "don't let them important facts evap'rate from onder your skelplock; because old Bender ain't paid me none as yet, an' comin' down to cases, I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw a b'ar by the tail, an' a b'ar ain't got no tail."

"'Thus it befalls that after his deer hunt, that a-way, when old Bender goes pirootin' over to pay Ben the five, Ben shakes his head sagacious, an' reeminds him it's eight. Thar ensoos a lot of hard talk, an' in the eend old Bender announces he'll be burned at the stake before he'll pay. "You'll pay all right," says Ben, mighty menacin'. "Which if I do, I'll j'ine the church," sneers old Bender. An' with that Ben takes the law on him, before Squire Baxter. Ben sw'ars an' Bill sw'ars, an' old Bender nacherally has to pay the eight, with four more for costs. It's nigh to breakin' his heart. When he gets safe outside, he lets loose a few loorid views concernin' Baxter, which, comin' to that joorist's y'ears, don't do him no ult'mate good.

"'It's about this time that old Bender's friend, the steam-doctor, gets himse'f in bad. His name's Zack Cuyler, only he preefers you call him "Doc." Old Bender's

plenty fond of the doc, because nothin' could ever get it out of his head but what the doc cures him that time with his plumptitoodinizer. Old Bender's the sort, too, who holds onto his friends like a fox-trap. An' the way he'd twist the American language in their deefense is a caution to lawyers; he even goin' to the extent, when Dave Daniels is sent to jail for stealin' cows, of never alloodin' to it other than as Dave's "havin' been onforchoonate in business."

"'Accordin' to what's told, thar's a party comes pesterin' about the doc, lettin' on he's got the glumfujins in his neck. inquiries the symptoms, an' the glumfujins party reelates how he's bee huntin' an' lays down on a log with his head in the crotch of a little ironwood tree growin' handy at the butt, to take a snooze. When he wakes up, the crotch has sort o' foreclosed on his neck, that a-way, so he can't work loose, an' thar's two bald eagles t'arin' out his ha'r with designs to build a nest. He sings out an' tosses his arms some free an' frantic. At these vere demonstrations, the bald eagles suspends their ha'r collectin' an' sidles round in front to see about puttin' the kybosh on him. It's then his fam'ly, hearin' his yells, comes flockin' to the rescoo. "Ten seconds more," says the glumfujins party, "an' I'd belonged to them bald eagles."

"'The doc listens as wise as a squinchowl, an' dedooces that what the glumfujins party reely needs is a dose of his number 'leven, made up of Injun turnip, skunkcabbage, white woodbark, but mostly licker. After that's fastened its fangs in him, he'll give him a steamin'. So he heats the water, an' outs with his number 'leven.

"'Bein' first dosed an' then steamed mighty lib'ral, the glumfujins party lays down on his back. Then he takes to trimblin' all over, an' the doc congratyoolates himse'f that he's made a impression on him. The next news is, the glumfujins party rolls onto his stomach, an' after goin' out of one convulsion into another for the heft of a hour, gives plumb up an' kicks the bucket.

"'Nacherally, the doc explains this yere pheenomenon on the grounds that the glumfujins party don't follow directions. But the widow won't have it; an' so, draggin' along a orphan child by each hand, she goes stampedin' off to Square Baxter to tell her wrongs. It ain't a hour before the constable's got the doc drug into co't.

"'All this time old Bender, who's come across Jim Hooter an' him drunk, is takin' advantage of Jim's condition to trade him his piebald. Jim's sayin': "But I ain't got no spondoolix. You-all might as well try to find feathers on a frog as locate the price of that piebald in any two pockets of my jeans."

"'But old Bender swings an' rattles with Jim, sayin' Jim's credit is aces up, an' he'll trust. Meanwhile, he's exercisin' the piebald, an' deeclamin' about his p'ints. "Look at him, Jim," he'd say; "he was dammed by a hurricane an' sired by a yearthquake. He can walk, rack, gallop, or fox-trot. Take a pull on the bits, an' he'll go streakin' it like a drunkard to a barbecue. Throw the reins on his back, an' he'll stand like he's tied to a tree."

"'Jim'd accept all this yere like so much spring water, an' then, in his drunken way, he'd feel it's up to him to say something back. So he'd stiffen up, as well as a gent can after mebby the twentieth drink, an' rectort a heap grave: "To my mind, I don't see no alloorin' p'ints about this yere piebald. Onless I'm blind, he's a ewenecked, hammer-headed, shad-built, lopyeared, cat-hammed, sway-backed, kneesprung old failure, besides sufferin' from ringbone, spayin, an' grease-heel."

"'' 'Jim an' old Bender is thus pleasantly seesawin', when word comes about the doc. That settles it; old Bender adjourns the hoss-swap, an' heads for Square Baxter's. The square's about pannelin' a joory, when old Bender comes bulgin' in. "Whatever's goin' on yere?" he deemands. "This ain't no reg'lar established sheepskin co't, an' you-all can't try the doc."

"'Square Baxter glar's down on him, same as if he's a incensed bob-cat. "You shet up," he roars. "Onless you're a mighty sight less negligee in your attitoode about this forum, you'll get yourse'f fined for contempt."

"'At this old Bender deefies Square Baxter, who fines him two gallons of Willow Run. "Which I'll teach you respect for the instituotions of your country," foomes the square.

"'Findin' he can't terrorize nobody, an' Square Baxter reemindin' him threatenin'ly of them scandalizin' names he calls him prior, when Ben takes the law on him about that shote, old Bender shets pan an' don't promulgate no more opinions, fearin'

he'll get took for another consignment of Willow Run.

"'Peace bein' reestored, they proceeds to try the doc. When all's in, the joory finds him guilty, an' gives jedgment that ne bury the glumfujins party, an' either marry his relict or pay her two dollars a week ontil

some one does.

"'The widow, who ain't got no more brains than a turnip, an' possesses one of these yere hollow, expressionless faces which, if you speaks to her, she holds up to'ards you same as a empty platter to be filled, is plumb deelighted. But the doc says he'll pay them two simoleons.

"'Old Bender is that overcome by the reesult that he takes to drinkin' Baldface out of a dipper, an' winds up his orgy by tryin' to lick the foreman, in which feat

he certainly fails.

"'Old Bender hangs round this yere steam-doctor so much that, final, it gets proned into him that he himse'f knows about med'cine. In partic'lar, he feels his long suit is apoplexy. He allows that apoplexy, that a-way, is doo to conjested veins an' arters, an' declar's that if folks' wouldn't buckle their belts so plumb tight they'd be as right as the ace of clubs. If it's a womern, he'd say it's her stays.

"'While he's preyed on by these yere errors of jedgment, he encounters Tenspot Mollie. I tells you about this damsel former, an' how, havin' five freckles on each cheek, we-all calls her Ten-spot Mollie. Old Bender, who's feelin' kind o' circusfied, lets on he'll have a little frolic with Mollie. So, after the manner of most old fools, he starts out by bein' smart. "Why is a girl," he says, "like wild honey in the tree?" Mollie digs her toes into the mud an' declar's she can't no how guess. "Because they're sweet!" shouts old Bender, as though he's swung a ace an' caught a jack. Then he adds, "Also, because they're hard to get." Mollie's beginnin' to feel pleased, thinkin' she's bein' complimented, when old Bender howls. "An' third an' lastly. 'cause in the gettin' they're more trouble than they're worth."

"'Mollie sobers down at this, an' old Bender has the laughin' to himse'f. "Which you ornery old skeesicks," says Mollie, "I thinks you're gettin' softenin' of the brain."

"'This yere diagnosis starts old Bender off half-cock about mal'dies an' medicines, that a-way; an' next he's concerned as to whether Mollie's showin' signs of bein' apoplectic. Thar's whar he'd shore ought to have stopped an' took a good hard think. Mollie's of the half-hoss, half-alligator breed, an' whipped a b'ar before she'd turned fourteen. I've seen her myse'f pull a skiff cross-handed ag'in the full current of the Hawgthief, doorin' a spring rise, an' no more fuss an' feathers than if it's a duckpond. She's asshoredly a she-steamboat, if thar ever is one, an' oid Bender ought to have knowed better.

"'But the old mush-skull goes boundin' along to deestruction like a bar'l down hill. "What's the matter of you, Mollie," he says; "you're seemin' apoplectic? Now I shouldn't wonder if your stays is too tight."

"'But Mollie argoos he's shore barkin' at a knot, as she ain't got no stays, an' never did. "Then," says old Bender, mighty judgmatic, "it's your garters."

"'Which the old eediot might jest as well have flung a club at a hornets' nest. Mollie never sees a stockin', let alone a garter, in her nacheral life, an' she figgers old Bender's makin' game of her. Without no more warnin' than a moccasin snake, she fetches a crack at old Bender, which stands him on his addled head. "I'll teach you, you old debauchee," she screeches, "to come insultin' opprotected innocence!"

"'Marm Bender gives her full endorsement. "The mis'rable two-faced traitor," she says; "I wisht Mollie 'd tore his leerin' old eyes out! The idee of him goin' privateerin' 'round in that deeboshed way is enough to drive the angel Gabriel to drink!"

"'It don't eend thar, neither, for after Marm Bender's roominated the thing over in her mind, she threatens she'll leave old Bender onless he gets religion. She allows she'll quit him, an' come live with me an' Sarah Ann. This yere menace alarms old Bender a heap; an' since thar's a campmeetin' ragin' near Nixon's still-house, he decides to submit himse'f to its inflooence.

"'It's old Bender's second day, an' good old Parson Simpson is exhortin' in a strain so pow'rful it'd sear the nap off your coat. He's swayin', an' elappin', an' shoutin'; an' his hearers is groanin', an' wallowin', an' foamin' at the gills, down among the shucks an' straw, when of a sudden, yellin' "Halleloojah!" at the top of his lost lungs, old Bender flops down among the mourners. In a moment, Brother Tamson's swung to one elbow and Sister Bradbury to t'other,

" 'All this evow an' myster'ous fashion, time old Bender is takin advantage of Jim's condi-

an' between 'em they're for drag-

tion to trade him his piebald"

gin' old Bender up to glory on the spot. "'It's the jedgment of the best minds at that camp-meetin', too, that they'd shore have fetched him, only right at that time of times thar's a row gets started among some onreegen'rate sons of Belial to the left. One of 'em hurls a hymn-book, an' nacherally, after missin' everybody else, it ketches old Bender, whang! on the burr of the y'ear.

"'The instant old Bender gets that slam back of the y'ear, he backslides an' wants to fight. In vain Brother Tamson appeals an' Sister Bradbury implores. He won't have it, but goes over to the still-house an' begins tankin' up. He declar's he'll never attend no more camp-meetin's, onless they lets him bring his gun, leastwise his nine-inch bootcher.

"'An' at that it shows how frequent when all's lost all's won. the eighth drink old Bender

> begins to soften; by the tenth he's sheddin' tears. more, an' thar he is back in

the middle of the campmeetin', callin' himse'f a abandoned soul an' beggin' the sisters to pray for him. So the brand's snatched from the burnin' after all. last seen of old Bender, he's goin' cross-lots for home, maintainin' his hold on salvation by warblin', "This yere's the way I long bave sought, an' mourned because I found it not."

"'That's the last live shore-enough tidin's anyone has of old Bender, onless you wants to count Spence Davis. Spence reelates how his big dog, Senator, wakes him up barkin'. Spence lays thar listenin', an' it strikes him he hears something coughin' an' snortin', an' all in a snarl-

over to'ard whar old Bender's found. But after listenin' a spell, he deecides it's only some varmint, rolls over, an' goes to sleep ag'in. Mebby it's old Bender.

"'No one knows how he manages to get himse'f into the Hawgthief, whether he falls off the bank, or tries to cross on a log, or what. He's found swingin' to his own trotline as stated, an' kindly hands onhooks him an' swims him to the shore. It's Gene Hemphill an' his brother Jabe who finds him, an' after rebaitin' the trot-line, they totes him reverently up to his shack.

"'Marm Bender's grief is the biggest thing in its way that's ever seen in Tennessee. "Thar's one comfort, however," she says, as she sets wipin' her widowed eyes on her apron; "the old villyun, to my knowledge, is never so well preepa'red." To which Parson Simpson adds: "Amen! Let us pray!", "

The next "Wolfville" story will appear in an early issue.



The moment we were out of ear-shot she said: "Saggett tells me that you are his best friend here.

Do you like this marriage?"

(All the Evidence)

All the Evidence

Have you ever read Poe's weird "Tales"? We don't think they have anything on this story. As a matter of fact, Gouverneur Morris is a master of his craft. His versatility is astounding; but whatever phase of life or human relations he chooses to portray, the resulting story is sure to grip your interest. You can't get away from the feeling that he knows men and women as do few writers of the age. Here he handles one of the strangest of themes with consummate skill. It is a Poe plot done with Morris skill.

By Gouverneur Morris

Author of "The Penalty," "Radium," "Legay Pelham's Protégée," etc.

Illustrated by Walter Dean Goldbeck

PON advices from a friend in London, I had put Saggett Young down for the season, both at the Aiken Club and the Palmetto Golf Club. So when he arrived upon a Naples-blue day in January, it became my duty to introduce him to the members and to show him the ropes. My friend had written:

Young's a queer stick, but you'll like him. He's a great swell in his way, very rich, and something of a mystery. He belongs to the diamond crowd in South Africa, and for a private hobby is taken up with the possibilities of cotton. "Put him wise." And give him a good time.

N. B. He is the ugliest man that ever came to

He was. I shall never forget the grotesque that stepped that day off the Southern Limited (only two hours late, for a change) -the mouth that split his head almost from ear to ear in sudden smiles; the bluish complexion; the sunken gray eyes, always shifting and blinking their thin lids; the huge, sharp canines, never quite covered by the colorless lips; the retreating forehead, high-ridged under the thin, reddish eyebrows; the ears, very close to the head, but too small even for a small man, while he, in many ways, was a giant. His great head appeared to sit on his great shoulders without the interposition of any neck. His hands, huge and stubby, hung almost to his knees. His knees were always bent, as if the weight of his trunk was too much for them. He walked very badly.

But he isn't to be described. I can only

make a catalogue of the things that struck me. He wore the largest and the loudest suit of check clothes I have ever seen. He must have been sixty inches around the chest. His trousers were several sizes too tight in the leg. He wore them turned up. His shoes and white spats were obviously by one of the best London makers. He wore upon his left hand a gold seal ring that might have done service as a girl's bracelet. Because he was so wide, because he stooped, and because he kept his knees bent, he gave the appearance of being short. He stood about six feet. If he had straightened his curves and angles, it would have added at least four inches to his greatest dimension.

His shirt of finest silk was a regal purple. He wore a green-felt hat with a red-andyellow feather in the band. And the negroes about the station were fairly wild with delight of his gorgeousness. And, indeed, he had something in common with the poor savages—a dandyism, a certain je-ne-sais-quoi way of wearing his clothes, a certain gaiety and terribleness, if you know what I mean. At first sight I put him down for the most impossible, vulgar creature I had ever seen. He spoke, and upon the instant I recognized him for what he was-a howling swell. The clothes ceased from swearing; they became the last word in smartness. No one else could have worn them; but Saggett Young could have worn clothes striped like a barber's pole and gotten away with them.

Never was such a voice-so clear, me-

lodious, deep, and cultivated. It placed him at once high among those who know the world best, are most at their ease, and most courteous.

For one moment I had been horribly ashamed of him. The next I was foolishly proud to think myself the sponsor of so extraordinary and so smart a person.

Upon the members of the Aiken Club, half a dozen of whom were in the big room when we entered, he produced, as I ascertained afterward, precisely the same effects that he had produced upon me. First, the desire to laugh aloud at him; second, the feeling that it would be better not to; third, to put him down for an impossibly overrigged and grotesque foreigner; fourth, to wish that you could wear just such clothes yourself and not look ridiculous; fifth, to hear his voice, intonation, accent, and to be mighty glad you were present.

II

SAGGETT YOUNG took to our simple Aiken ways with enthusiasm. "I'm doing everything I like" he said, "and I like everything I do." The sheets of his engagement-pad were covered with his fine writing. He found a pony up to his weight, acquired several tennis-racquets, and a lockerful of golf-clubs. He borrowed a gun for dove-drives, and hired the blackest and wickedest negro in Aiken to be his buggyboy. In a week he was on friendly terms with everyone. If his appearance at first filled people with dread and doubt, his beautiful voice and delightful enthusiasm at once dispelled them. He was only twenty-eight—a great magnate, and simplehearted as a schoolboy.

In sporting ways we did not at first think very highly of him. He wasn't good on his feet; he could never have learned to play decent tennis. But presently the professional at the Golf Club, of whom he was taking lessons, began to look very wise and to drop hints, and then to state openly that if Mr. Young kept on he would become the longest driver the world had ever seen. So in earnest was the professional that several of us took occasion, from behind a mound, to watch Saggett Young at practise. All that he divulged at first were the usual beginner's mistakes, differing only in that they were executed with more power. He topped one ball, sliced another, missed

a third entirely, and then, quite by accident, of course, caught one just right, and, my Lord—it went!

A good man hitting straight out from the practise-tee will make the woods that line the fairway of the seventeenth on the right. If he is very good, and the conditions are favorable, he will reach them on the carry. But when the career of the ball which we saw Saggett Young hit was arrested by the stem of a pine prominent in the aforementioned woods, it was still going up!

We saw the ball drop, heard it thwack the tree, and then had a good look at the colossus. He had used a half-swing, so we looked at his forearms. And they were unlike the forearms of any strong man we had ever seen, for, though prodigious in circumference, there was no taper to them. They were the same size at the wrist and the elbows.

We came out of hiding and asked him if he often did that. He was at once embarrassed and delighted. He let us feel his arms. They were not especially hard, and they did not bunch when he clenched his hand, but they were a fearful and unbelievable distance around; so, for that matter, were his fingers, individually and collectively.

In a week he was playing a fair article of golf, and outdistancing all the recorded drives on the course. At the first hole he one day hit a ball that actually ran through the cross-bunker. He was over the Crazy Creek green in two, and no other man has ever reached it even. And in these great feats he took the proper golfer's joy. The day he made the turn in two—a prodigious drive, followed by a half-topped mashie (unspeakable luck, of course)—he opened wine and sent flowers to all his hostesses.

So we began to respect him as a strong man and a sportsman. Then came that unfortunate affair in front of the Bank of Western Carolina. It seemed there was a gentleman from Wyoming stopping at the Park in the Pines. Saggett Young was sitting quietly in his buggy waiting for me, and talking with friends on the sidewalk. I came out of the bank in time to see the gentleman from Wyoming interlock one of the wheels of his buggy with those of Saggett Young's and overturn them both.

Saggett Young picked himself up, scowling a little, and began to brush the dust from his loud clothes. The gentleman from



Upon the members of the Aiken Club, he produced precisely the same effects that he had produced upon me

Wyoming picked himself up, shook his fist in Young's face, and began to black-guard him. That there had been an accident was so obviously his fault that it staggered the testimony of your own ears to hear him pitch into Young. Young was staggered, too.

"Put up your hands you ——," cried the Westerner, "and I'll show you who's who." Saggett Young did not put up his hands. Instead, he got rather pale and backed away toward the sidewalk. Personally, I don't believe in fighting; but when the other man, quite in the wrong, has called you certain things you've got to hit him, especially if you are stronger than he is. But Saggett Young merely retreated and looked frightened.

The Westerner followed with menace and language. He began to call Saggett Young the various synonyms of coward. Young perceived me, caught me by the elbow, and said: "Let's get out of this. I don't want a row." How the matter would have ended if a policeman hadn't stepped in and told the Westerner to shut up or he would arrest him for disorderly conduct, I don't know. As it was, we retreated peacefully, were joined by young Larkin, who had seen everything, and gained the Aiken Club.

Saggett Young went into the lavatory to wash his hands which had been dirtied in his fall, while Larkin and I recounted what had happened to three or four men who had stopped in at the club on their way to golf or tennis. We were ashamed of Saggett Young. He had, we thought, showed the cloven hoof of cowardice.

And when Saggett Young came in smiling rather nervously and rubbing his immense hands, he was coldly received. Sensitive as a child, he perceived this at once and at once spoke of it. "You and Larkin," he said, "saw what happened, and I owe you an explanation. When I was at Oxford I took boxing lessons, and some of the fellows matched me against a heavyweight pug who had quite a reputation. I had very little science, and didn't know how to use my strength, but I happened to hit him after a while, and it broke his skull all to pieces. There was a devil of a row and I felt terribly, and I made up my mind that I mustn't ever hit anybody again-no matter what they did to me. I don't care what people think. But you've all been very kind, and I want you to know. And I hope you believe me. Why, look here!"

He cast his eye about for some object upon which to exercise his strength, and selected the wrought-iron poker that is used to handle the big logs in the fireplace. It's a solid sort of affair, three-quarters of an inch in diameter. He bent it, without purchase of any kind, grasping it with his hands about a foot apart. He bent it to a right angle and then he straightened it.

"As you see," said Saggett Young, "it doesn't really do for me to take offense. It isn't fair to the other fellow. He thinks he's picking a quarrel with a man. And you see he's wrong. There's something wrong with me. I'm not exactly like other men. I'm so very much stronger. Please don't think I'm vain and boastful. I'm only admitting to the possession of what God gave me. And I'm not a coward—I'm not afraid of anybody except myself."

And we cast covert looks at the straightened poker and believed him.

III

SAGGETT YOUNG might have spent the season in Aiken, gone away forever, and left behind him friends and acquaintances who would never forget him. Just as long as he remained an agreeable young South African with plenty of money, nobody cared really to ask questions about him. But the moment he began to forsake the Aiken Club for the Pride's veranda, and men's games of golf for philandering horseback rides with Miss Pride, he laid his past. his present, and his antecedents open to question. Then it was that we wanted to know how much money he had and where it came from; to which family of Youngs he belonged; where he came by the name of Saggett; what was his exact standing in South Africa, in London. Was he the kind of man you like to see your friend's daughter marry?

Personally, I was entirely for him until he showed signs of falling in love. Then, at once I got the feeling, and can't explain why, that I didn't want him to marry an American girl. Dozens of things about him that had seemed merely entertaining and "different," began now to assume a kind of ominous importance. For instance: all those physical peculiarities, not to call them abnormalities, by which he differed from ordinary men. It may be that in love he was not quite so prepossessing as in friendship. He had a way of looking at her that was—well, savage. Certain very

primitive impulses seemed on the point of wearing through his veneer of civilization. Clothes of unbelievable light coloring came out of his trunks. It was as if the male put more faith in plumage than in heart and charm. Also, he became larger to the eye, if you know what I mean. It was as if his tremendous chest was always half inflated. And if, now and then, other men appeared to come between him and the object of his adoration, he gave them looks that were very hateful, if not murderous.

One day I happened to ask him if he got his size and his strength from his father or his mother, and he answered me rather brusquely that he had never given the matter much thought. And at the same time he frowned heavily, which was, I conceived, a practical admission that he had thought the matter over a good deal. A moment later he smiled and said that his strength was a great mystery.

"My father and mother," he said, "were neither large nor strong. As a matter of fact, my father was a saddish little man, with a great gift of values. But we never got on very well. My mother adored me, by good luck, and saw to it that I wasn't cut out of my father's will. He disliked me because we had nothing in commonnothing-not a feature, not a trait. You see, when we lived on the West Coast, I was, perforce, allowed to run wild. That's why I'm strong, probably. I spent all my time up-country with the niggers, sleeping out, hunting, living, with the exception of fire, just like the beasts we hunted. It's a strengthening life, if you don't get fever. And I don't. That was another reason my father had for disliking me. He would say, 'If you go out in that sun without your hat you will get fever.' I would go out, and not get fever.

"And of course that angered him. I've always thought he moved to the Cape more to keep me from doing the things that I liked to do than anything else. You see, I like forests where there's no daylight and that sort of thing. Jove, how I hated to leave that country! So did mother. The niggers worshiped us two. I could never quite make out why. Mother could do anything with them—anything. I think they thought she was some kind of a god. Why, the worst rascal among them wouldn't have dared to cheat her. And yet she

was just gentle and kind."



He bent it, without purchase of any kind, grasping it with his hands about a foot apart

"What part of the Coast was all this?" "Iust north of the equator-Du Chaillu's country."

"Really? I knew him when I was a small boy. I've sat on his knee. Think of that! He used to tell me wonderful stories. Have you hunted gorillas?"

Saggett Young gave me a sudden suspicious look, changed it instantly to a bland smile, and said: "Often! But I thought maybe you'd heard about me and the gorilla?"

"Never. Not a word."

"Like a fool I told the story myself and nobody believed it."

"What was it?"

"You won't believe it, either."

"Bet you five dollars."

He laughed.

"I'd played in very bad luck. I'd gone up-country alone, and I fell out of a tree-"

Out of a tree?"

"I had climbed for wild honey; I'd had nothing to eat for two days. A branch broke. I fell and broke my leg. I thought it was all up with me. I lay around for about a day, and then I went into a sort of half-faint and half-sleep. I waked up, and saw the biggest gorilla I'd ever seen bending over me and shaking me very gently by the shoulder. I reached for my gun, but he looked so-so sort of human that I didn't use it. He seemed to be trying to find out what was the matter with me. So I showed him my broken leg, and then I picked up a stick and pretended to eat it. Well, when he understood, he just picked me up, and put me over one shoulder very gently, and carried me five or six miles to the nearest berry patch, and then he put me down and brought berries for me and fed me up.

"I set my leg after a fashion, and put it into splints. My friend, the gorilla, did the rest. You know something about them? There is no case of one being tamed. Even the babies hate human beings with an undying hatred. But mine-

Saggett blushed a little and laughed.

"Mine," he went on, "probably mistook me for another gorilla. I have got something the build, haven't I?"

"Well, now that you mention it-"

"And I was almost as hairy as he was and burnt quite black, and I knew the woods pretty well. I lived with him for six weeks-not as you might live with a pet dog, but as you live with a comrade. Until I could walk he carried me from place to place. Whenever berries gave out; we moved. Think of the brute's strength! Think of carrying me by the hour! At night we would sit with our backs against two trees, gorilla fashion, and go to sleep. I used to topple over onto the ground, and that would wake him and he would prop me up again against the tree. He couldn't understand anybody wanting to sleep lying down. The hair was rubbed off his back from leaning against trees.

"We got on famously. If only we could have talked! We got so that we could understand each other's moods and intentions, but not the actual words. I learned to imitate his talk rarely, though I say it that shouldn't, and I believe even now that I could make sounds which would turn a gorilla from the purpose of tearing me to pieces. We got very fond of each other.

"One day a big female gorilla, very amorous, came out of the woods, and wanted to cast in her lot with that of my friend. He behaved as some saintly ascetic hermit might. He screamed with rage and drove her away with great blows of his open hands. He was a long time calming down. He behaved as a man above suspicion behaves when he is suspected. He talked and explained by the hour. I'd give a lot to know what he said. I think he was telling me that in his youth—he was very old and gray-he had had a tremendous loveaffair, and that since that had ended he had lived alone, happier in his memories than he could have been by indulging in lesser amours.

"Toward me he had the attitude of an indulgent, if somewhat peppery, father to his son. I used to call him 'Governor,' and I tried my best to please him.

"Our travels brought us near the coast at last, and one morning I waked to find him gone. I could have tracked him down, of course, and joined forces again; but on the whole I felt that I'd had about enough, and I had, besides, the boy's insatiable longing to tell my experience to people.

"Well-I've yet to find a white man who believes me. But the niggers believed. And my mother believed. That was curious, because she was always putting the niggers to rights when they told wild stories. and she had a skeptical mind. But she made me tell the story over and over with every detail I could remember. She was so very human. That was why she liked that story. But usually stories about the jungle-except Kipling's-made her nervous. When she and my father were first married, she got lost in the woods onceshe was lost for three days and she could never talk about it. She had a regular nightmare of a time and was nearly dead

when she found her way into camp. The niggers said that by rights she should have died. Perhaps the reason they looked up to her so was because she didn't. Good Lord! I've tarked you to death, and I'm riding in ten minutes. But, tell me, do you believe my gorilla story?"

"Absolutely."

"Then don't repeat it. I don't like to be teased about my uncommon likeness to our mutual ancestors."

He rose—and stretched himself, smiled, and showed his big canines.

"Shows how like I must be," he said. "You fond of folk-lore?" I nodded.

"Listen to this, then: In Africa they believe that if a woman who is going to have a baby looks on a gorilla she will bring forth a gorilla. When even a dead one is brought into a village, a runner is sent ahead to give the ladies fair warning, so that those who need to may hide themselves. Well, the other day, I came round the corner suddenly on two wenches walking with a dressy buck. One of the girls screamed and put her hands over her face and fell down in a kind of fit. What do you think of that? Pretty insulting, I call it."

And he left me abruptly to keep his

engagement.

And I sat on and thought over what he had told me, and even ventured to put two and two together—and laughed at myself for an evil-minded fool.

IV

YES: there was something about a marriage between Saggett Young and an American girl that stuck in a man's throat. Some marriages are as right as the "meow" that a cat gives when she jumps onto a table where there is fish. But this marriage, if it ever took place, would bear, if only faintly, a definite stamp of miscegenation. So I felt, anyway, and so feeling, felt also that perhaps I was doing the man an injustice. Of one thing I am devoutly thankful to this day. I liked Miss Pride and admired her tremendously. She was just as good-looking as Saggett Young wasn't. But I never felt the least little bit of love for her or made the least little bit of love to her. And so my judgment of the match was without bias.

Miss Pride's father didn't like the affair, either. But his objections were not the

same as mine. They were indeed objections upon which no well-trained American parent could take a definite stand and preserve his reputation for being "done" by his family. He didn't want his daughter to marry a foreigner, to live in South Africa;

in short, to forsake him. He didn't want her to marry a man who looked like a monkey, dressed like a nigger, and had killed a prize-fighter with a blow of his incredible fist. And, of course, when Saggett Young asked for Miss Pride's hand, Mr. Pride voiced none of these things. He merely asked certain questions with dignity and sadness, heard them satisfactorily answered, and kindly and without enthusiasm gave his assent.

Ten days later, Saggett Young's mother ar-

mother arrived from London. She was a little woman with much decision of character. She was still pretty, but she carried herself, as little women often do, with a little too much pride. In contrast to her son, she dressed in the most exquisite taste—all the pale greens, old roses, and cloudy lilacs of Paris were in her wardrobe. And she looked, walking in Aiken gardens among spring flowers, like some fairy princess with affairs of fairy state upon her mind.

I went to the train with Saggett to meet

her. He was surprised at her coming and a little troubled. They had not seen each other for six months, but there was no kissing—only a handshake and a look of great affection and trust, tinged on the mother's part, I thought, with sadness.

Three days later, we were all lunching at the Pride's, out of doors, and she ordered me to show her the garden. The moment we were out of ear-shot she said:

"Saggett tells me that you are his best friend here. Do you like this marriage?"

"Why," said I, "I like your son, and I like Miss Pride."

"I see. You don't like it. Have you a reason?" She looked at me very shrewdly.

"No, you wouldn't call it a reason."
"Yes, I would. You don't think he is enough like

—a man. As a friend you like him; as a girl's husband—no."

"You read me like a primer, Mrs. Young.

I'm sorry I feel this way."

"I'm not. Because you will help me to break it off. There is a definite reason why my son shouldn't marry."

"Does he know it?"

"What do you take him for?"

"I beg your pardon."

"Granted. And if the worst comes to the worst I shall tell him. But I don't wish to



Miss Pride drove him through Lover's Lane and other secluded roads and finished up at the golf club

tell him, or you, either, young man. So we must find some other way to break the thing off—if possible. Have you any influence with the girl's father?"

"About as much influence as the girl's

father has with the girl."

Mrs. Young laughed grimly.
"Well, think what is to be done," she said. "There is plenty of time."

"Couldn't you give me any hint of the reason why Saggett oughtn't to marry."

She considered for some time.

"If I told you the reason," she said, "you wouldn't believe it. Saggett would; he knows his Africa and, then, he's Saggett. But the knowledge might mess up his whole life. So I prefer to keep it from him, if possible. . . . That spiky thing there? I don't know it. A barberry?"

I leaned over and read the thing's label:

Berberis Wilsoni.

"I must order some for the Cape. I wonder if Veitch carries a stock. Now, you are going to help me if you can, aren't you? Amiably and—blindly."

"But Saggett thinks I'm his friend."
"And so you will be if you do this."

A week later, about midnight, a large house on Colleton Avenue burnt down. Almost all the inhabitants of Aiken attended with the exception of the fire department. (This was in the old days, when the fire department was so slow that sarcastic persons said it was controlled by the Southern Railway. In these days, it is but just to remark the department not only goes to fires, but puts them out!)

Among those present were Saggett Young and Miss Pride. And, although they did not meet, each feeling sure that the other was there behaved precisely as lovers should on such occasions. Miss Pride kept telling people that she "just knew" Saggett was in that burning building doing "unnecessary, foolhardy things." And Saggett was in the building, doing just those things.

Presently, men who had been active in the work of rescue raised the cry that the roof was about to fall in, and then came tumbling and leaping out by windows and

doors—all except Saggett Young.

As it transpired afterward, he became blinded by the smoke, or at least so confused, that he could not find a proper exit. Wherefore he was delayed for the two or three minutes that it took him to make one. It seems that he pried a marble hearthstone

out of its bed of cement, and, using it as a ram, battered a hole through the side of the house, himself the while breathing smoke and being blistered by flames.

When he emerged, a great cheering went up. And Saggett Young bowed and grinned. But he wasn't amused. He was in great pain.

I collected a doctor for him and drove them both to Saggett Young's rooms.

Thither was brought much oil and bandages, and we helped the big fellow to bed and gave him something to make him sleep.

He was up and about the next day, very cheerful, and very loudly dressed. This was a miracle, for he had no valet and his hands were in such a state that he couldn't have had any help from them. Miss Pride drove him through Lover's Lane and other secluded roads and finished up at the golf club. She wished to share her hero, I suppose, having monopolized him for some hours. Mrs. Young showed up, too, and she promptly commandeered me.

"Just a word," she said. "You are dining with the Pauls? So is Saggett. He is suffering very much. It would be kind if you dropped in at his rooms before dinner and offered to help him into his dinner clothes. You see, he can't use his hands."

I thanked her for the hint, dressed early, and, half an hour later, knocked at Saggett's door. His voice came from low down,

if you know what I mean.

Now there are men who sit on the floor in order to put on their socks. I am not one of them, preferring to stand upon the other foot, and then hop. But, anyway, I got the idea that Saggett Young was sitting on the floor and that he was putting on his socks. "Just stopped around to see if I could

help you dress."

"Thanks ever so much, old man; but I'm nearly through. Just wait for me, will you?" "You've just won an argument," I said.

And I went out on the porch—Saggett's rooms were on the ground floor—and walked up and down in front of his windows. I was wondering why he hadn't asked me in, and then—

Well, it was an impertinent thing to do, to say the least; but curiosity is a most impelling motive. I stepped to one of the shutters, and looked into Saggett Young's bedroom.

He was sitting on the floor in front of a tall cheval-glass, tying his dinner tie with —his feet! And I told Miss Pride's father.

Wash-Day in Coonville

By E. W. Kemble



"I nebber git no chance ter wash mah own clothes—all time wukin' fer odder folks."





"Now I'se got de chance, I'll jes' take 'em off an' wash 'em."



"I'se fru. Please ter turn de page, so's I kin git out er de tub."

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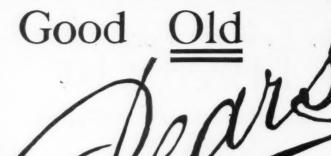
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down to a crawl, without shifting gears.

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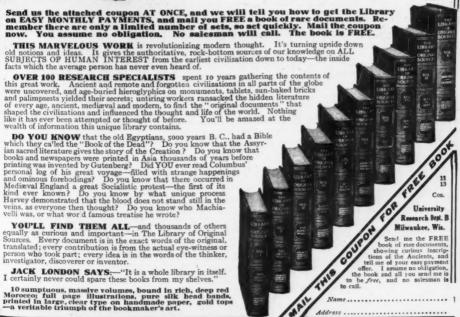
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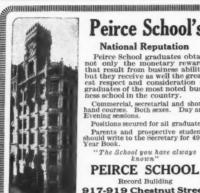
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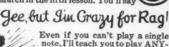
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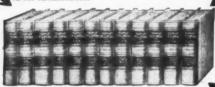
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Cash for Names, information, formula, ideas, etc. Some make \$100 monthly at home, collecting information. Send for proof and instructive book free. National Information System, 161 Marietta, Ohio.

Wanted—Young man to open branch for manufacturer and manage Mail Order Business as his own. Experience unnecessary. We furnish everything. Write today. J. M. Pease Mfg. Co., 19 Pease Bidg., Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Get prepared for Railway Mail, Post Office, Rural Carrier, and other Government "exams" by former United States Civil Service Servetary-Examiner, Civil Service Expert. No "preparation free" or "positions guaranteed" schemes. Straight proposition. "Real Courses." Booklet without obligation. Patterson Civil Service School, BoxR, Rochester, N.Y.

Men of Ideas and inventive ability should write for new "Lists of Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers" and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money," Advice free, Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 33, Washington, D. C.

Are you ambitious? Earn \$15 to \$25 weekly, during spare time at home writing for newspapers. Literary ability unnecessary. Instructive booklet free. Washington Press Bureau, Dept. G, Washington, D. C.

Big money writing songs.—We have paid thousands of dollars to song writers—send us your poems or melodies. Acceptance guaranteed if available by largest, most successful concern of the kind. We publish, advertise, secure copyright in your name and pay 50 per cent if successful. Hundreds of delighted clients. Write to-day for Big Magazine, Beautiful Illustrated Book and examination of your work—all free.

Dugdale Co., 260 Dugdale Bldg., Washington, D. C

Free illustrated book tells of about 300,000 protected positions in U. S. service. Thousands of vacancies every year. There is a big chance here for you, sure and generous pay, lifetime employment. Just ask for booklet S-5. No obligation. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Agents make big money and become sales managers for our goods, establishing growing businesses of their own. Fast office sellers. Fine profits, Particulars and sample free. One Dip Pen Company, Dept. 3, Baltimore, Md.

Make money writing short stories, or for newspapers. Earn from \$100 to \$500 monthly. Pleasant spare time or regular work for you. Send for free booklet. Tells how. United Press Syndicate, Dept. CN, San Francisco.

A few ladies of education and refinement will find pleasant and exceedingly profitable employment selling the Stodard Travel Lectures. Salesmanship taught free—a rare opportunity to make money and learn a profession. Experience unnecessary. Address: Geo. L. Shuman & Co., Dept. T. Ohio Building, Chicago.

Be a detective—earn \$150.00 to \$300.00 per month; travel over the world. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. W-32, Chicago.

Wanted. Persons to do easy, pleasant coloring work at home. Good pay. No canvassing. No experience re-quired. Illustrated particulars free. Helping-Hand Stores, 5458 G So. Halsted, Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Learn to Collect Money. By a sure, simple system. Income \$1,000 to \$5,000 a year. Quick results. No capital required. Instructive book, "Skillful Collecting," free. National Collectors' Ass'n, 45 Park Place, Newark, Ohio.

Advertisers, Mail Dealers! Our Advertising Guide gives rates and circulation of 2,000 different publications; includes 30 mail order plans. Sent complete for 10c. Dearborn Advertising Agency, 505 Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

I made \$50,000 in five years with a small mall order busi-ess; began with \$5. Send for free booklet. Tells how. Heacock, 885 Lockport, N. Y.

Mail order business in its true light, 100 testimonial letters, and particulars how you may obtain on loan, advertised mail order "instructions" and plans, sent on request, Library Division 79, "Mail Order News" Newburg, N. Y.

Let the Parcels Post help you. Add (\$15 to \$25 weekly) to your present salary or income. Start during spare time and build up a permanent mail-order business of your own. We show you how and help you make good. No canvassing, Experience unnecessary. The Parcels Post makes success doubly sure. Our new ideas and up-to-date plans bring the money. No so-called "Course of Instruction" to sell. We give that free. Write to-day. Address Pease Mfg. Co., Inc., Dept. J. 70 Broadway, Buffalo, N. Y.

Be independent. Start Money Making Mail Order Business at Home. New Plans. Everything furnished. Only small capital required. Free booklet and particulars tell how. N. C. Miller Co., Box 254, Muskegon, Mich.

Inventors—I will advance money to secure patents on new and useful inventions.

Write to J. B. Miller, 592 Loan and Trust Building, Washington, D. C.

Use your spare time to build up a mail order business of your own. We help you start for a share in profits, 27 opportunities. Particulars free, Mutual Opportunities Exchange, Buffalo, N. Y.

Change, Bunaio, N. 1.

Would you like to own a good paying mail order business? We have a line that gets repeat orders all the time. You can start in spare time; invest a dollar or two a week and soon own a nice business of your own; write for particulars. Nadico, 1656 Belmont Ave., Chicago.

Nadico, 1656 Belmont Ave., Chicago.

We start you in a permanent business with us and furnish everything. We have new easy selling plans and seasonable leaders in the mail order line to keep factories busy. No can-vassing. Small capital. Large profits. Spare time only required; personal assistance. Write to-day for (copyrighted) plans, positive proof and sworn statements.

J. M. Pease Mfg. Co.,
530 Pease Bidg.,
Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Earn Money in Business for Yourself. Introduce our
Everwear Hosiery and Guaranteed Raincoats. We help you
to sure success. Sibley earned \$24 the first P. M. Write today, Queen Fabric Co., Dept. 47, Syracuse, N. Y.

I will start you earning \$4 daily at home in spare time
silvering mirrors: no capital; anyone can do the work. Send
for free instructive Booklet, giving plans of operation.

G. F. Redmond, Dept. A., Boston, Mass.

GINSENG Raising is the surest way for you to make Big Money on Little Capital. One acre yields about 5,000 lbs. Sells at \$6 a lb. I will buy all you raise. Write today for my easy natural method. T. H. Sutton, 600 Sherwood Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

Avenue, Louisville, ky.

General Agents Wanted for the Aladdin "Blu-Ray"—
an effective drugless treatment and cure for a number of
allings. A prominent New York physician writes about the
Aladdin Blu-Ray: "Nothing I have ever used has given me
the satisfaction that your apparatus has, and I have applied
it with the most gratifying results for many kinds of pain."
The Blu-Ray apparatus is moderate-priced and sells to every
home. Gentlemen with some capital and references can
obtain exclusive territorial selling rights. This is a valuable
franchise indeed. Aladdin Co., 94 B'way, Dept. 1, New York.

Salesladies' Catalog of Corsets and Accessories free to

Salesladies' Catalog of Corsets and Accessories free to corsetiers and prospective agents looking for Best Goods at lowest wholesale prices. Everything for corset shops. Wade Corset Co., East 130 St., New York.

Mr. Mail Order Man. Beginner-Oldtimer.—Start or increase your M. O. business. We furnish fast sellers. Factory prices. High class business proposition for business people. No schemes. Copyrighted Prospectus free. Mississippl Valley Co., Inc., 60 E. 5th, Pittsburg, Kansas.

TELEGRAPHY

Telegraphy—Morse and Wireless—Railway Accounting (Station Agency) taught quickly. Railroad and Western Union Wires and a complete \$3,000.00 Marconi Wireless Station in school. Big demand. Positions secured. Living expenses low—may be earned. Largest and oldest school—est. 39 years. Investment \$25,000.00. Correspondence courses also. Catalog free. Write to-day. Dodge's Telegraph Railway and Wireless Inst., 12th Street, Valparaiso, Ind.

Telegraphy taught in the shortest possible time. The Umnigraph automatic teacher sends telegraph message at any speed as an expert operator would, 5 styles \$2 up. Circular free. Omnigraph Mfg. Co., Dept. F., 39 Cortlandt \$t., N. Y.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Pair silk hose free. State size. Send no money. anted everywhere. New plan. Immense profits. line. Triplewear Mills, Dept. E, 112 So. 13th St., Agents wanted e Beautiful line. T Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—Salary or commission. Greatest seller yet. Every user of pen and ink buys on sight. 200 to 500 per cent. profit. One agent's sales amounted to \$620 in six days; another \$32 in two hours. Monroe Mfg. Co., x-15, La Crosse, Wis.

si,200 Cold Cash—Made, Paid, Banked in 30 days by Stoneman; \$15,000 to date. Join our famous \$1,000 class, which absolutely insures \$1,000 per man, per county. Korstud, a farmer, did \$2,200 in 14 days. Schleicher, a minister, \$195 first twelve hours after appointment. Ten inexperienced men divided \$40,000 within 18 months. Strange invention startles world. Agents amazed. Think what this invention does. Gives every home a bathroom with hot and cold running water for \$6.50. Abolishes plumbing, water works. Self-heating. No wonder Hart sold 16 in three hours—\$5,000 altogether: Lodewick 17 first day. Credit given —come now—Investigate. Postal will do. Exclusive sales requires quick action but means \$1,000 and more for you. Allen Mfg. Co., 3717 Allen Building, Toledo, Ohio.

Agents—\$100.00 weekly selling Guaranteed Aluminum Cooking Utensils to consumer, Large Cash Prizes—pro-tected territory. Answer quick. Div. Cos. American Alu-minum Mfg. Co., Lemont, Ilis.

Agents—Get particulars of one of the best paying propositions ever put on the market. Something no one else sells. Make \$4.000 yearly. Send postal today for particulars. E. M. Feltman, Sales Mgr., 6710 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

Salesmen—For high-grade side line to stationery, drug di jewelry trade. Big commissions. Pocket samples. ommission on re-orders. References. State territory. W. Haslup, 908 Jefferson Ave., Toledo, Ohio.

Specialty Salesman Wanted: be earned; write for particulars.

E. L. Arnott, Greenfield, Ohio. big commissions being

Young Man, would you accept and wear a fine tailor-made sout pust for showing it to your friends? Or a Slip-on Rain-coat Free? Could you use \$5 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps we can offer you a steady job? If you live in a town smaller than 10,000 write at once and get beautiful samples, styles and this wonderful offer. Banner Tailoring Company, Dept. 378. Chicago, Ill.

Large Profits. Manufacturing "Barley Crisps," new Confection costs cent to make. Sells like hot cakes for 5c. Everybody buys. Machine and instructions, prepaid \$7.50. Send 10c for sample. Barley Crisp Co. 1618 Hyde St., San Francisco.

Agents—To sell the newest electric appliance on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity; liberal profits; salesdriving sample, weighs a pound, no experience or knowledge of electricity required; it shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for \$3.50 and saves the purchaser an investment of \$25.00. Write for particulars. The Handy Light Co., 617 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati, Ohio.

\$2500 Accident and Health Policy for \$6.00 yearly. No dues or assessments. Pays \$2500 death, \$15 weekly for injury or sickness. Sells to men and women. Ages 16 to 70, \$5000 Policy for \$10 yearly. Deposit with State. Future income assured. Write to Underwiters, Newark, N. J.

\$2.50 Per Day Salary and additional commission paid an or woman in each town to distribute free circulars and ke orders for concentrated flavorings in tubes. Ziegler Co., 447-X Dearborn St., Chicago.

A money-making combination. Best cheapest Ball Gum Machine and sugar coated chewing gum on the market. Big profits, steady income. Sample box 200 pieces 35c. prepaid. Sweetmint, 68 Murray St., N. Y.

Agents make \$20.00 daily selling our wonderful line of furs. As an inducement we offer our Black French Lynx (Coney) set for \$9.00 (retail at \$20.00). Send for it, also com-plete catalog. Sol Raphael, 605 Broadway, New York City. plete catalog.

plete catalog. Sol Raphael, 605 Broadway, New York City.
Salesmen making small towns. Whole time or sideline, should carry our fast selling pocket side-line. Special
sales plan allowing return of unsold goods. Makes quick
easy sales. \$4.00 commission on each order. Something
entirely new. Write for outfit to-day. Canfield Mfg. Co.,
208 Sigel St., Chicago, Ill.
Agents: Everbrite Gold Glass Letters sell in every
city in the country for window signs, house numbers, office
doors, door plates, etc. Ask for catalogue B. Chicago Glass
Novelty Co., Marion, Indiana.

Agents, Earn \$10 per day. Sell Three 50c. Ties \$1.00, ree Monogram Gold Cuff Links and Stick Pin. Bowden eared \$71-5 days. Cooper \$40-4 days. Free samples. omer Neckwear Co., 14 First St., Dayton, Ohlo.

Agents—Canvassers, crew mgrs., salesmen wanted every community for our famous 7 and 8 cake \$1 soap ascortments; advg. price 25c, costs 12½c; attractive peemiums given; every-body buys; lose no time getting our list of money-getters. Moore Bros. Co., Mfr., 1890, 286 Greenwich St., N. Y.

Agents—Both sexes. We manufacture and control the fastest selling household article ever invented. Exclusive territory to general agents. Connolly, 123 Liberty Street, New York.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Agents. Portraits 35c., Frames 15c. Sheet Pictures. c. Stereoscopes 25c. Views 1c. 30 day's credit. Samples and catalogue free. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 5093, 027 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Openings for a number of representatives to devote all or part of time to handling sale of our 7% Accumulative Bonds. Mature in 10, 15 and 20 years, 7% interest annually. Can be purchased on small quarterly, semi-annual or annual process. The semi-annual or annual process. Ideal method for accumulating capital and conservative company. Assets of \$1,400,000. Bonds but of ownership real estate. Nonforfeitable and many other deatures. Liberal commission to agents. Every co-operation possible extended. Experience not necessary. Work dignified and pleasant. Permanent connection. This is a real opportunity for you. Illustrated literature gives lucid description of British Columbia, an Empire of undeveloped natural resources. Send for circular No. 13 which gives all details. Dominion Stock & Bond Corporation, Winch Building, Vancouver, B. C.

Beginners or Experienced Agents—Show our sight-seling line of Tollet Products (spare time or full) and make 225 to \$50 per week, sure. We are the only house paying regular weekly salaries in addition to big cash profits. Have started thousands making easy money—now, let us start you. No bonds or references required, just a postal card with your pame and address to. name and address to

E. M. Davis R 31 Davis Block, Chicago.

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\$5.00 to \$20.00 Daily to Agents Who Are Hustlers selling our new and wonderful line of goods. Our big Capital Backs You. Exclusive territory.

Wm. J. Dick, Manager, Dept. C-1, Chicago.

Agents \$10.00 to \$15.00 per day easily made. 1 profit, our new cleaning, polishing and dustless mop is the money getter and recorder breaker.

Duncan Bros., 2908 N. Troy St., Chicago.

Agents—Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods. Carleton made \$8.00 one afternoon; Mrs. Bosworth \$25.00 in two days. Free Samples. Credit. Stamp brings particulars. Free-port Mfg. Company, 33 Main St., Brocklyn, N. Y.

Big profit in fibrsilk knitted ties. Made by new process on patented machines in many rich, beautiful colors. Brilant, silky lustre—washable. Sell quickly at 35 and 50 cents each—can sell for 25 cents and still net you 100% profit. Exceptional proposition for spare time and agents. Send 15 cents for sample tie (guaranteed).

Send 15 cents for Sell guaranteed (control of the sell guaranteed).

45 Whitesboro Street, Utica, N. Y.

Fuller dustless floor mop with adjustable handle, and hand duster, are indispensable to housekeepers—sells at sight—100% profit to agents. Write today. Fuller Brush Co., 53 Hoadley Place, Hartford, Ct.

Book Agents, men and women, to sell "The Eugenic Mother and Baby," a book that is receiving more favorable presented and is being talked about by the public more than any other published within the last twenty years. Write for new selling plan. Hague Publishing Company, 353 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Wanted. Hustlers to take orders for make-to-measure high grade men's tailored suits from \$9.00 to \$22.00. Make \$25.00 to \$50.00 weekly. Elegant large book outfit free. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Spiendid

\$25.00 to \$50.00 weekly. Elegant large book outni rese. Experience unnecessary. No pocket folder affair. Splendid opportunity to make money.

Handy Dandy Line, Dept. B., Sangamon St., Chicago.

Agents—Wide awake, to sell International Lamps and Lighting Systems. Sell on sight. Best line ever. No experience necessary; we teach you how. If you want to make a business man's income, write to us today. International Light, Novelty & Specialty Co., 311 River St., Dept. 52, Chicago, Ill.

Pard once can succeed with our new household article

Dead ones can succeed with our new household article 1 to 4 in every city and village home. 100% profit. Mo competition. Sells for ten cents. Sample and proposition, ten cents. Get in early. Ivor Glass Co., 290 E. 17th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Sell Hosiery. Guaranteed against holes, or new hose free; build a permanent trade; big profits; experience unnecessary. International Mills, Dept H, West Philadelphia, Pa.

Agents—\$50-\$75 weekly selling guaranteed knit-goods for largest manufacturer in America. Write for free outfill and particulars of greatest money-making proposition ever offered. Madison Knitting Mills, 486 Broadway, New York.

Salesmen—Send your name and address to Raymond E.

Ond, 629 Dreyer Bldg., Cincinnati, O. I am the manufacturer's Sales Mgr. for the best household and office electric
specialty ever invented. Sells for \$3.50 and \$2.50. Guarantee
for credit or deposit required. Capable men only need apply. I
want only a few men work is permanent, profitable, high-grade.
You will be given territory and expected to produce business.

Agents Wanted—Agents make 500 per cent, profit selling
"Novelty Sign Cards," Merchants buy 10 to 100 on sight.
800 varieties. Catalogue Free. Sullivan Co., 1234 Van
Buren St., Ohicago, Ill.

Agents Wanted for made-to-measure underwear. taking orders for shirts and clothing preferred. Textile Mfg. Co., Dept. 43, Champaign, Illinois.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen Wanted. Sell a new, catchy, live proposition to increase trade; get new customers. Our new Advertising Novelty Service plan gets large orders, pays big commissions. Good side line for experienced premium or advertising nov-elty men. Metal Specialties Mfg. Co., Chicago, Illinois-

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Agents make big money selling our new gold letters for office windows, store fronts, and glass signs. Any one can put them on. Write to-day for free sample and full particulars. Metallic Sign Letter Co., 420 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Be Independent.—Start a mail order business in your own home; we tell you how and furnish everything needed, wholesale; an honorable and profitable business for man or woman. Many make \$3000 a year. Particulars free. Murphy Mfg. Co., Dept. L. South Norwalk, Conn.

Make and sell your own goods. Formulas by Expert Catalogue for stamp.
R. Mystic Company, Washington, D. C.

Responsible Lady Canvassers Wanted in every town where not represented. Dress Goods, Velvets, Silks, Laces, etc. Make a good income during your spare time. National Dress Goods Co., Dept. 43, No. 8 Beach St., N.Y. City. Samples Free.

Agents Earn Big Moneysellingwomen's apparel, novelties, linens, laces, Sweaters, Furs, Knit Goods, Hosiery and Embrolderics. Confidential Wholesale terms and 166 page catalogs free. National Importing Co., Desk 7-A,425 Broadway, N. Y. C.

Salesmen. For our Provident Accident and Health Policies. Premiums \$5 and \$10 a year. Exceptional opportunity for hustlers to establish themselves in a permanent business. Write now. Desk C., National Life Insurance Co., of U. S. A., 29 So. La Salle Street, Chicago.

Hand Power Vacuum Cleaner, Carper Sweeper style, straight from carpet sweeper manufacturers of 13 years' standing and world wide reputation. Sells on 2 minute demonstration to any housewife. Runs easy as a carpet sweeper and like one. Write for agents' terms. National Sweeper Co., 402 Laurel St., Torrington, Conn.

Agents Wanted: Best paying agency proposition in U. S. ssures you \$1500 yearly; inexperienced taught how to make 75 to \$200 monthly; let us show you; Novelty Cutlery Co., Bar St., Canton, O.

Home Business. Collect names, information, data, etc., for business firms. Some make \$100 monthly in spare time. Proof and instructive book free. National Information System, 129 Marietta, Ohio.

Salesmen and women to sell made to order underwear. Custom shirt and tailoring and corsetiers preferred. No missitude better service, more profits. Liberal terms. Ohio Textile Co.. 214 State St., Painesville, Ohio.

Agents—\$50 Weekly. We manufacture the best needle case made: a wonderful seller; 200% to 500% profit; talking unnecessary; our "Trust Scheme" Envelopes do the work; gene al agents can make \$100 weekly; particulars free; 25c. sample outfit for 10c.; buy direct from the factory. Paty Needle Co., 211 Davis Sq., W. Somerville, Mass.

Earn \$10 to \$15 a week and hold your position besides. No canvassing. We, as manufacturers of patented just-inseason specialties, have new easy mail order plans to keep factories busy. We furnish everything. Large profits. Small capital. Experience unnecessary. If you are one of the want-to-go-ahead kind, write for our most modern (copyrighted) plans. Sworn statement. J. M. Pease Mfg. Co., 531 Pease Bidg., Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Agents: Greatest offer ever made. Eleven-piece toilet article set and \$1.00 carving set. All cost you 50c., sells for \$1.00; twenty sales a day easy. Write to-day. Pierce Chemical Company, P-4, Pierce Bidg., Chicago.

Agents! \$35 to \$75 a Week Income. New invention. Scrubs, takes up water. No wringing, no cloths, less work. Big sales—big profits. Exclusive territory. Write today. Special territory. Special terms.
Pirrung Mfg. Co., Dept. 302, Chicago, Ill.

Manufacturer of new exclusive linen heel and toe guaranteed hosiery wants agents in every county. Sales enormous. Re-orders insure permanent increasing income. Protected territory. Credit. U. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

we want to start 100 new salesmen this month taking orders for trees and shrubbery, and are offering special inducements for quick action. Better look into this. Perry Nurseries, Rochester, N. Y.

Earn \$50.00 to \$100.00 weekly selling new article to merchants. Retails \$7.50, your profit \$5.00; no competition; exclusive territory. Write for free samples and descriptive matter. Sayers Co., 404 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Theodore Roosevelt is again writing for Scribner's. Magazine subscription solicitors can earn big commissions. Inquire Desk 12.
Scribner's Magazine, 597 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Agents wanted, exquisite line imported and domestic Bichara-Natura perfumes, creams and toilet goods: large commission, exclusive territory. Address Dept. No. 4, Security Co., Weedsport, N. Y.

Our Ten Biggest Sellers, the very cream of our money-making line, opens the doors of every home. Unusual profits for agents on every sale. Write to-day to Silver-Chamberlin Co.. 3-5 Maple St., Clayton, N. J.

AGENTS AND SALESMEN WANTED

General Agents—Capable of calling on the big trade themselves and handling canvassers for the house to house and office to office business, to sell the newst electric specialty on the market; sold everywhere there is electricity, in the home, office, factory, store, hotel, liberal profits; sales-driving sample, weighs a pound; no experience or knowledge of electricity required; shows how to use one light instead of two and get the same results; sells for \$2.50, \$3.50, \$5.00 and saves the purchaser an investment of \$25.00. Write for particulars. The Handy Light Co., 665 Handy Light Block, Cincinnati Ohio. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Endless Neckties (Patented). Sell on sight. Big Xmas seller. Agents start early, write today for Sample Outfit. Look like any stylish necktie—tie in a different place each time: wear 20 times as long. Man made \$5.50 one hourgirl \$87 one week. Endless Necktie Mfg. Co., Kansas City, Mo.

Salesmen wanted—Side line or full time. To sell a ular-priced Telephone Index, for Advertising Purposes. seller. Good commissions. Write to-day. Stanwood Mfg. Co., 93 Broad Street, Boston.

500% Profit. Sliding Casters. Necessity every home, child can attach. Saves floors, carpets, furniture. Hotels, Restaurants buy gross lots. Cost 2½c sell 15c. Agents making \$25 to \$100 every week. Samples free. H. O. Sliding Caster Co., 19 MM State St., New York City.

Anyone Can Attach Gliding Casters. 400% profit Carried in pocket. No rollers. Save floors, carpets, furni-ture. Cost 3c., sell 10c. Homes buy Dozens. Best agent's article of the century. G. Mig. Co., 20F. Warren St., N. Y.

Honest and profitable business for your spare time. Particularly adapted to ladies—men successful too. Your goods work while you sleep. No mail order business or canvassing. We supply everything needed and give free help and advice. If you could invest \$20.00 upwards with some spare time, write for our splendid offer.

The Rosalma Co.,

Guthrie-Coke Bldg., Louisville, Ky.

Agents—Every household on farm, in small town, or suburbs where oil lamps are used needs and will buy this wonderful mantle lamp; burns common coal oil (kerosene), gives a light five times as bright as electric; one farmer cleared over \$500.00 in 6 weeks; hundreds earning \$100.00 to \$300.00 per month. Write quick for wholesale prices, territory and sample lamp for free trial.

Mantle Lamp Co., 552 Aladdin Bidg., Chicago, Ills.

Salesmen who are ambitious, desiring quick results, steady work and large possibilities, address F. A. Davis Company, Medical Publishers, Dept. C, 1914–16 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Salesmen:—Working for us means cash in your pocket every day; Household Device; duplicate orders; profits big, experience unnecessary. Write immediately. Specialties Supply Co., No. 31 Willoughby Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

\$2,500 Death Benefit; \$12.50 weekly for Sickness or Accident, \$5.00 per year. Hospital Benefits. Assets \$852,121.51. Liberal commissions. L. B. Smutz, U. S. Mgr., 911 Holland Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

Wanted—One person each locality as general agent for complete line Polish Mops, Self-Wringing Mops (5 styles), Fibre Brooms. This line cannot be duplicated. Hilker Mop Co., 1365 Grand Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Co., 1365 Grand Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Agents—The Biggest Thing Cut. Sell "Ambrew" Concentrated Beer Extract. For making Beer at Home—by adding water. The real article. Not a substitute. Saves over 100%. Small package. Enormous demand, big sales, long profits. Start while it's new—Don't delay—just a postal today.

The Ambrew Company, Dept. 1651, Cincinnati, O.

Stop Canvassing! Make \$5 to \$15 a day traveling for us without canvassing or selling to retailers. New plan with tremendous money making possibilities. Splendid opportunity for live men. Ziebarth. 4210 Evans Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Over \$10 profit each sale, selling Good Health Electric Vibrators, anyone can sell, enormous demand, fine high grade business, exclusive territory, answer quick. Good Health Vibrator Co., 808 N. Clark St., Chicago.

Agents—Sell "Zanol" concentrated extracts for making Liquors at home. A few minutes does the work. Saves over 50%. Guaranteed Strictly Legitimate. Small package. Enormous demand, sells fast, coins you money. Send Poetal today. We'll show you how to make money quick. Universal Import Co., 1 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

We furnish you capital to run profitable business of your syn. Recome our local representative and sell high-grade

We furnish you capital to run profitable business of your own. Become our local representative and sell high-grade custom made shirts, also guaranteed sweaters, underwear, hosiery, and neckties, direct to homes.

Write, Steadfast Mills, Dept. 18, Cohoes, N. Y.

Liberal Salary with cash commission and share in our profits. 50 valuable advertising premiums for customers bring quick sales. Your own 72 page catalog furnished to start you in mail order business. Experience unnecessary. Best season now. Credit given. Write immediately. Best Mg. Co., Div. 6., Providence, R. I.

Agents Monthly Directory Illustrated. Contains details, newest, best selling specialties and money making proposition of responsible concerns, 2 months 10c; 12 months 50c, I. Butler Pub. Co., 123 Cedar St., N. Y. C.

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The Patentome is interesting and instructive. A liberal education in patents and how to get them. Free on request. Established 1865. Anderson and Son, Patent Solicitors, 714 G St., Washington, D. C.

Patent Your Ideas. \$9,000 offered for Certain Inventions. Book "How to Obtain a Patent" and "What to Invent," sent free. Send rough sketch for free report as to patentability. We advertise your patent for sale at our expense. Established 16 years. Address Chandlee & Chandlee, Patent Attorneys, 926 E. St., Washington, D. C.

Patent Secured or Fee Returned. Send sketch for free search of Patent Office Records. Our four books, "How to Obtain a Patent," "Fortunes in Patents," "Patents that Pay" and "What to Invent" with valuable list of Inventions Wanted and prizes offered for one invention. Patents secured through us advertised free. Wanted New Ideas. Send for our list of Patent Buyers. Victor J. Evans & Co., Wash., D.C.

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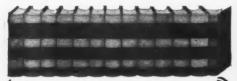
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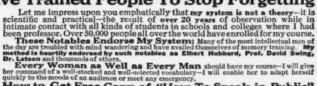


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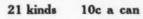
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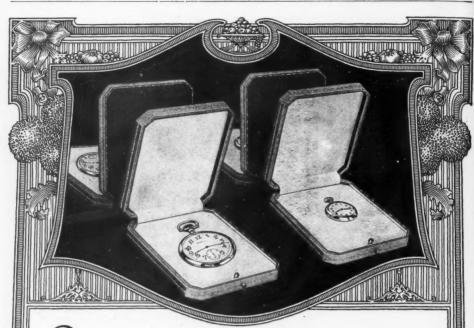
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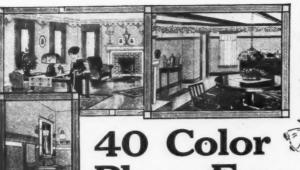
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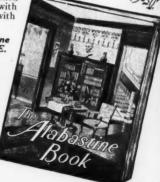
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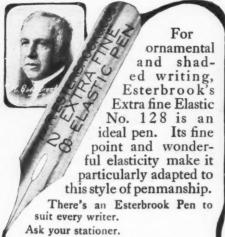
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"And then the other years rose up, when sleep became a broken and a fitful thing. And there came before me, as in some phantasy, the long perspective of my beds—the feather ones from which one wakens weak, the stuffed hair mattresses that knob and furrow and waken you and bring you 'nerves.'

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somnia.

"And an almost passionate longing for the sweet, profoundest sleep I'd lost came over me—a craving for healthy rest!

"I sighed and rose and moved to my bed. I lay down and a strange feeling came to me. It seemed as if my bed were very smooth—as if I were borne on softly delicate springs. I let my feet relax—my limbs—my body—and slowly but so restfully there crept on me the old magic. It calmed my nerves and

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"I never thought I'd sleep like that

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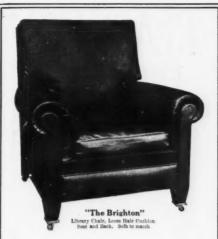
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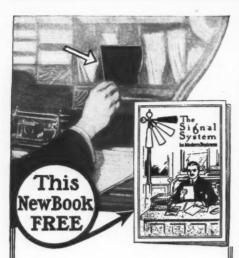




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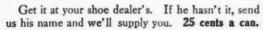
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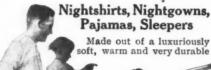
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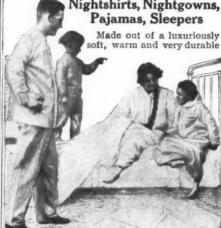
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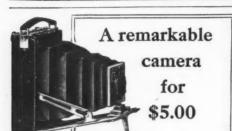
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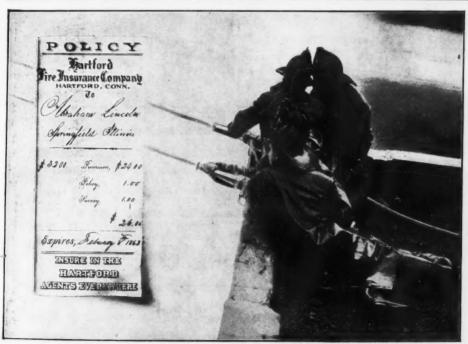
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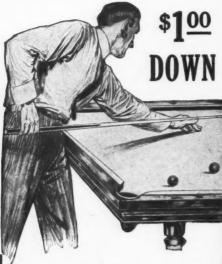
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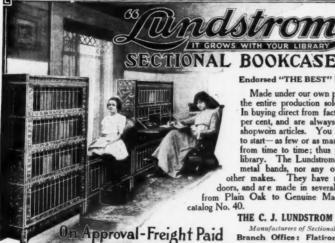
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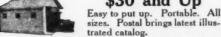
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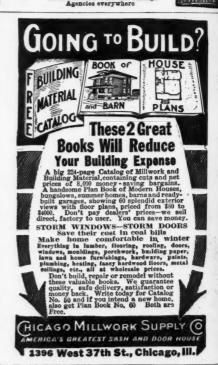
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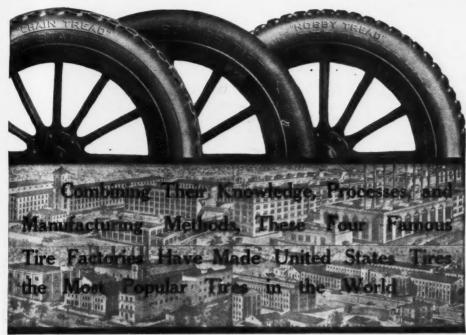
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In the past twelve months we have sold **more than twice as many cars** as any other maker of electric pleasure vehicles.

Our factory and service organization have grown to be the largest in the world devoted exclusively to electric cars. Our manufacturing facilities have been brought to maximum efficiency.

So we have determined to go after even larger volume, to reduce our prices, but at the same time to put into our cars the very utmost in quality. And our 1914 models are the result.

Why Our Prices Are Lower

Every one of the six models listed above, if priced according to the usual methods of figuring, would sell for \$300 to \$400 more.

Take the worm gear Detroit Duplex Drive car, \$3000. The factory cost of this car, plus the usual rate of profit, would make the list price, \$3350.

Take the bevel gear Forward Drive brougham, \$2800. Last season's corresponding model sold for \$3000. We have added \$140 actual factory cost, in new features and finer quality—and yet we ask only \$2800. And so all through the line.

How Quantity Produces Quality

Bear in mind that the reduction in the prices of Detroit Electric cars means no reduction in the quality. Exactly the opposite.

The large volume that makes possible these lower prices also makes possible the highest quality in materials, in workmanship, in improved features.

materials, in workmanship, in improved features.

It requires quantity to produce quality. The old idea that small production means better quality, more care, finer attention to detail is a fallacy. When a maker builds 1800 to 2000 cars, his standard of quality is higher than when he builds the average output of 400 to 500 cars.

The large manufacturer can afford to have a higher standard. He can and does put better workmanship into his cars—because he can afford the mechanical equipment necessary.

Small production means near-accurate handwork, instead of absolutely accurate machine work. It means steel castings instead of the stronger drop forgings. It means fitting and filing instead of standardized, uniform parts.

Don't Let High List Prices Blind You

The high prices asked for many cars are not evidence of quality. You don't make anything in buying such cars. A few hundred dollars added to the price and then taken off again by a cut in price or an excessive allowance for a used car, doesn't change the quality of the car. Price doesn't really mean anything except in relation to value.

Detroit Electric cars are lower in price than any cars even approaching them in quality. They are sold at catalog prices. They are marketed with a smaller discount to the dealer than other cars.

Please see these cars at our dealer's. You will find him to be the most substantial electric car dealer in your city. 1914 advance catalog sent on request.

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FOUR CARS A DAY

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One method is to produce cars in enormous quantities so as to bring the price down as low as possible.

The other method is to produce cars in limited quantities so that each car will be of the highest quality.

Each system has but one real exponent. In a middle Western city "mass production" enables a good small car to be made and sold at a low figure. In a New England city, "The Best Built Car in America" is produced practically car by car, by the finest mechanics in the world.

One car carries out one ideal, the other a totally different ideal. Both are right. Both are built, not assembled. One company makes 1000 cars a day, the other company Four Cars a Day. The idea back of one car is to give the most for the money; the idea back of the other is to give the best, regardless of price.

The smaller car is turned out like the well-known and worth while "dollar watch." The greater car is built like a Chronometer. Any other car—is a compromise.

The Locomobile now occupies a peculiar position.

It is the only high grade car whose sales have increased during the post two years.

This success of the Locomobile is due to the policy of building not more than four cars a day. All of the power and the experience of the Locomobile organization has been concentrated on a limited production.

Years ago we concluded that just so surely as the best cheap car could only be produced in very large number, just so surely could the car of highest quality be produced only in limited quantities.

Our policy from the very start was to build cars in small lots so that each car could have the most intimate attention. When others were increasing their plants and building more cars, we were increasing our quality, striving to make the Locomobile "The Best Built Car in America."

Every Locomobile has been built like every other Locomobile. Every Locomobile has been built with the utmost care. Every Locomobile has been built to carry out the ideal of quality, not a commonplace, commercial ideal. The Locomobile will be made as it always has been made, in limited quantity—and with unlimited care. (Despite the present demand for the Locomobile and despite any rumor to the contrary, we will not increase our production and make more cars.)

There will always be a demand for the limited number of cars we make. Because we have been building for the future, our plant will always run at capacity, without reducing the quality of our product, or price.

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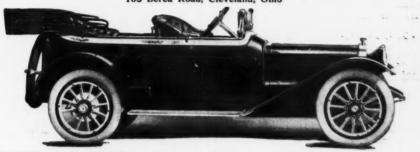
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I feel so well I feel to be the control of
Too Thin? I may fneed to strengthen your stomach, intestines and nerves first. A pupil who was thin, writes me:
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just where I wanted it and I carry
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now. I have not been constipated
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The November

American Magazine



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As a fitting climax to its long series of clubbing campaigns, and in justice to the large body of present readers who came to us through clubbing offers, Cosmopolitan Magazine has arranged with the leading publishers for a last chance series of special bargain clubs, good until November 10th only.

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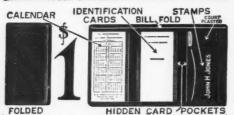
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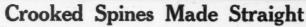
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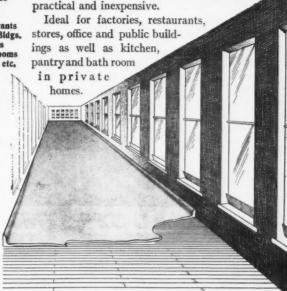
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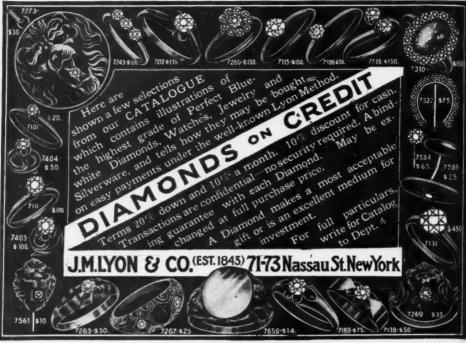
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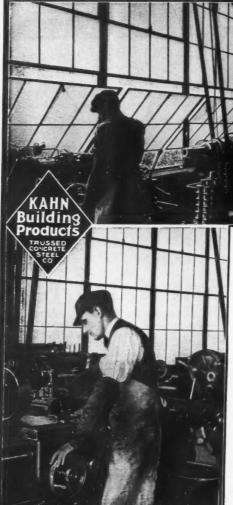
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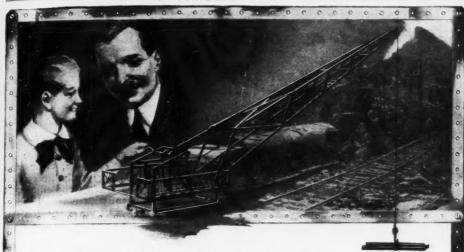
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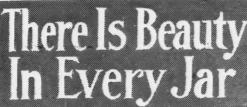
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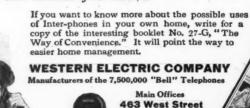


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MUSCLE & BONE

arouse the lower nature, Brainy meals make mental work easy.

Do not take an athlete's meal when you want to do many hours of brain work at your desk, because muscle foods tend to clog your liver and stupefy you when you are inactive.

For special stress of mental work DOUBLE YOUR BRAIN POWER by eating a maximum brainy meal which yields many times the amount of nerve force that is in an ordinary meal,

Inappropriate meals discount every man 25 to 100 per cent, making some men chronic invalids, who accomplish nothing. Unsuitable meals produce unsanitary conditions in the body resulting in adenoids, enlarged tonsils, defective hearing, etc. Faulty circulation, 'imperfect elimination, impaction, congestion and inflammation produce appendicitis



or a condition where the surgeon's knife is a necessity unless a radical change to appropriate meals is adopted at once.

You cannot postpone the study of SYSTEM in eating. You must learn to CORRECTLY COMBINE your foods to prevent fermentation and the formation of poisonous deposits which become the basis of disease,

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The testimony of aged people who have regained health on a Brainy Diet is conclusive because they have practically no reserve force on which to subsist, therefore they depend absolutely on the new nerve force in a brainy diet for their restoration to health.

Mr. B. L., 68 years, Proprietor of Dyeing Works, writes: "Enclosed find picture of fish which I tramped for three miles to catch. I climbed down rocks 75 feet above water. You know three months ago I was pretty bad; could hardly walk, had an attendant on account of vertigo. The severe neuritis in my arm and the rheumatism was too painful for sleep. Absolutely free from all pains now and it is owing to the Brainy Diet System that I am alive."

Brainy Diet System that I am anive,

Dr. R., a retired physician, 81 years: "Can now use my hand that was partially paralyzed, Can walk straight now and have much more energy."

Mrs. C. K. writes that she is 82 years and has used cathartics and anemias for 50 years. "No more headaches since adopting the Brainy Diet System the last six months and that is wonderful, since I had a headache almost every day previously. Constipation is overcome, I sleep well and my appetite is good."

Mr. F. C., 70 years, Proprietor of Department Store, writes: "As I improved in every respect at 70 years of age, I think there is good prospect for any one else. I was dropsical and rheumatic, have lost over 50 pounds of superfluous weight in two months, lost my rheumatism and have returned to business, something I never expected to do again,

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Mr. T. L., age 22, clerk, who suffered from catarrh and had a weak, hoarse voice, writes: "Voice is clear and strong, head clear as a bell. Have resigned government position and am now making four times as much travelling, something I had the ambition but not the energy to do before. Have fattened up 20 pounds in two months,"

Affidavits of the writers and of witnesses are on file, with corroborative evidence.

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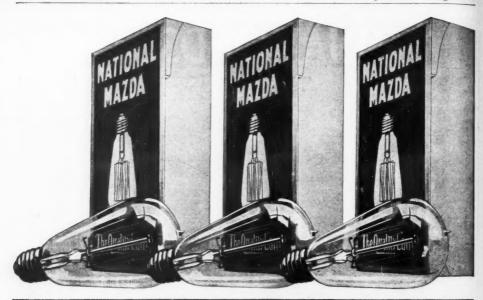
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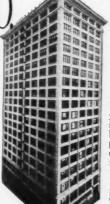
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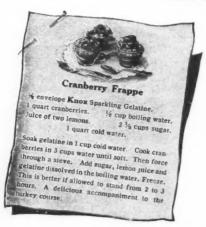




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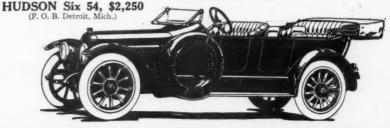
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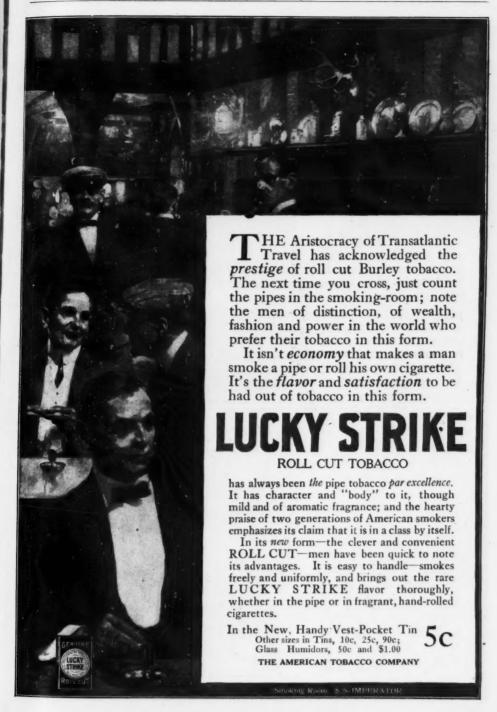
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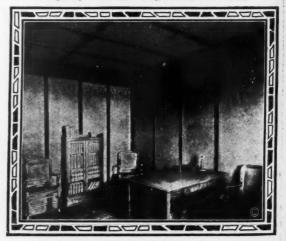
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BEAVER BOARD



Above is an interior in the home of Mr. A. P. Shattuck, Buffalo. The whole house is finished with Beaser Board. Below is a beautiful example of Beaver Board treatment—in the offices of "The Wisconsin Agriculturist," Racine, Wis.



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50,000 Visitors Inspect Heinz Model Pure Food Kitchens Every Year





A Varnished Floor that can be washed!

Provided the varnish is "Valspar," washing with hot water and soap won't hurt it a bit. Valspar is absolutely unaffected by water.

Ordinary varnish would turn white and lustreless. When varnish does that its "life" is gone and the wood is soon shabby and bare.



Valspar needs no special oil or wax treatments. To clean it, wash it. Use it for floors and wainscot, for furniture and the front door.

Valspar is a durable varnish. Use it where there is hard wear.

Our \$1000 Varnish Test

We offer \$1000 if Valspar turns white in water. Write us for a free two-ounce sample can of Valspar, with testing panel, for you to prove to your own satisfaction that every claim we make is true. With it we will send also a booklet and the name of your nearest dealer.

VALENTINE & COMPANY,

450 FOURTH AVENUE,

NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK CHICAGO BOSTON Established I

Established 1832 TORONTO PARIS AMSTERDAM

W. P. FULLER & CO., San Francisco, Agents for Pacific Slope

TRADE VARNISHES MARK

smoked over hardwood fires. Each process is carried to a point that experience has shown to be exactly right.

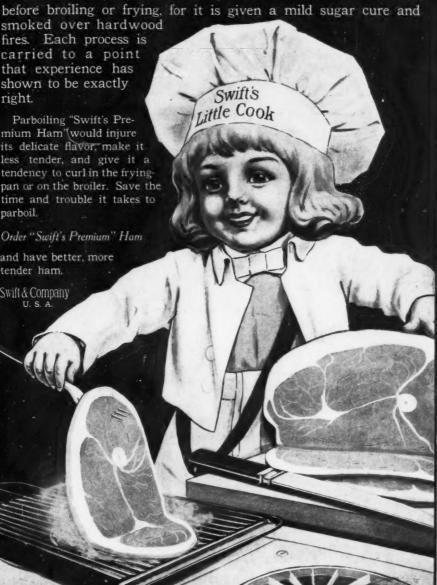
Parboiling "Swift's Premium Ham' would injure its delicate flavor, make it less tender, and give it a tendency to curl in the fryingpan or on the broiler. Save the time and trouble it takes to parboil.

Order "Swift's Premium" Ham

and have better, more tender ham.

Swift & Company

ine



Williams Hölder Top Shaving Stick



The Shaving Stick and the flat nickeled top are in one piece. Thus the top is a most convenient holder for the fingers, and the shorter the Stick becomes the more useful is this Holder-Top device.

The soap itself will give you the same quick, cool, richly abundant lather that has commended Williams' Shaving Preparations to three generations of shavers.

OTHER FORMS OF WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS ARE:

Williams' Shaving Stick Hinged-Cover Nickeled Box Williams' Shaving Powder Hinged-Cover Nickeled Box Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes)

SPECIAL OFFER-Suit Case Sets

In order that those who are not familiar with our new toilet requisites may have an opportunity to try some of them, we have prepared very attractive sets of samples which we call "Men's Suit Case Sets" and "Women's Suit Case Sets." These are handsomely decorated boxes containing trial size reproductions of our regular packages. Either set named below will be sent for 24c. in stamps.

Men's Suit Case Set Contains Holder-Top Shaving Stick Shaving Cream Dental Cream Tale Powder Jersey Cream Toilet Soap Women's Suit Case Set
Contains
Talc Powder
Dental Cream
Cold Cream
Jersey Cream Toilet Soap
Violet Toilet Water

AFTER SHAVING USE WILLIAMS' TALC POWDER

Address: THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.

Department A Glastonbury, Conn.





